



VERNON
GRAY

*Lt. Col.
 Corey Ford
 August 18-1945*

THE LAST TIME I SAW THEM
 They were taking off for Tokyo
 page 18

*Hannah
 Lees*

DO YOU DRINK?
 It

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The Master's Choice

KENTUCKY
STRAIGHT
BOURBON
WHISKEY

BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF



Next to the girl of his heart a man delights most in giving his name to his greatest achievement. So it was with the late Col. E. H. Taylor, Jr., when at the peak of his fame as a distiller he hit upon this rare bourbon. As **OLD TAYLOR** it honors his name to this very day — and stands recognized by lovers of fine bourbon as one worthy of being known as The Master's Choice.

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NEW YORK



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In war or peace
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER



Upside-down tires carry 36 tons of logs

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich development in rubber

HAULING out the big logs in the northwest timberlands used to be a job for locomotives. Special track had to be built through the mountains. Logs came out on rails.

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B.F. Goodrich engineers tackled the problem. They designed and built what you might call an "upside-down" tire. Ordinarily to protect a tire against bruising, tire men put "breakers"—short plies with extra rubber—*above* the regular plies in the body of the tire. In this case they put some of the

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The result is a combination tire with more bruise resistance and greater traction than a highway tire and one that is cooler running than an off-the-road tire.

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B.F. Goodrich



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Collier's

FOR AUGUST 18, 1945

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this week

any week

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A PHASE of the goings-on at the San Francisco Conference which you probably hadn't heard of has just been reported at this desk. Of first importance, too. The report is signed by a number of messengers of a wide variety of ages. It was their job, as employees of the telegraph and cable companies, to deliver telegrams and cables to extremely important people—heads and aides to heads of the various delegations. We're told that tips as extravagant as five cents were bestowed upon the messengers although on several occasions these gratuities got down to the sensible level of one cent.



One of the Mercuries garnered the grand total of eleven cents on the final day and he's being suspected of something or other by his colleagues. Of course there were times when all the messenger got was a stiff dressing down for acting as though he hadn't taken his vitamins that day. They don't, we're glad to say, list the various delegations according to tips but do say that the British and Chinese were exceedingly thrifty and that the South Americans were second best to the United States.

SEVERAL readers of this particular department, which they variously describe as a monument of shrewd intelligence and a sink of hopeless stupidity, agree that there has been entirely too much platitudinous claptrap about what happened at San Francisco and what all but a few misshapen brains hope will follow. (Continued on page 86)

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Look what's heading your way !

A hint of 1946 Hudson style . . .

caught by the camera of John

Paul Pennebaker, interna-

tionally famous photographer



Before long, the distinctive Hudson Triangle—in a new dress for a new day—will be a familiar sight on America's streets and highways.

It will identify the finest Sixes and Eights in Hudson's 36-year history—product of a seasoned organization, famous for the progressive engineering that has pioneered scores of important automotive "firsts" in the past.

These cars will be built by a company that is rich in experience, competitively alert, confident of its future.

They will come from modern plants which, for the past four years, have been devoted to large-scale production on exacting war assignments. Plants geared to volume—combining high-precision workmanship with low-cost manufacture.

The 1946 Hudsons will bring more surprises than you, perhaps, have been led to expect—in style, fittings and appointments.

They will also uphold the Hudson tradition of superlative performance, endurance and reliability—qualities which have won so many new friends in these difficult wartime years.

Hudson is planning big things for you. Watch for the cars that wear the Hudson Triangle.

HUDSON

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT 14, MICHIGAN

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



ATTENTION! When your hair gets that dull, lifeless look . . . when it feels dry under your fingers . . . when loose dandruff starts to appear . . . chances are that nature isn't supplying enough natural scalp oils. That means Dry Scalp. It calls for 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic.

*5 drops a day
keep Dry Scalp away*

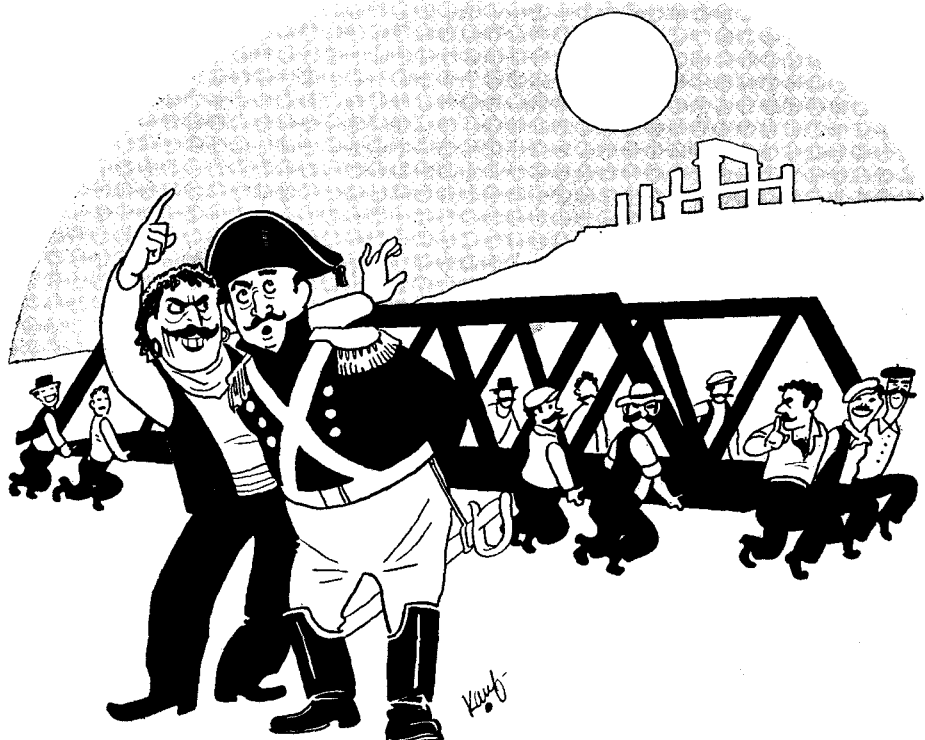


AT EASE! Here's help. Five drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic a day check Dry Scalp by *supplementing* the natural scalp oils. Your hair regains that natural, just-combed look. Your scalp feels better. For 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic works with nature—contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Use it also with massage before shampooing. It's double care—both scalp and hair.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

More bottles sold today than any other hair tonic



G. FRANCIS KAUFFMAN

Keep up with the world by Freling Foster

Many objects of incredible size were either lost or found in the decade preceding the present war. An 80-foot bridge was stolen one night in Italy, and a forest was cut down and carted off a large estate in Hungary. On the other hand, a submarine, of which no record existed, was found on the bottom of an abandoned navy dock in France; and an old deserted church was discovered on a farm in England which no one, including the owner of the land, had ever seen or heard of before.

Not long ago in Cleveland, a man accused of murder on strong circumstantial evidence was saved by a clever detective. Following a quarrel between the man and his wife, neighbors heard shooting and called the police, who found the woman on her bed shot through the heart. A detective located the missing gun behind a trunk against a wall ten feet from the bed; and the two bullets fired from it were later found in the body. While the accused claimed it was suicide, the police claimed no one could shoot himself twice through the heart and then hide the gun. But the detective was puzzled by the single wound and the peculiar shapes of the bullets. Then he realized what had happened, and proved the husband's innocence. The first bullet had been fired some time before, became stuck in the barrel and was knocked out by the firing of the second, both then traveling as one. The terrific recoil produced by the obstructed gas had kicked the gun out of the woman's hand to its place behind the trunk.

No longer a war secret is a British invention, the thunderstorm locator, which proved indispensable to victory in Europe. Three of these instruments, installed at strategic points in England, registered simultaneously every near and far flash of lightning; and by plotting their records, it was possible to determine the location, direction and rate of travel of all thunderstorms within 1,500 miles of the British Isles and to predict when and where they would affect the Allied forces.

Since V-E Day, a total of about 1,000 civilians a week have been killed by land mines planted by the Nazis in France, Italy, Belgium and the Netherlands. As only five per cent of the 115,000,000 mines that were buried in these countries have been located so far, from three to five years will be required to remove all of them.

Although the larger floating drydocks of the U.S. Navy are too wide to enter the locks of the Panama Canal, the job of towing one through this waterway was accomplished recently by filling one of its hollow side walls with water and tilting the huge craft on its side.

A new cane for the blind is equipped at the tip with a small metal wheel, four inches in diameter and 15 ounces in weight, which enables its user to be in constant touch with his path and, consequently, to be forewarned of obstacles which he might miss with an ordinary cane that is only touched to the ground every few inches.—By Mary H. Vollhaber, North Hollywood, Calif.

The strangest international character of modern times was Ignatius Trebitsch, a Hungarian Jew born in 1879. At 18 years, he ran away to Germany and was baptized a Lutheran. Later, he went to England where he became a Quaker, a member of Parliament, a forger and convict, an Anglican curate, a German spy and a Presbyterian missionary to Canada. Then, after World War I, he returned to Germany and tried to help the militarists back to power. During the last 17 years of his life, he was a Buddhist monk, toured many countries to win converts and then retired to a Shanghai monastery where he died in 1943.

The largest number of "heirs" to an American fortune turned up in Philadelphia in 1935 at the proceedings to determine the rightful owners of \$25,000,000 which had been left unwillingly by a Mrs. Henrietta Garrett. Although this wealthy widow had lived alone without communicating with a friend or relative for 35 years before her death in 1930, more than 26,000 alleged relatives from 48 states and 27 foreign countries claimed a share of her estate. But so far, no one has received a cent.

While the word Saturday is derived from Saturn and the word Sabbath is synonymous with Sunday in the English language, Saturday is known by the word meaning Sabbath in a number of other Christian languages, including Russian, French, Italian, Portuguese, Spanish and High German.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission.



Wherever planes fly you'll find equipment by Bendix

—greatest name in aircraft radio—guiding men home
through flak and storm-filled skies.

This peerless performance has given airmen

'round the world the firm conviction that . . .

Bendix Builds Best



© BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION PLANE SHOWN BOEING B-29 SUPER FORTRESS

Bendix postwar Radios and Radio-Phonographs have an impressive heritage of leadership. Products of an unparalleled experience in radar, radio and electronics . . . built by an organization trained to rigid aviation standards . . . and backed by a name long identified with advanced thinking in all modern sciences, radios by Bendix will naturally carry home entertainment a long step ahead. Sharper, "on the beam" tuning . . . finer F.M. and Television . . . tone so true to life that you, too, will christen Bendix the *Real Voice of Radio* . . . styling so beautiful that your Bendix Radio will become the focal point of any room—all these advancements are bound your way from Bendix in a complete range of models and prices. For peace as for war Bendix builds best—ask any airman.

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MELODRAMA IN 3 ACTS

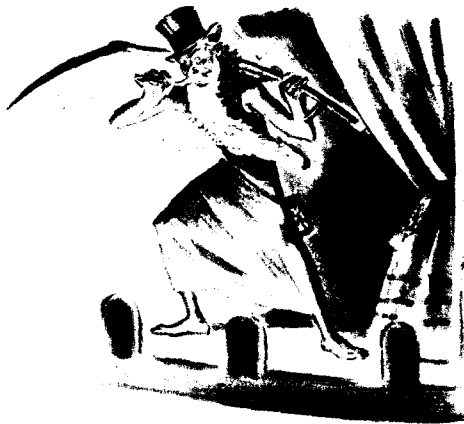


MAID
IN DISTRESS

This is a slightly modern version of the Gay-Nineties tear-jerker. Instead of being about to lose the old homestead, our heroine is on the verge of losing her car—through carelessness and neglect. If you think the plot is far-fetched, consider that 3,000 cars go out of action every day.



Our "heavy" in this drama is Father Time. The old gentleman with the whiskers and the scythe is threatening to "fore-close" on America's aging pre-war cars . . . and upset the nation's transportation system. Since Pearl Harbor he's mowed down more than 4,500,000 cars.



HERO TO
THE RESCUE

Here's the man who can foil Father Time, rescue the maiden in distress and save the cars that serve America. He's your United Motors Service man, ready and able to provide automotive service at its best. Make the United Motors Service station nearby your headquarters for car care and maintenance. All parts used are original-equipment parts.



Look for this sign—
IT'S RIGHT NEARBY



United Motors Service is a nationwide organization of selected independent service stations authorized to sell and service these products:

DELCO Batteries	DELCO Auto Radios	DELCO Shock Absorbers
AC Fuel Pumps, Gauges and Speedometers	HARRISON Heaters	GUIDE Lamps
INLITE Brake Lining	DELCO Home Radios	DELCO-REMY Starting, Lighting and Ignition
DELCO Radio Parts	NEW DEPARTURE Ball Bearings	KLAXON Horns
HYATT Roller Bearings	HARRISON Thermostats	HARRISON Radiators
		DELCO Hydraulic Brakes

THREE DOLLARS BRING HOME FOUR—IN WAR BONDS



Wing Talk

EDITED BY
FREDERICK
R. NEELY

Major George C. Axtell, Jr., 24, of Baden, Pa., who led the Marine Death Rattlers over Okinawa. He downed six Japs

OKINAWA:—Somehow, by great good luck, or sharper eyesight, or a fraction better gunnery, or a certain eagerness which they derive from their skipper, the Marine fighter pilots in Major George C. Axtell's Death Rattlers squadron found Okinawa a hunting ground so flush with bogies they rolled up a total of 124 Jap planes in less than two months without losing one of their own in aerial combat, to set a new record for Marine land-based outfits in the Pacific.

There is nothing much about them to set them apart. They are cut from the same pattern as all the other fighter pilots out here in the Pacific. They are tall and short, thin and stout, quiet and boisterous, easy-going and moody, like all the rest.

Like Captain JoJo MacPhail of Tyler, Texas, who, when he flames a Jap, gets so excited he cannot talk, but goes "yup, yup, yup," into his radio; and later does a war dance on the ground, making with his hands this way and that, like planes in flight, as he explains how the deed was done. And Lieutenant Harold Tonnessen, the tall Norwegian from Brooklyn, whose musings on the fragile curtain that separates life from death in the air have stirred in him two desires—one to paint some day the splendor of sky and sea and sun in which he daily works, and to unravel, from study of the Bible, why, in these incredible machines, amid all this beauty, men should destroy one another.

Or Lieutenant Mindy Muse, of Wakefield, Massachusetts, who leaps from his sack in wild alarm when the bombers come over at night and the guns open up, diving into his foxhole for fear he will be struck on the skull by falling flak. But who sends his Corsair roaring right into the teeth of this flak in the daytime, when he is on the tail of a bogey that is diving for a ship.

And Lieutenant Smoky Stover, of Hamburg, Arkansas, who looks like a little boy in the cockpit of the Corsair and can be heard at all times complaining bitterly on the air that in his position as Tail-end Charley of his division he always comes roaring in with throttle jammed to the fire wall just as

the last bogey goes smoking into the sea.

Or Lieutenant Moose Martin, of Walla Walla, Washington, who chose for his first kill a Tojo fighter which was shepherding a covey of Val dive bombers and later was unhappy that it took him so long to down this tough, canny Nip fighter because his division mates, Lieutenants Harry Crawley of Seattle and Big Ed Keeley of Monterey, California, knocked off all the Vals, eight in number, before he could get his share.

Or Lieutenant Dewey Durnford, of Columbus, Ohio, who, once upon a busy afternoon splashed two Jap Betty twin-engine bombers, and saw, when his guns raked the flanks of one of them, a small stub-winged robot rocket plane, containing an unhappy Kamikaze pilot, drop from her belly. Which startled him so that he shouted into his microphone: "Look, you guys, that Betty was carrying a papoose."

THEN there are the aces, the boys who hit it lucky and got there when the shooting was good to knock down their five planes, some in the space of a half-hour's fighting. Tall, quick-smiling Jerry O'Keefe, of Biloxi, Mississippi, who never has much to say, even when there are bogies everywhere and the pack is in full cry, but who splashed seven of them to lead the Second Wing in planes shot down during the first month of fighting.

Tousle-haired, smiling Major Jeff Dorrah, of Hood River, Oregon, the squadron operations officer, known as The Whip, a good enough Joe when all goes well, but with a tongue that cuts like a knife when he is displeased about something, like a sloppy landing or a fouled-up bombing run. He got his six in twenty-five minutes during one magnificent turkey shoot.

The bogey-busting twins, who have flown together since flight school, Lieutenants Bucko Wade of Elkins Park, Pennsylvania, and L. W. "Gruesome" Ruhsam, of Albert Lea, Minnesota, who fly in the same division now and fight as a team. They've got 13 between them, 6½ apiece.

And Wild Bill Hood, of Benton Harbor, (Continued on page 88)

How New will your New Car Be?

A flier . . .

An infantryman . . .

A Navy gunner . . .

A tank commander . . .

A torpedo man . . .

If you knew as well as they do the great engines, the precise mechanisms, the most dependable machines ever built for war or peace . . . what kind of an automobile would you expect for your next?

How new would that new car have to be to satisfy you?

It would have to be a car with a one piece, one-unit welded body and frame that has the lightweight structural toughness of a Mustang or a Hellcat fighting plane.

A car with beauty and strength, lightness

and grace, yet with plenty of power and speed, because the rocket and torpedo have taught you to prize the clean engineering that eliminates dead weight.

An automobile designed to go farther on less rubber, less oil . . . that will deliver 25 or 30 miles to a gallon of gas at normal highway speeds.

A car that's compact and maneuverable but big inside because combat has made you hate the heavy and the clumsy . . . and hours in a cockpit or a tank turret have given you a craving for elbow room and lots of it.

An automobile with the kind of conditioned air system that gives you volumes of fresh, filtered, thermostatically controlled air under pressure that forces stale air out and banishes drafts forever . . .

A car that travels in sound-proofed quiet on a new kind of four-wheel coil spring suspension that rides smoothly on corduroy roads as well as on concrete . . .

That's how new your new car can be . . . if the name of your car is Nash!

Nash Motors, Division of Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Michigan.

Nash
will be the News
when the News is New Cars

Tune in Nash-Kelvinator's hit musical program Sundays 4:30 p. m., E. W. T. American Broadcasting Company.





PACIFIC TELEPHONE BOOTH . . . U.S. MARINE, BURROWED IN HIS FOXHOLE, TELEPHONES FOR ARTILLERY SUPPORT TO WIPE OUT JAPANESE MORTARS.

From factory to foxhole it's a telephone war

In just one landing operation against the Japs, our Navy used more than seven hundred ships equipped with 48,000 telephones. With their switchboards and associated equipment, that's enough to serve a city of 160,000 people. These shipboard telephones were equipped with 5,000,000 feet of wire.

Add to these figures the needs of other naval units and the millions of men in the Army's ground and air forces and you get some idea of the tremendous amount of communications equipment required by war. It helps to answer the question of why telephone equipment is scarce on the home front.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Jingle Bells

BY ROBERT GRIFFITH

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR AUGUST 18, 1945

The fight was already won in Edgie's mind—until his girl, Melba, went on the air, his opponent, Battling Claude, on the loose, and he got tangled in a vicious double-crossing campaign to steal both his punches and his pride

AFTER my brother Edgie fought that main bout up in Agra Falls, he sat around brooding for a week. I knew he felt bad about breaking off with his girl, Melba. I was afraid he had lost his ambition. It was lonesome in the house, with Ma away scrubbing, Pa and Uncle Alby in jail, and Edgie the way he was.

Then one day, a week after we got back from Agra Falls, the matchmaker of the Brewers City A. C. came to our house.

"Tell your brother I can use him in a four-rounder, week from Friday," the matchmaker said, when I went to the door.

Edgie was right there in the sitting room. "I ain't fighting no four-rounders," he said.

The matchmaker looked in and saw Edgie. "What do you want," he said sarcastically, "the main bout?"

"I fit a main bout in Agra Falls last week," Edgie said.

"Agra Falls? Where is that?"

Edgie gave the matchmaker a look. You know how tough Edgie can look. His eyes are blue and slanted up. His hair is so light it is almost white, and it grows straight forward. When Edgie's eyes get bright and he sticks out his jaw, be careful. He has a tooth gone in front, too.

"Who'd your brother fight in this main bout?" the matchmaker asked me.

"Battling Claude S. Dickerson, his name was."

"Bat— That's who I want him to box in this four-rounder!"

Edgie jumped up out of his chair. "I'll take it!" he yelled. "I'll knock that hay-shaker right over the top ropes!"

But after the matchmaker went away, Edgie was scowling. "I took that fight, and not a bottle of beer in the house!" he said. "I got to get something to build up my strength!" Edgie started jumping around the sitting room then, swinging and grunting, shadowboxing. "I'll murder that farmer!" he shouted.

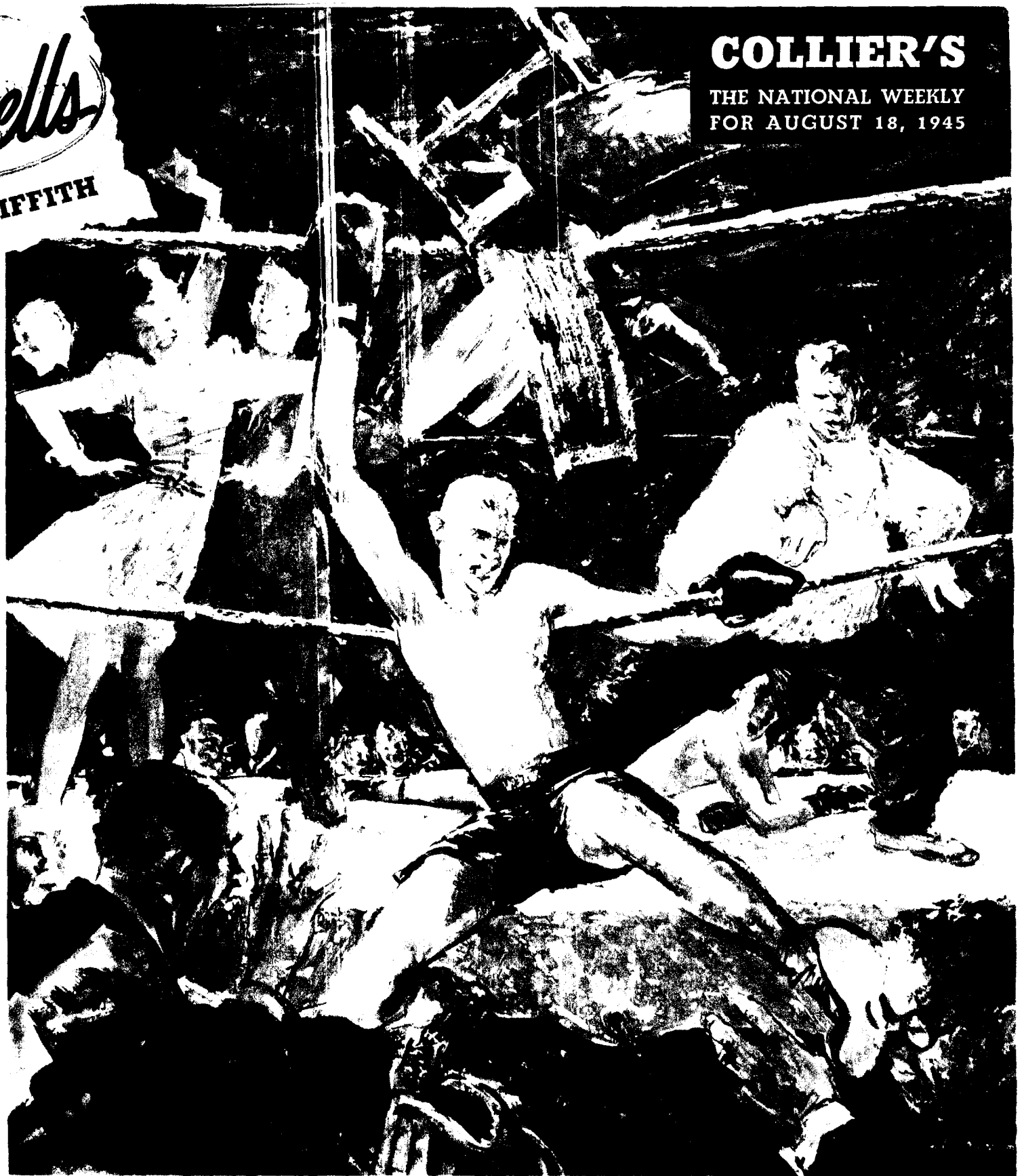
Then I knew Edgie hadn't lost his ambition. He sounded as tough as ever. But I was sorry about Melba. It certainly would have been fun, having Melba in the family. . . .

WE WERE all pretty excited the night, a week ago, when the man from Agra Falls had come looking for Edgie. It was raining out, about five o'clock, just growing dark. Ma and Pa and Uncle Alby and I were in the kitchen talking about Edgie and Melba getting engaged.

Pa was saying, "I don't see no reason why they couldn't get married and go right ahead with their careers."

"That would be quite a thing in the family," Uncle Alby said. "Melba, a grand opry star. Edgie, champion of the world."

"It has been a number of years since I heard any opry," Pa said. "But as I recall, you got to have a real set of lungs on you and Melba ought to make good on that score."



Just as Edgie got one foot free and had kicked the guy in the teeth, somebody couked him over the head with a chair

"Yes," Uncle Alby said. "When Melba sings down to Cullen's you can hear her way out to the fifteen-cent bus zone."

Ma liked Melba, too. "I think Melba is just as sure to get famous as Edgie is," Ma said. "Of course they both got to start at the bottom of the ladder."

Then came a knock on the front door. I ran to open it. It was raining hard, and there stood this fat man in the rain.

"Who is it?" Pa called from the kitchen.

"It's a man," I said. "I don't know who."

The man said, "I'm looking for a boxer name of Edgie Burns."

"What's he want of Edgie?" Pa yelled.

"I want him to box," the man said.

"How much you paying?" Pa hollered.

"I'll pay good," the man said. "I've got to get a substitute for the main bout."

Pa jumped up and came running into the sitting room. "Main bout?" he said. "Main bout?"

"Yes," the man said.

"Don't stand out in the rain," Pa said.

"You'll get wet."

The fat man came in dripping. "I'm a promoter from Agra Falls, Vermont," he said. "I've been looking everywhere for a boxer, and I heard about this Edgie Burns."

"The main bout, you said?"

"Yes," the promoter said. "I want him to fight a boy we got up in Agra Falls name of Battling Claude S. Dickerson."

"Good Godfrey!" Pa said. "Edgie will kill anybody's got a name like that!"

"Well," the promoter said, "course Claude never fit outside of Agra. But we brung in every boxer we could get, and he knocked them all cold."

"We'll take it!" Pa said. "Wait'll I make out a contract."

"But," the promoter said, "the fight is tonight, and it's a hundred sixty miles to Agra Falls!"

"Come on, then!" Pa said. He put on his cap. "We'll go find Edgie. He'll be pleased to hear he's getting a main bout."

PA AND Uncle Alby and I went out with the promoter and got into his car. "We got a big new factory up in Agra Falls," he explained to Pa, as we drove down the street. "A thousand new hands come to work there. And the 'Keep Agra Decent' committee decided somebody ought to start some good clean entertainment in town."

"That's a fine idear," Pa said, and Uncle Alby said so.

"We was afraid all kinds of joints would be springing up," the promoter said.

"Turn in here," Pa said. We were in front of Grogan's place.

We all went into Grogan's. Pa and Uncle Alby went to the bar.

"I'll take beer," Pa said.

"The same," Uncle Alby said.

The promoter looked at them and blinked. "It's a hundred sixty miles," he said.

"We'll find him," Pa said. Pa was fishing in his pockets. "Where's my small change?" he said.

The promoter paid, and we went out and got into the car.

"He's probably at McGuiggan's place," Pa said.

"It's almost five-thirty now," the promoter said, worrying.

"Then hurry up," Pa said.

There were four or five police cars parked outside McGuiggan's when we got there.

"Looks like a raid," Pa said. "The mayor's running for re-election." Sure enough, some cops came out carrying slot machines.

Pa and the promoter and I got out of the car to go look for Edgie, but Uncle Alby said he wasn't thirsty. It was still raining. Inside, the bar was lined with cops and re-

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM



Edgie jumped off the bed. His eyes were wild. "Main bout? Main bout—for me?" "Just what you always wanted, darling," Melba said. "A main bout!"

porters. Edgie wasn't there. Pa had a fast beer, and we went back to the car.

When I got into the back seat with Uncle Alby, there lay a big shiny slot machine. "A cop gave it to me," Uncle Alby said. "He didn't have room in his car."

Pa said, "Drive on. Edgie's sure to be at Cullen's."

I had always thought Cullen's was an opera house, because Melba sang there, but it was about like Grogan's and McGuigan's inside.

Edgie wasn't there, either. Pa and Uncle Alby had a beer. The promoter looked at his watch and started to say something. Suddenly Pa snapped his fingers. "Why didn't I think!" he said.

There was a rooming house over Cullen's, and Pa took us in there. We heard somebody singing, running up and down the scales.

Pa yelled, "Edgie boy!" We started up to the second floor.

A door at the head of the stairs opened slowly. There stood a beautiful girl. Her hair was brown, piled high. Her eyes were brown, and big.

"Well!" she said, smiling at Pa and Uncle Alby. "This is quite a surprise!" She patted me on the cheek.

I had never seen Melba before. I looked at her and was proud of my brother Edgie to think he could get a girl like that.

"Surprise is right!" Pa said.

We all walked in, and there, lying on the bed in his undershirt, barefooted, was Edgie, reading a movie magazine.

"Boy," Pa said, "get on your shirt! I landed you a main bout!"

Edgie jumped off the bed. His eyes were wild. "Main bout? Main bout—for me?"

I felt happy for Edgie, I can tell you. He had always wanted a main bout. Edgie had fought sixteen four-rounders at the Brewers City A. C. and had lost most of them. The trouble was, Edgie always said, he couldn't really get started in four rounds. He figured he had to get a ten-round main bout before he could begin winning fights.

But Edgie was scowling then. He thought it was a practical joke. His hair had grown long, and it stuck out front like so much hay. He drew back his lips, showing where the tooth was gone in front. He looked tough. He scowled at the Agra Falls promoter, and the promoter backed toward the door.

"I ain't kidding, boy!" Pa said. "A main bout!"

"When?" Edgie snarled. He ducked and

let go with a left and a right at the light string. "Where?"

"Agra Falls, Vermont," the promoter said. "Tonight. I want you to fight Battling Claude—"

"I'll kill him!" Edgie yelled.

"It's a hundred sixty miles," the promoter said, glancing anxiously at his watch. "We got just time to make it."

Edgie grabbed his shirt and put it on. "Where's my socks? Get my coat!" he hollered at Melba.

Melba got his coat and socks. "Oh, darling!" she said. "Just what you always wanted! A main bout!"

Edgie yelled, "Get my shoes! Where's my necktie?"

Melba had them ready.

"Put on your stuff!" Edgie yelled to Melba. "You might as well come along and see me!" He started shadowboxing around the room.

MELBA put on her coat and some lipstick, and fixed her hair. "Okay, sweetheart!" she said, and she kissed Edgie.

"They're engaged," Pa explained to the promoter, and we went downstairs to the car.

Uncle Alby and I sat in front, and Pa and Edgie and Melba sat in back with the slot machine.

"Let's get moving!" Edgie said. "I wisht I'd known I was fighting this main bout! I'd 'a' trained yesterday!"

"Don't worry, boy," Pa said. We were passing a grocery store, and Pa told the promoter to stop. "We might get hungry," he said. "I'll buy some crackers and cheese."

"Make it fast!" Edgie yelled. "I got to get up there for that main bout!"

"Oh, darling!" Melba said. "Isn't it a wonderful opportunity?"

Melba kissed Edgie, but he was so excited he didn't pay any attention.

"What'n hell's keeping Pa?" he said. "Who wants to eat at a time like this?" Edgie jumped out of the car and started shadowboxing in the street. "I'll probably lift that dumb farmer right out of the ring, first punch!" he said, grunting as he swung.

Uncle Alby went in after Pa, and they came out smoking cigars and carrying a case of beer. Pa handed me a box of crackers.

"They didn't have no cheese," he said.

The man in the store came out and stood in the rain while Pa looked for his wallet. The promoter finally paid. When he glanced into the back of the car and saw Edgie guzzling beer, he seemed upset.

"I never heard of a prize fighter that drank," he said.

Edgie snorted. "You talk like a crazy man! How'm I going to build up my strength, I don't drink beer?"

We headed for Agra Falls. The rain stopped after a while, and the moon came out. We were rolling. Everybody was quiet and excited. I could hear Edgie gritting his teeth. Every now and then he would say, "I'll butcher that dumb farmer!"

Once Melba said, "Oh, darling, just think! A main bout!"

"Throw out that bottle!" Edgie said. "Reach me a fresh one!"

Pa said, "Let's have some singing. Melba, how about a snatch of some opry?"

"Not now," Melba said, smiling at me when I looked around. Then Melba asked me what I'd like her to sing.

I said, "Jingle Bells."

So Melba started singing. Her voice was soft and low, at first. Pa and Uncle Alby and I joined in on the chorus. Then Melba started putting on steam. Just as Pa said, she had a set of lungs on her. She drowned us all out. We went through some small city, and all the people stopped and stared, hearing Melba let go on Jingle Bells.

Edgie sat there gritting his teeth, but after a while he yelled, "Stop hollering! Stop hollering! I can't even think! I got to plan how I am going to murder this rube palooka!"

"Darling!" Melba said, kissing Edgie. "Just relax!"

"Relax?" Edgie shouted. "This is a main bout!"

It was ten o'clock flat when we drove down the main street of Agra Falls and pulled up before a big two-story building. The upper story was all lighted up. We got out, and the first thing we heard was the crowd up there howling and booing.

"Come on!" the promoter cried.

"Hold it!" Pa said. "Got to get tape for the boy! Go find a drugstore," he said to me. "Bring back four rolls of two-inch gauze, four of adhesive, cotton batting, coco butter, epsom salts, arnica, collodion, alum powder, pair of socks, size fifteen, and hurry!"

The promoter groaned and gave me a five-dollar bill, pulling Edgie toward the hall entrance. There was a poolroom on one side and a barbershop on the other. Pa and Uncle Alby ran back to the car and got the slot machine and started for the poolroom. Melba saw the barbershop and called to Edgie.

Edgie put both hands to his head. "I didn't get my hair cut!" he yelled and ran for the barbershop.

The crowd upstairs was howling louder than ever, waiting for the main bout.

I ran up street, found a store, bought the

things, and ran back. In the poolroom, Pa and Uncle Alby were arguing with a big red-faced man. The slot machine lay on a pool table.

"I said take it the hell out of my place!" the big man was hollering.

"Friend," Pa said, paying no attention, "owning this machine is good as owning the U.S. mint."

"It'll make you four and a half cents for every nickel invested," Uncle Alby said, "and it's loaded with fifty bucks in nickels!"

"Then why you trying to peddle it for thirty?" the man shouted. "Get the police, somebody! This here machine's stole!"

Just then Edgie ran in. His hair was clipped to the skull except for a few bristles in front. He looked tougher than ever.

"Come on!" he yelled to Pa. "I got to go up there and fight that main bout!"

Pa and Uncle Alby reached for the slot machine. The big man whipped up a pool cue and threatened them with it. "You'll just wait till the police come!" he shouted.

EDGIE jumped for the big man, with his right hand away back, but Pa cried, "Good Godfrey, boy, don't hit him! You got to fight that main bout! You might break a hand!"

Edgie grabbed the big man by his mustache, yanked him close, slapped him hard and knocked him flat. Pa and Uncle Alby picked up the slot machine and took it out. Edgie started after them and ran into four cops coming in. One of the cops reached for Edgie, and Edgie tripped him up. Pa came back in as Edgie was measuring the next one.

"Don't hit him!" Pa yelled. "You got to fight that main bout!"

Edgie turned to Pa, and the cop on the floor grabbed his feet. Edgie fell, and the four cops jumped on top of him. Pa started swinging. The promoter came in and grabbed Pa.

"Don't make it no worse'n it is!" he shouted. "I'll talk to the police! You go up and try and quieten that crowd! They're liable to tear the building down!"

Pa called to me, and we went out. We met Uncle Alby coming in.

"Alby!" Pa hollered. "You go see they don't kill Edgie! I got to go up and quieten that crowd! Where's Melba?"

"She went upstairs!"

Pa and I ran upstairs. We went into the big hall. It was packed. A man was trying to announce from the ring that the main bout would go on in a minute. The fans were hooting and howling. The man ducked a flying bottle and jumped over the ropes. Then he ran for the rear, with the fans kicking at him and throwing things and booing.

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Melba was up there dancing, acting like it was too hot in the hall. Then she opened her mouth and began to sing. She let them have it, full steam





By Walter Davenport

Vance Muse has mined the sucker lists thirteen times for funds with which to "save America" from assorted isms. Now he's at it again, with Lewis V. Ulrey, likewise an old hand in the name-calling business, as chief name-caller



MR. LEWIS VALENTINE ULREY paused for breath. And just in time, too; he was completely out of it. As chairman of the Christian American Association, Inc., he had just given us a partial list of men and movements that he, his organization and its secretary-treasurer, Mr. Vance Muse, were determined to eliminate lest The American Way of Life vanish without a trace. Mr. Ulrey and Mr. Muse agree that it is pretty much on its last legs anyway, what with twelve years of Roosevelt rule.

In his thin old voice that frequently rose to a shrill, quavering falsetto, Mr. Ulrey had held forth, his mouth bitter with acrimony, against social liberals, political radicals, labor unions, international-minded Jews, the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, the American Civil Liberties Union, the Union Theological Seminary of New York, the Child Labor Amendment, the Methodist Federation for Social Service, the Political Action Committee-C.I.O., the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the National Council for Soviet-American Friendship, the World Trade Union Congress and several other organizations. All of them, he said, were nothing but proponents of Red Russian Communism.

We had some trouble keeping score, and even Mr. Muse, an old hand at wangling money out of sucker lists with promises of saving America, looked a bit startled. But as the now choking Mr. Ulrey went in search of a glass of water, Mr. Muse assured us that he, too, was eager to put an end to his chairman's black list, adding thereto a name which Mr. Ulrey had overlooked—Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. Mr. Muse had distributed many thousands of photographs of Mrs. Roosevelt shaking hands with a Negro. He told us that his conscience had compelled him to do that. He did it, he said, as a public service.

We were sitting between Mr. Muse and Mr. Ulrey in the offices of the Christian American Association in Houston, Texas. Inasmuch as Mr. Muse, promoter of and collector for thirteen fund-raising and propaganda rowdydows that we know of, and Mr. Ulrey, geologist, anti-Semite pamphleteer and

onetime college professor and Indiana State senator, call their outfit merely Christian American. So hereafter shall we.

Christian American's current objective is to add an open-shop amendment to the federal Constitution, an addition referred to by them in reverent tones as The God-Given-Right-to-Work Amendment. The congressional end of this enterprise is to be guided by the Honorable Wilbert Lee O'Daniel—"Pappy"—junior senator from Texas, a man proclaimed by both Mr. Muse and Mr. Ulrey as at least the equal in pure patriotism of George Washington, Andrew Jackson, Thomas Jefferson and Jefferson Davis. They foresee that Pappy may need a bit of assistance and are therefore laying down upon state legislatures and legislatures a barrage of mimeographed and printed exhortations to memorialize Congress to adopt a resolution calling upon the forty-eight states to vote on such an appendage to the Constitution.

Wanted: the Approval of 32 States

The states they are working on just now are Oregon, Montana, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Colorado, New Mexico, Kansas, Mississippi, Minnesota, Iowa, Arkansas, Florida, North and South Carolina, West Virginia, Indiana, Texas, Tennessee, Georgia and Oklahoma. If they can induce thirty-two states thus to demand that the God-Given Amendment be submitted to the states for ratification, it becomes a mandatory upon Congress to do so. If thirty-six legislatures ratify, it becomes a part of the Constitution. The proposed amendment reads thus:

"No person shall be denied employment because of membership in or affiliation with or resignation from a labor union, or because of refusal to join or affiliate with a labor union; nor shall any corporation or individual or association of any kind enter into any contract, written or oral, to exclude from employment members of a labor union or persons who refuse to join a labor union, or because of resignation from a labor union; nor shall any person against his will be compelled to pay dues to any labor organization as a prerequisite to or condition of employment."

Violently and expensively ballyhooed and lobbied, the amendment has already been adopted by Arkansas and Florida. The Honorable Pappy helped a lot, making ringing speeches wherein he said that he was glad that he represented Texas, "where labor leader racketeers do not boss our good honest working people around." And one Arkansas legislator said that the amendment was absolutely necessary "to stop the Southern Tenant Farmers Union among Negro farm workers lest the rural Negroes be organized and wipe the white people out overnight—especially in Chicot County." However, the amendment is operating in neither state, having been dragged into court for a constitutionality test. The War Labor Board ignores it anyway.

California defeated just such an amendment last November, something which might not have happened had Christian American been running things, Mr. Muse thinks. Louisiana's legislature would have nothing to do with the amendment or Mr. Muse, adopting instead a resolution condemning Christian American as an "organization that would set capital against labor, Catholic against Protestant, Christian against Jew."

Furthermore, it demanded of Mr. J. Edgar Hoover that the F.B.I. investigate Christian American. Mr. Muse whose talents for swift scrambling off hot spots are celebrated, dashed off a letter to Mr. Hoover asking whether he was being investigated. Mr. Hoover replied that he was not. Mr. Muse gave us Mr. Hoover's letter to prove it.

Nobody knows better than Mr. Muse that the God-Given-Right-to-Work Amendment is not likely to become a part of the country's basic law overnight—even with the backing of the Honorable Pappy O'Daniel. Furthermore, success achieved too quickly would mean that he'd have to work up another paying malarkey, and he is no longer a young man; he's fifty-five. As it is, Christian American pays him between four and five thousand dollars annually, this by his own admission, although those who regard him as less than a patriot claim that he is guilty of understatement. Anyway, it's a living.

So while belaboring state legislatures and, incidentally, their constituents, with amendment propaganda, he and Mr. Ulrey are

Vance Muse, left, and Lewis V. Ulrey are doing well with their latest money wangling and name-calling campaign

whooping it up for state labor regulatory laws. Their favorite, they say, is the Pappy O'Daniel antivioleness law which makes it punishable by fine and imprisonment for a striker even to threaten a nonstriker or address to him words which may be construed to be a threat. This law was adopted by the Texas legislature while its author, the Honorable Pappy, was still governor. Pappy introduced it into the United States Senate when he promoted himself to that body, but he seemed to be the only one interested.

Christian American has ballyhooed for antilabor union legislation in forty-four states and claims credit for success in eight: Kansas, Idaho, South Dakota, Arkansas, Colorado, Mississippi, Florida and Texas. All these states have adopted in one form or another Christian American's second best favorite: a law to license union business agents, open their records on the complaint of any interested party, and revoke a non-co-operative agent's license.

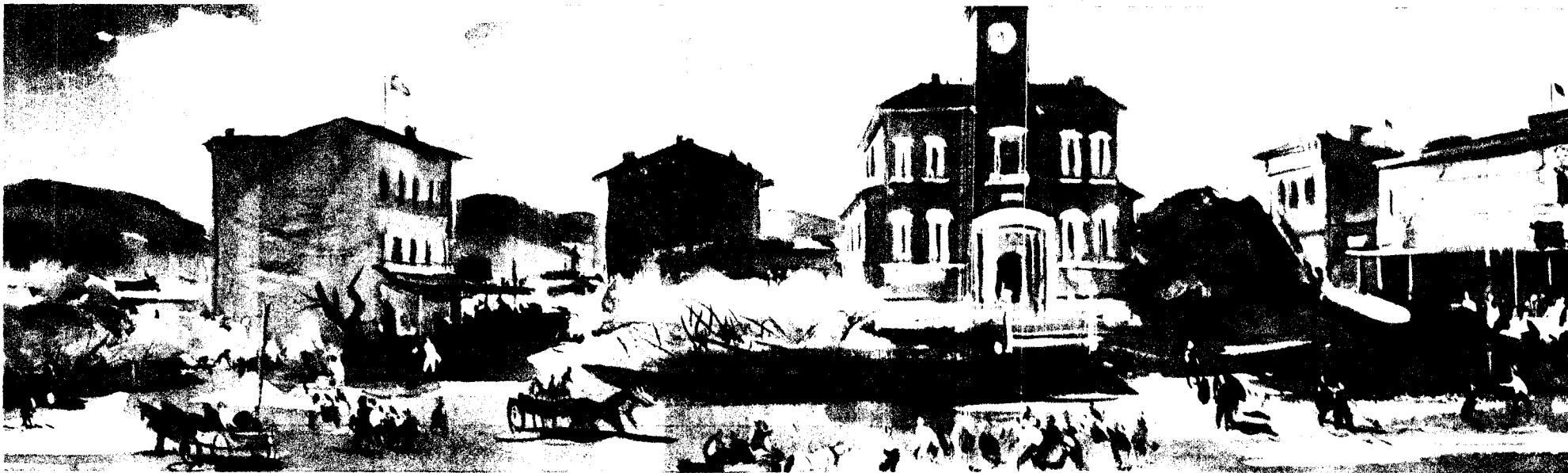
Texas Expands the Law

In Texas, this law was expanded to provide that a union's officers must be elected by a majority of its members for one-year terms and that unions may not collect dues or initiation fees "which will create a fund in excess of the reasonable requirements of such unions."

The Florida law (not to be confused with the amendment) places all unions, their members, officers and representatives under rigid state control. It creates a board to pass on anyone aspiring to hold office in a union and holds that no such aspirant may be licensed to hold such a job who is not a citizen of Florida or who has not resided in the United States for ten years or who has been convicted of a felony or is "not a person of good moral character," this last decision to be made by the examining board.

The source of Christian American's operating funds is by no means as clear as
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PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRY PENNINGTON, JR.



On Saturdays men, women and children drove in to buy supplies and visit friends

INDEPENDENCE MAKES A PRESIDENT

BY GEORGE CREEL

ILLUSTRATED BY HARDIE GRAMATKY

The President, by his own admission, is a "neighborhood product, raised in and by Independence," and Mr. Creel, an old neighbor from Independence, paints a vivid picture of the tight little community that did the job

crowded," they never stopped until they came to Independence, right on the Kansas line and the last outpost of civilization. There they sank their roots, putting the virgin soil under plow, marrying and intermarrying, and raising large families. And there the President's parents were born—John Anderson Truman in 1851, and Martha Ellen Young in 1852.

All were farmers, but Independence was their town, the center of social, economic and political life. To the thriving county seat they hauled their hay, corn and the wheat that was ground into Queen of the Pantry flour by the grandfather of Bess Wallace, now Mrs. Harry Truman. And regularly, on Saturdays, Independence filled with men, women and children, who drove in to sell produce, buy supplies and visit with friends under the trees that shaded the old brick courthouse; also on every Fourth of July to eat fried chicken and salt-rising bread, and thrill to orators who took the first hour just to get warmed up.

Although he was born in Barton County, Independence was Harry Truman's home town. Its schools gave him his education between the ages of six and seventeen; his first job was in Clinton's drugstore where he washed windows and scrubbed floors after school and during vacations, vastly proud of the \$3 a week that it earned him; it was on a near-by farm that he pushed a plow for ten sweating years, famous for his straight furrows and clean corn rows; it was in Independence that he learned his politics, and from neighbors who had known him from childhood that he received his first important political office; it was to his school sweetheart that he came back after service in France, and it is in Independence that he keeps his heart and his home.

Every small American town, where life is largely lived in common, exercises a strong

Nobody can ever tell Harry Truman to go back where he came from. His Americanism is bedrock deep. Scotch and English ancestors not only crossed the Atlantic in sailing vessels long before the Boston Tea Party, but were among the first to follow the warrior path of the Iroquois when pioneers moved westward. Many went with Daniel Boone into Kentucky, clearing the land with a rifle always in one hand; and annals of the Dark and Bloody Ground are thick with the names of Trumans, Shippes, Youngs, Tylers and Holmeses.

Battles with the Indians were in the day's work, and Nancy Tyler, the President's great-grandmother, owed her life to the iron fortitude that was part of the training of every wilderness girl. Cut off from the stockade by raiding Shawnees, she threw herself face down, feigning death, and did not let out as much as a groan even when a brave ripped off her scalp. The great Daniel, himself, praised her, and the lace cap she wore forever afterward was a badge of honor that all Shelby County gloried in.

When new frontiers called to the adventurous, Harry Truman's forebears loaded goods and families in Conestoga wagons, with youngsters herding the livestock, and migrated to Missouri. Passing settled sections near St. Louis and finding them "too



Solomon Young, Truman's grandfather, made a fortune in the freighting business

During the Civil War, Trumans went into exile, as their houses and barns were burned

Jim Crow Chiles, the President's uncle, turned into Independence's "bad man"





"Off with your hand, base knave," roared the gargantuan Col. John T. Crisp



Independence was completely democratic with no line between rich and poor

compelling influence on its members, but Independence, in particular, cast the character of its people in an iron mold. All sprang from the same pioneer breed, all were of the same blood and inheritors of the same traditions, and all were closely knit as sharers of the same experiences. As a result, all held to the same standards of conduct. Harry Truman frankly confesses that Independence "raised" him just about as much as did his parents, and there is no better way to understand the thirty-second President of the United States than to understand the town that brought him up.

As near as can be determined, Daniel Boone was the first white man to explore western Missouri. Too old himself for new adventures, nevertheless he carried back glowing reports of rolling prairies, rich bottom lands, and great forests of hickory, walnut, papaws and persimmons. As early as 1812, a daring few settled in what became Jackson County, but no towns came into being until the hairy "mountain men" began their hazardous treks to the beaver-filled streams of the Rockies.

Independence was platted in 1826, and along with the erection of a courthouse, cost-\$150, Samuel Weston opened a blacksmith shop and wagon factory. Inside of four or five years, the bustling little place had become the last outfitting point before jumping off into the West.

Claiming to have had a vision that revealed Independence as the site of the new Zion, Joseph Smith and some fifteen hundred of his Mormon followers came from Ohio in 1832, laying the cornerstone of a temple, establishing a weekly paper and launching a vigorous campaign of evangelization. A year of it, and then the Missourians, highly irritated, "riz up." Homes were burned, the newspaper plant was thoroughly wrecked, some Mormon leaders were tarred and feath-

ered, and the rest driven out at the point of the Missourians' long rifles.

Although not a first settler, Solomon Young, Harry Truman's maternal grandfather, wagoned into Independence from Kentucky in 1842. A man of some means, and one who wanted elbow room, he bought 5,000 acres of land at \$1.25 an acre, and lost no time in clearing and planting. Captain Jesse Holmes, a Shelby County friend, followed the Youngs in 1844, and his daughter, Mary Jane, returning to the old Kentucky home for a visit, came back in 1846 with a husband named Anderson Shippe Truman. In due time their son, John Anderson Truman, married Martha Ellen Young, old Solomon's daughter. The President is their son.

Missourians Below the Rio

The Mexican War gave Independence quite a setback, for 856 men left the towns and farms of Clay and Jackson counties when Colonel Alexander W. Doniphan issued his clarion call in 1846. Organized as the First Regiment of Missouri Mounted Volunteers, the company rode away to the Rio Grande, traversing the dreaded *Jornada del Muerte*, and after conquering five Mexican states, galloped home again, a march of 6,000 miles within the year.

At the battle of the Sacramento, where the Missourians faced an army of 5,000, one man in seven was assigned to hold the horses, but when the bugles sounded, not a volunteer stayed at his post.

"Damn your ornery hides!" roared Doniphan. "Go on and do what I told you."

"Like hell!" came the indignant shout. "We can hold horses back home."

Independence declared a holiday in honor of the heroes, and not the least of the President's treasured possessions is a speech delivered at the closing banquet.

"Volunteers of Missouri," bell-toned a Mrs. Buchanan, "in the memory of your country, no brighter page can be found than that which records your own bright deeds. You left the home of your childhood and encountered perils and sufferings that would make the cheek of a Roman soldier turn pale, and encountered them so valiantly that Time, in his vast calendar of centuries, can show none more bravely borne. In the name of the ladies who surround me, I bestow on you the laurel wreath—in every age and every clime the gift of beauty to valor."

After the defeat of the Mexicans, the first stage mail coach lines started from Independence to Santa Fe, and in 1849 the town had a fresh burst of prosperity as gold hunters streamed through on the way to California. Solomon Young went into the freighting business, plying between Independence and Sacramento. A shrewd, far-seeing old boy, he bought a Spanish grant in California, selling it later for \$75,000, a tidy little fortune in those days. When Solomon died in 1893, he divided his holdings among his children, and Harry Truman's mother received the 600 acres near Grandview, part of the original tract bought in 1842.

But even as Independence counted on becoming a metropolis, Westport Landing, ten miles away and on the river bank, began the phenomenal growth that was to make Kansas City the real gateway to the West. By the middle fifties, Independence had accepted its fate, settling down as a quiet county seat and the prosperous center of a rich farming section.

Not until the War Between the States, as the President calls it, was there a return to the old violence. With Jackson County peopled almost entirely by Kentuckians, Virginians and Tennesseans, all of the young men dashed off to fight for the Confederacy, and the elders, left behind, soon knew all

the horrors of border warfare. Quantrell and his guerrillas raided across the state line to ravage Kansas communities, and Jayhawkers raided back, killing and burning with equal ferocity.

As the tide of battle turned against the South, Union forces gained the upper hand in western Missouri, and in August, 1863, General T. Thomas Ewing delivered a death blow. His Order Number 11, covering Jackson County and two others, expelled all Southern sympathizers from their homes with what they could carry in their hands. The Trumans and Youngs and Holmeses were among the unhappy hundreds who were herded into exile as the torch was set to their houses and barns, and only at the end of the war were they permitted to return to their ruined homesteads.

Loyalists of the Lost Cause

Still many Missourians refused to accept the surrender at Appomattox as final. At first, there was great talk of an army of 50,000 Confederates that would march south for the conquest of Mexico, but at the last only 500 followed General Jo Shelby when he crossed the Rio Grande. It is a chapter in American history that the President knows well, for Jim Crow Chiles, an uncle by marriage, was one of the reckless company.

The Missourians battled their way to Mexico City, and offered their swords to the Emperor Maximilian. Marshal Bazaine, the French commander, would have none of them, however, telling the emperor that if he was fool enough to give the exiles a foothold, thousands of others would flock in, and not the devil himself would ever get them out.

Calling a last council, General Shelby dissolved the band. Some took ship for the Orient and others for Egypt; some entered

(Continued on page 26)

In the absence of basic issues, the political fights were more of a game than anything else, and the main thing was the joy of licking hell out of the other gang



SIX POPULAR MISCONCEPTIONS ABOUT THE EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL

-IT'S A STIMULANT

-CURES COLDS

DO YOU DRINK?

BY HANNAH LEES

If you do, you may be surprised to know you're in the minority. Miss Lees tells what happens when you do take liquor, and why the convivial glass is not as bad as it's sometimes painted

CENSUS-MINDED researchers who have questioned thousands of citizens have concluded that there are about 40,000,000 people in this country who take a drink whenever they want it or can find it. That leaves some 53,000,000 adults who never drink at all, even on New Year's Eve. But don't let this make you feel either exclusive or inferior, for if you do drink, you are part of a very old tradition and also part of a trend. And that tradition and that trend are tied up with some surprising little facts from which a number of interesting conclusions can be drawn that should comfort society if not the Prohibition Party.

This piece incidentally is not going to be about problem drinking. The number of people who drink themselves into trouble in this country is a symptom of a very sick society. But if you are an ordinary social drinker, there isn't much more connection between taking a drink and the problem of alcoholism than there is between eating a marshmallow sundae if you aren't a diabetic and the problem of diabetes. The alcoholic can't drink; the diabetic can't take much sugar without getting into trouble. Both are sick and need medical care. Incidentally there is about the same number of potential alcoholics and diabetics in the country; about 2,000,000, doctors estimate it. All this is obviously an oversimplification. It is the minds not the bodies of alcoholics that are sick. But on the basis of history we are to assume that thirty-eight million people are not going to stop their evening highball to protect the two million who can't take it. They might stop if you would convince them it was bad for them personally, though history doesn't make that seem very likely, either. But it doesn't seem to be bad for them by any known tests.

And don't think there haven't been plenty of tests. In the past hundred years, there have been thousands of research projects on the effect of alcohol on the human body, the human mind and human emotions, not to mention dogs, monkeys, rabbits, guinea

pigs and white mice who lived and died for science in a high state of intoxication.

A good deal of this research started out on the assumption, logical to anyone who has seen or handled any drunks, that drinking—even moderate drinking—must be at least somewhat bad for you. The question was merely how and how bad. But the body of considered research seems to agree that alcohol taken moderately, or even fairly immoderately occasionally, has very little effect on any part of the body except the brain, and no permanent effect whatever, even on the brain.

Alcohol is certainly a poison, but so are the caffeine in coffee and the nicotine in cigarettes. So are all the most important medicines your doctor prescribes. Alcohol is a sedative and that is why you take it. Don't kid yourself you drink for the taste. Nobody does, though man has been working for some thirty thousand years to make this sedative as palatable as possible and with pretty fair success. If you'd like to argue this, ask yourself why when someone says, "Do you drink?" you know so exactly what he means. Not water or milk or tea or ginger ale. What he is really asking as politely as possible is: Do you use the sedative called ethyl alcohol to make life more agreeable?

It would be a fine thing of course if everyone were so happy and so satisfied with his balance of work and play that nobody needed even the mildest of sedatives. But our civilization isn't much like that. Short of turning every bar into a psychiatric clinic, shutting them up tight wouldn't do much good.

People would just look around for the next most acceptable sedative. Which might be bad because a good many experts on alcohol think the reason drinking has held up as a social custom for some thirty thousand years is that it is probably the least harmful sedative there is.

But first, before anyone has time to quarrel with that word "sedative," alcohol is usually called a stimulant because it feels

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INCREASES MUSCULAR EFFICIENCY

INCREASES MENTAL EFFICIENCY

MAKES YOU FAT

HARMS THE KIDNEYS

ILLUSTRATED BY COLIN ALLEN

Jane looked like an angel, but in action she became a tornado. It was unfortunate then, for quiet, sweet-natured Cyclone Ross that opposites attract — or was it?

IT WAS just an ordinary test, the kind they made practically every day at Acme Studios, Incorporated—Merton J. Hankin, In Charge of Production. This one was even without sound, simply a few shots from various angles to see if some dame would look good on the screen.

Cyclone Ross bent and peered through the lens of the movie camera. There was no head man on such an unimportant affair, and the best boy was lighting the set for him. Cyclone asked in his soft voice for a bit of diffusion on the junior spot and a silk on the lens. An elderly make-up man, who was standing in for the lighting, shifted restlessly.

"Listen," he said, "where is that dame? Does she think she's Lauren Bacall? I got to be over on Stage Two in a few minutes."

"I guess that junior isn't hot enough now," Cyclone said mildly. "Give it a few turns the other way again, will you, Joe?" He looked, and then straightened up. "Okay, boys."

The operator took his place and racked the camera over. He fished for a cigarette.

"This is the first time I ever saw one of these babes late," he remarked.

"I always feel sorry for them," Cyclone said. "They're so nervous and uncertain and humble, and they don't get a very fair shake. I try to be nice to them."

"You're nice to everybody, Cyclone," the operator said. "You can't help it. I kept telling them around here that you wouldn't be changed at all, no matter what happened to you."

Cyclone grinned. "I can't holler—that's the trouble with me."

"Trouble?" the operator said. "I hope you never have any worse trouble. You should see the guys in the camera department fighting to get on your crew. I'd take a cut in pay myself if I could work with you."

"Why, that's mighty nice," Cyclone said. "Very nice. Thanks."

The operator's eyes seemed to be filled with devotion, hero-worship and general good will. He was obviously on the brink of going completely to pieces and saying something really complimentary. A lot of people were that way to Cyclone since he had come back, and it made him nervous. He walked away from the operator before he could unload.

STANDING alone near the door, Cyclone smoked a cigarette as he waited. The make-up man was still beefing and the crew weren't pleased, but he was at peace. A tall young man, too thin and pale as yet, he had an amiable face, an unobtrusive manner, and gentle brown eyes. No one had ever heard him raise his voice or show impatience, yet somehow he had been one of the top cameramen in the movies before he went away, as well as one of the highest paid, and when he returned, he was promptly grabbed by Acme. Of course, he was colorless. He lacked side and temperament, and in a mixed gathering, nobody had anything to say against him. They had nothing to say for him, either; he had always been too modest to publicize his triumphs.

The door burst suddenly open, and Cyclone had to duck to avoid it. He gazed deeply into a pair of burning blue eyes. They belonged to a small lady of tender years, who was wearing an expression of enormous anger. She had a lovely face, tanned enough to bring out the freckles around the base of her short nose, a firmly molded chin, and an enchanting figure that Cyclone lacked time to examine. Her hair, cut short and arranged in crisp symmetry about her head, was the color of burnished copper. Her voice, when she spoke, was clear and bell-like.

"My good man," she said, "when you have satisfied your slack-jawed, peasant curiosity, will you be kind enough to direct me to the test set?"

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*Condition
Yellow*
BY ROBERT CARSON

"My good man," she said to Cyclone, "when you have satisfied your slack-jawed, peasant curiosity, will you be kind enough to direct me to the test set?"

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

THE LAST TIME I SAW THEM

BY LIEUT. COL. COREY FORD



This is how they were when I saw them last, beside their B-29 on the hardstand at Guam. Reading left to right: 2d Lt. James O. Warren, Jr., of Dunn, N. C., special device operator; Lt. Darvin McCloud of West Van Lear, Ky., navigator; Lt. Clark B. ("Pappy") Phelps of Chicago, bombardier; Lt. Arthur O. Sellgren of Seattle, Wash., copilot; Sgt. William H. Tornow of Adrian, Mich., gunner; Sgt. Chauncey Roberts of Fresno, Calif., engineer; Sgt. Rodney K. Ginder of Jacksonville, Ill., gunner; Sgt. Carl R. Southworth of Decatur, Mich., gunner; Sgt. Warren A. Sephton of Patchogue, L. I., N. Y., gunner; facing his crew, Capt. Earl A. Russell of Stamford, Tex., airplane commander

THEY said when I wrote their folks to put in the letter how they were. "Tell them when you left us we were okay. Say we were looking fine." They all gave me names to write to when I got back to the States. Art pulled a page from his notebook and scrawled his wife's address in Seattle, and Pappy gave me some money and a street address in Chicago to send flowers on Mother's Day; he printed out what to say on the card. Earl, spelling the name of his town in Texas, said in his rich, grave voice: "Put in what we do here all day. The little things. I can always think of my wife back home, because I know just what it's like there, but

it's harder for her to think of me because she can't picture it here. Tell her how it was when you saw us last. . . ."

So this is how it was, then, the last time I saw them before I headed back: Earl in shorts sprawled on his cot, and Junior outside the hut taking a bath out of an inverted steel helmet, and Pappy and Mac squatting cross-legged over a gin-rummy game spread on a blanket. The sweat dripped off their chins, and zigzagged down their bare bodies, and their fingers left wet blisters on the cards. It gets pretty hot in Guam, and usually in the afternoon you lie around your hut like this, reading or playing cards or just waiting.

Except that the rest of them were waiting to fly another mission to Japan that night, and I was waiting to fly home.

Pappy said, drawing a card: "One thing you can do when you get home, you can have a glass of cold beer for me." Pappy was the bombardier; his chest was covered with matted blond hair, but the hair on top of his head was thinning and he was almost bald. He had a stocky build with an upper arm as big around as your thigh, and sitting in his bombardier's position in the B-29's latticed glass nose, wearing his bulky flak suit and flak helmet and silhouetted against the red glare of Nagoya burning, he looked

like a figure from Mars. He had a sad, far-away smile, and he was the heart of Earl's crew.

I said, "I'll keep it on ice till you get back, Pap."

"You better not wait," Art, the copilot, said; "you can't tell when we'll ever get back." Art had thin finely chiseled features and pale blue eyes and smoked a pipe constantly; he smoked it all the time in the airplane. He was even-natured and calm, and it was curious that he, of all the crew, was the only one who seemed to have any presentiment that they might not get back. He never said so outright, but you could see it

in his eyes. He was seated on the edge of his cot, working on a six-foot model of a B-29. The inverted ammunition box before him was littered with shavings and strips of balsa wood and glue. He always worked on the model between missions. It took his mind off flying, he said.

"What are you going to do with that thing when you get it finished?" Pappy asked him once. "You can't get it home."

"Maybe I won't finish it."

The long round-roofed metal Quonset-hut had a wooden floor, and it was better than living on a dirt floor under canvas, which we had been doing for a couple of months. When they weren't flying, the men built cupboards and tables and chairs out of ammo boxes and empty bomb crates, and it was beginning to look more homelike. Behind Earl's cot, the curving side of the hut was solidly covered with pictures of his wife and his year-old son back in Texas. There must have been twenty pictures of his son on the wall, and he had a couple more in his wallet, and beside his pilot's seat in the cabin of the B-29 there was a white baby shoe dangling from the stick, with "Rusty Boy" printed on it.

I remember just as we were starting our bomb run over Nagoya, and the searchlights pinned us, and inside the cabin it was as bright as though an automobile had parked beside us in the sky, and the flak started coming up at us. And Earl reached down and touched the baby shoe once with his knuckle, and the searchlights slid away, and the cabin was suddenly wonderfully dark.

The door opened and Junior clumped in from his bath, his bare feet stuck in a pair of unlaced G.I. shoes. The soles were an inch thick with red Guam mud. He stepped out of the shoes, and began running a towel under his arms and between his legs. He was the special equipment operator: a big nice-looking kid from North Carolina with an upturned nose and a good grin and a fast brilliant mind. He was just past nineteen, the youngest officer of the crew.

He said to me: "There's something I'd like for you to send me; there's a couple of books I need. Math

for Engineers, and Palmer's Calculus for Home Study. I'll give you the money." He was taking a correspondence course in engineering, and during the eight-hour flight back from Japan he would study the day's lesson in his compartment in the waist of the airplane. He was planning to go to M.I.T. after the war; he had it all figured out under the G.I. Bill of Rights.

"Five-o'clock briefing," Junior announced. "I hear it's Tokyo again."

"Tokyo," said Mac, the navigator, darkly. He was from Kentucky, small-spoken, dour. "That's flak alley, that goddam' place."

At five o'clock they would go to the briefing, and after the briefing they would go to the supply room and draw their chutes and Mae Wests and flak suits and headsets and load them in trucks and go down to the ship. The enlisted men of the combat crew would be there already, checking their guns and looking over the bomb load and talking with the ground crew. It would be getting dark, and they would use flashlights to load their gear and the boxes of flight lunches, because it is sixteen hours to Japan and back, and then everybody would get on the props and turn them over a couple of times, grasping a giant blade and running with it and releasing it in time to grab the next blade.

All over the dark, uneasy field would be the sound of engines starting, and Earl would call: "All right, gang. Let's go," and they would climb inside, and a metal door would slam, and Moose, the crew chief, would grab a fire extinguisher and stand by an engine, and there would be the snarl of the starter and suddenly an explosion of smoke and flame as the engine caught and turned.

And the big trembling ship would lurch down the taxi strip, brakes protesting, and if you were inside you would feel the edges of your stomach begin to curl, because you

were on your way to get shot at, and this was real. You would hold your breath as the green tower light blinked, but, as the great props bit the air and the ship pulled itself up into the sky, you would breathe again.

The black Pacific would slip smoothly beneath you, and it would be dark except for the ghost-green lights of the instrument panel, and in the pressurized cabin the B-29's engines would be almost inaudible, and you would shut your eyes. And the next thing you knew Roberts, the engineer, would tap you on the shoulder and say, "We're about ten minutes off the coast of Japan, sir," and you would wake with a start, and pick up the flak suit you had spread on the flight deck for a mattress, and begin to put it on with sleep-clumsy fingers.

And the coastline would slip swiftly toward you, and under you, and now you could make out the red glow of tonight's target still thirty miles away. Already the first bombers in the formation, the pathfinders, would have laid their sticks of incendiaries across the center of the city, and in the distance; a semicircle of angry orange-red would be spreading like a grass fire, reaching up and reddening the overcast of smoke. You could see the far-off flash of bombs now, the rapid wink of automatic arms like firecrackers snapping, the slower, more regular blink of the heavier anti-aircraft, the bursting flak. You could see the long fingers of the searchlights feeling for you, reaching through the dark to find you, ceaselessly groping.

Now the intercom would begin to chatter. "Pilot from left gunner. We got a playmate, about ten o'clock high." Earl would hunch instinctively, and you would look past his shoulder at the Zero's winking lights, waiting to see the first vicious stab of machine-gun fire. "Pilot from

tail gunner. There's a searchlight on our tail, it's right on it." "Looks like another playmate off here," from the right gunner, "three o'clock low." "Searchlight coming at us, left."

The groping fingers find the airplane, and for an instant the cabin is deadly bright, and the flak is all around

you now. Mac hums softly over the intercom: "Oh, what a beautiful morning, everything's coming my way..." You are heading for the middle of the city, getting ready for your bomb run. Motionless in the glass nose is Pappy's huge helmeted bulk. Junior, eyes fixed, calls over the interphone, and the bomb doors shudder open.

And now you start your run, and for two endless minutes you cannot deviate from your course, you must run the gantlet of flak at 5,000 feet with the innards of your airplane open to the guns. Your flak suit, which had been so heavy a moment before, is only a G-string now. The plane just ahead of you in the formation is in trouble, one of its engines is smoking, the Zeros are diving in for the kill. You think what it means to bail out over this angry city; you try not to think. Pappy works swiftly, as the long fingers of light grope toward you again, and Earl calls sharply: "Bombs all out yet? Let's get those doors closed and get the hell out of here." The fingers grip the plane and hold it. Over the intercom: "Bombs away..."

And the big airplane banks, shouldering off the lights, slipping like a wrestler out of their sweaty grasp. And as it banks, looking past the engineer, you can see the unreal red ruin of the city below. You see the fires building into one great fire, and the white explosions billowing high above the fire, and one mammoth explosion that might have been an airplane spinning in; and above the holocaust, still coming and coming in steadily from the south, are more B-29s with more bombs to feed the flames of the stricken city.

And now the searchlights would be behind you, and the Zeros and the flak, and Earl would throttle down to cruising speed; you have to conserve gas, there are fifteen hundred miles of cruel ocean between you and

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The ships were lined up along the strip like circus elephants, nose to tail, their bellies pregnant with incendiary bombs. All over the dark, uneasy field you could hear the sound of engines laboring. Soon the formation would be in the sky

The radio operator, Sgt. Robert Burlen of New York City, sits for a G.I. haircut between missions, while gunners of the crew, Southworth and Tornow and Ginder and Sephton, read Yank as they await their turn in the improvised barber chair



DOUBLE FEATURE

BY NOLAN MILLER

THEY came out of the movie, through the lobby that was so brilliantly lighted, and into the street, a street that had been buried by darkness, with a fine rain falling into it, a rain that was almost sweet, though the air tasted of iron rails, and a loud sound broke out over the high buildings.

"Lightning," Sam said, and with instinctive obedience, backed Mary into shelter. He stood a moment, searching the sky with his bared face, and then he took her hand.

"Wait, Sam. Let's wait till it's over."

So they both stood under the theater marquee, but he did not let go of her hand. He looked down the street, saw the streaks of water at the middle hump of the pavement and the curbs overflowing. From all he knew of rain, sleeping and waking and eating in rain and snow, marching and lying and digging in mud, this was a rain so civilized that he laughed at it.

Mary had turned around, looking as if for the last time on the cheeks of Stella Raye, the actress, whose photograph, of nightmare size, stood in its gilt frame by the box office.

Mary almost groaned. She disliked Stella Raye. She was not real, because Mary could not imagine her eating buttered toast or waiting for a bus or making an exchange at Macy's. Mary was quite comfortable in her mind about what was real. Suddenly, she was aware of Sam's hand. She pulled at it.

"Come here, funny, I'm getting wet."

They leaned against the bright wall of Coming Attractions. "Hello," Sam said.

"How do you do, Mr. McColl?"

His short eyelashes were very sweet, she thought, like a little boy's. He was more like a boy than he had been for a long time. The first day he had worn civilian clothes she believed she would never get used to him.

"Darling," she had said, "I think it's your hair. You'll have to let it grow longer."

Now he was a little boy again, and soon he would grow up to be Samuel McColl. It seemed right that this should happen. She wanted to miss nothing, and she wanted to forget two years of loneliness and faithfulness, even if they had to kid each other pretending they were only eighteen—green kids on a first date.

"Miss Taylor," Sam said, "are you having a good time?" Now in the damp touch of the rain, her hair had loosened with great waves. Not curls. She was not the kind of girl for curls. Was too tall and with strong bones, though her face was delicate, an image impossible to photograph or even remember, yet distinctly memorable. Like a place visited in boyhood. Like a dream at waking.

"You like the show?" he said. They had said nothing about the two pictures. They had been part of an adult, absorbed whole, a mindless depth, held for hours by the thin flickering of light and shadow.

"I liked the war picture," Mary said.

He made a face.

"Why? What was the matter with it?"

"Not for me," he said. "I guess I better not talk about it."

"It was too real, wasn't it? That's why you didn't like it. Seems to me they did a good job—"

"It was all right—but it wasn't like that. No place where I ever was was it like that."

"Well, how? How? You're always saying, 'Let's not talk about it,' but how am I going to know? Don't you think I ought to know?"

"No."

Argument, as gentle as he was—yet it usually made her angry.

"Nobody can ever make a picture of what

"Nobody can make a picture of what it's really like," Sam said. "All you get is a lot of cheap thrills"

it's really like," Sam said. "They better give up. All you get is a lot of cheap thrills."

"I was thrilled," she admitted, "but I was horrified. And I felt so—so sorry—and—"

"You don't have to feel sorry. Nobody feels that way, the way it really is. You're bored and tired and you're mad and sick. And you're afraid. You're afraid even when you don't think you're afraid—"

"I was afraid," Mary said positively, "just watching the picture. I could feel—"

"No. No you couldn't. Nobody ever will again."

"You must think everybody's calloused," she said, and she wormed free from his hand. "That's why they make pictures like that—to show people. . . ."

"It's no good," Sam said. "It won't work. Wait till all the boys get back. They'll laugh themselves sick."

He stepped out to see how the rain was getting on. She felt he was gone, was really gone again, as it had been for so long. She had understood it, had been patient and, she thought, "brave" about it.

But now he was back. He could be seen. He made telephone calls. He sat in their living room and talked with her father about the Yankees. He came early on Sundays and mashed the potatoes, wore an apron and liked to get flour on his nose. He was back and she shared whatever he chose to give. No more. But she loved and wanted all of him. She felt it was not too much to ask. She asked for pain as well as love.

"I think we can make it now," Sam said.

They walked close to the unlighted windows. He helped her at the curbs, he kidded her about her open-toed shoes.

"How was I to know it would rain?" she said.

THEY were at her door before they really spoke again. They went in and stood by the mailboxes. When it was late, as it was now, and he said he wouldn't come up, this they liked to do, stand there, stand there—smoking a last cigarette—maybe sit on the stairs.

"I suppose you liked the other picture," Mary said. The argument. She would not let it go. "That awful Stella Raye thing."

Sam smiled. "Ah, that was all right."

"All right? Why, it was silly. It was terribly made up. Imagine a girl, no matter how beautiful she is, having three men in love with her at the same time. Three rich men. Well, I can't imagine it. It just doesn't happen." Breathlessly, she held up her hands to his face; he must not interrupt. "And imagine. Imagine a stenographer—certainly she couldn't make a salary as much as forty dollars a week—with an apartment like that! And such expensive clothes!"

"Ah," he said, "but that was all right. That's the way it ought to be."

"But it isn't real. It's not good to feed people stuff like that."

He chuckled a little. Then he put his arms around her. He kissed her. It was nothing. It was a kiss that merely closed her mouth.

"Say, you're kinda mad, aren't you?" He shadowboxed her chin, laughing at her.

"Well, I just think—"

This time his kiss drove her to silence. She shut her eyes. She wanted so much closed off. Wanted to forget what he wanted to forget, for she knew that for all she had eagerly wanted to know and share, there would always be a part of his life in those two years that she could never have. But it was all right. Love was having and not having. Knowing and not knowing. This, with his kiss, was love.

He was hers as he was. Under his coat she ran her arm, felt his warm back and ribs. . . .

"Now," Sam said. "This is real, isn't it?"

She wanted to cry a little, happily. "Yes," she said, "this is the only real that's real."

a short short story

The British representative was satisfied that he had the Arabian oil situation beautifully sewed up—until a Yank went there to shake hands with a 6-foot 4-inch monarch



King Ibn-Saud, boss of plenty of oil, with General Ralph Royce, head of a U. S. mission to Arabia

THIS story begins in the drafty coral-stone Grand Hotel in Jedda on the Red Sea Coast of Saudi Arabia, the Arab kingdom that proud King Ibn-Saud has forged out of a nomadic, quarrelsome people. At Jedda's Grand Hotel in February of 1933, Lloyd N. Hamilton and his wife had taken a top-floor suite of living room, bedroom, dining room and bath, with ten servants assigned to wait on them. It was not as luxurious as it sounds; the bath was a room with two holes cut in the floor, for Jedda has no plumbing.

Hamilton was embarking on the second great adventure of his life. He had enlisted in the American Army in April, 1917, had fought as a lieutenant and then as a captain with the 364th Infantry, 91st Division, through Saint-Mihiel and the Argonne in France. He had marched into Belgium with the French army and, after being demobilized in 1919, had at-

tended Oxford University in England. With a law education previously acquired at the University of California, he had gone into the oil business in his own state. Now, just turned forty, he was stepping for the first time into a section of the world where for years the hot breath of intrigue had blown like the torrid winds of the desert over the camps and cities of this storied Biblical land.

Hamilton had gone to Jedda from his post in London, where he represented the foreign interests of the Standard Oil Company of California. His goal, and a difficult one, was to negotiate an oil concession with the king of Saudi Arabia. The king has absolute power over some five to eight million people who live very much as their ancestors lived at the time of Christ.

The British, too, wanted that concession. Also at the Grand Hotel and for the same purpose was reddish-haired Stephen Longrigg, now a British brigadier but then representing the Iraq Petroleum Company, the dominant commercial interest throughout the Middle East.

Hamilton's company was one of the few free agents with sufficient resources to chal-

lenge the British in what was a brand-new field for Standard but familiar ground to the American company's formidable opponents. For a hundred years the British had been developing tight control, through a series of treaties, over the sheiks around the Persian Gulf. More recently they had been extending it to the oil wealth of Iran and Iraq.

That was why Hamilton went to Jedda twelve years ago; and Longrigg was there to stop him. Longrigg had the assistance of the British Legation where Sir Andrew Ryan, the British minister, was using every means of helping the British in their bid for Saudi Arabian oil rights. The United States government was not represented in Jedda, and Hamilton was entirely on his own.

Things move slowly in Saudi Arabia. The king lives in a huge rambling palace at Riyadh in the interior, and foreigners may go there only on his invitation. Negotiations, it appeared, would be prolonged for months. Believing he had plenty of time, Longrigg went off to London to discuss with his principals the desirability of bidding even more than they had authorized for the Arabian concession.

Sir Andrew, however, was still in Jedda and the British pressure at that end did not relax. The Iraq Petroleum Company was more powerful than any American firm, was more capable of developing Arabia's resources, could bring greater revenues to the kingdom, had the prestige which goes with the world's largest group of oil companies. Thus ran the arguments drifted into the ears of Ibn-Saud's counselors and ministers.

Before leaving London, Hamilton had conferred with Arabian officials there and had given them an idea of the amount of money his firm was prepared to offer for the concession. After arriving in Jedda, he had renewed these presentations to Ibn-Saud's ministers, together with other ideas for reconciling a modern industry to the land of the Prophet Mohammed that would improve the lot of a nation long steeped in poverty.

King's Minister Comes to Call

It was not long after Longrigg's departure that Hamilton received a surprise caller at his Grand Hotel apartment—no less a personage than His Excellency Sheik Abdullah Suleiman, minister of finance in the royal Saudi Arabian government.

Sheik Abdullah's presence was announced. Hamilton, thrilling with expectation, received him graciously in his roomy but plumbing-less suite. After the polite preliminaries the visitor sprang his message.

"The king has come to know you are here," he said. "He is impressed by the reports he has heard of what you are proposing. I have been instructed to inform you that the king will be in Jedda the day after tomorrow on one of his trips through the kingdom and that he will receive you."

Hamilton told no one of the appointment. The audience took place in the king's two-story palace about a mile outside the walled city of Jedda. Hamilton appeared at the exact minute set by the king's minister and mounted stairs flanked by fierce-looking Arab bodyguards dressed in colorful robes, with gold- and silver-scabbarded swords hanging at their sides. Native bedu daggers, likewise in gold and silver scabbards, were fixed to their belts. Having passed through this formidable lane, Hamilton found himself in a great *mejlis*, some eighty feet long. The king was seated at the far end.

The king, all six feet four inches of him, rose from his chair and extended a hand as Hamilton approached. The hand was twice as big as Hamilton's, and the American, of average height, found himself looking up as he met the gaze of this ruler of the deserts. Ibn-Saud wore the cloak and head shawl of the Bedouin; his feet were in sandals.

The king, adopting the Western custom, placed Hamilton on his right. On the king's left was K. S. Twitchell, an American who was known to the king through work he had done for Charles R. Crane's philanthropic enterprises in the Middle East. Interpreters squatted on the floor below this group.

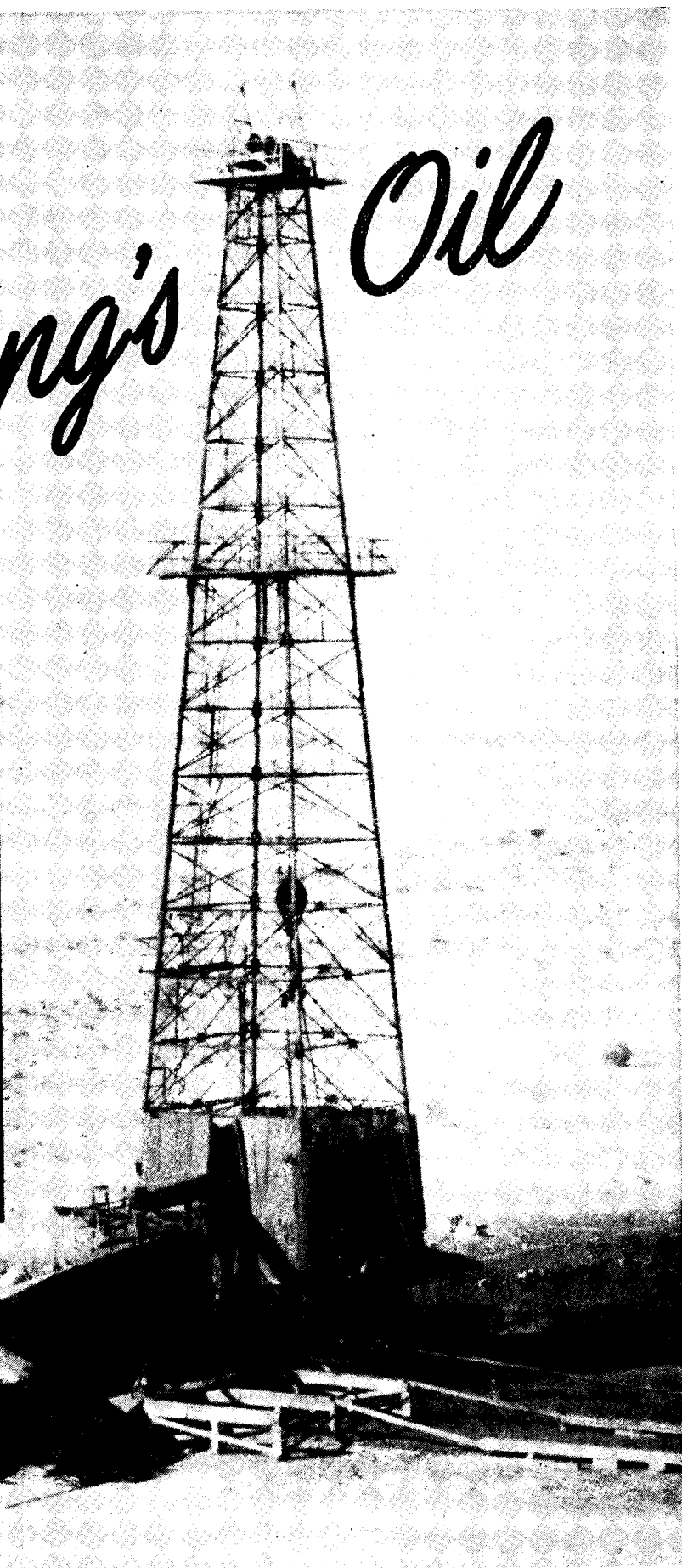
The king talked of America. Servants brought coffee and tea, alternately.

(Continued on page 47)

All The King's Oil

BY MARQUIS CHILDS

At right is the derrick for the first oil drilling to be put up in Arabia. Below is Lloyd Hamilton



Friends in Need

BY GRACE AMUNDSON

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENT GUISE

This is the heartwarming story of two kids who learned some surprising things about friendship when they set out to help a man who did not believe he had any friends left

THE headmaster stood at the door of the chapel, in the benediction of October sun, and watched his boys stumble out to the solemnity of a Gregorian postlude. He was always amazed to realize how successfully here in pagan America he had managed to process innumerable generations of adolescent cherubs, polishing the spirit of Rugby into their cheeks, engraving it on their provincial souls. The formula was stern and simple; a gentleman and a scholar . . . the game hard won . . . cricket to the galling end.

The headmaster smiled comfortably and pursued his subconscious tabulation of faculty present and not-present at chapel. The Drabbles, the Brockways, the Hazards. All there. And the bachelor mentors and proctors. All there. All but—the headmaster paused, and an inscrutable heaviness settled in the loose folds of his face.

"Dana—Leathers," he called to two passing lads.

They drew up smartly before him. Dana was a sandy boy, with practical eyes and a chin sharp as a blade. Leathers had obviously mushroomed beyond his pipe line of stamina, but there was a misty wistfulness peering through his peaked boyhood.

The headmaster was a straightforward asker of questions. "Gentlemen, you are both from Goss House?"

"Yes, sir," answered Dana.

"Mr. Noelte, your proctor, was not at chapel this morning. He was not here last Sunday, as I remember. This is Mr. Noelte's first year teaching at Ambler. I trust you gentlemen have informed your proctor of Ambler customs."

"Yes, sir," Dana responded.

"Is Mr. Noelte ill?"

Leathers cleared his foggy throat. "No, sir. We just didn't wake him."

"Didn't wake him?" echoed the headmaster. "Indeed!"

"Yes, sir," explained Leathers. "You see, sir, Mr. Noelte worked so late last night we decided to let him sleep this morning. He works awfully hard, and he needs his sleep."

The headmaster tucked up considerable of his surplus skin in a sly smile. "Mr. Noelte came to Ambler to teach political science after three years campaigning in Burma, I believe. And while proctoring at Goss House is hardly a lotus-grazing pastime. I dare say it would not exhaust Mr. Noelte's energies to storm Chapel Hill on Sunday morning. What, may I inquire, is wearing out our new proctor to the point where he no longer has concern for his soul?"

Leathers looked nervously at Dana, but Dana looked directly at the headmaster and

(Continued on page 28)



Magic Germ Killer

By Mona Gardner

Dr. Selman A. Waksman, discoverer of streptomycin, perfects his find with his assistant, Dr. Schatz

Streptomycin, made from a common earth mold, is the newest, safest miracle drug, effective against diseases which penicillin won't touch

THREE days after Mr. B ate a custard puff from a bakery near his home in Philadelphia, he began to feel miserable all over. When alternate chills and high fever followed in acute succession, the doctors said, "Typhoid!" But the elderly Mr. B shook his head, telling them that fifty years before when he was ten, he had had a severe bout with typhoid, which usually means a guarantee against a second attack.

This time it didn't. Temperature mounted to the lethal 105 mark: he was given the No. 1 Wonder, penicillin, and three days later put through a course of the No. 2 Wonder, sulfadiazine. Neither had any effect. His system was steeped in poison. Deep stupor alternated with mental confusion, delusions, restlessness, intestinal hemorrhages—all symptoms of approaching death.

At this crisis, a tube was affixed to his arm, and a cloudy tan liquid was dripped into his veins. Within eighteen hours, his temperature had dropped from 105 to 98 and steadied there, his pulse had slowed from 110 to 95; he became alert mentally, showed striking clinical improvement in the next thirty-six hours and, from that time on, recovered as from a bad cold—a far-from-common pattern in typhoid recovery.

Mr. B was one of 60 stricken that week

from the same batch of custard puffs, because an irresponsible typhoid carrier—given work in the bakery—had strewn the bacteria around.

Obviously the magic in Mr. B's case was that cloudy tan liquid bearing the unfamiliar name of streptomycin. Doctors learned it was so new and so scarce that there was only enough at that stage to treat four of the sixty typhoid victims. It gave out halfway through the fifth case. But those few tests and the subsequent ones coming in now from big hospitals and laboratories across the country indicate that the drug is this year's most important discovery in medicine's new miracle-working field of antibiotics.

Women Ahead of Their Time

It seems that the crones of a generation or two ago who mashed up raw cabbage or let pennies grow green in a damp cellar for use on cuts, put moldy bread on sores, and gave onions and garlic to prevent typhus were women ahead of their time. They may have killed their patients, but their theory was quite sound; for their bizarre remedies contained hosts of antagonistic microbes bent on killing off certain other microbes. The hazard was an inability to screen off co-operative microbes from outlaw breeds capable of doing the same job on man as on fellow germs.

Since penicillin shook the medical world two years ago, practically every bacteriologist and commercial laboratory in the country has been searching for another antibiotic agent, a friendly little killer, to fight the diseases penicillin cannot cure. These are not

mild vapors, but such rampant assassins as tuberculosis, cholera, dysentery, typhoid, leprosy, undulant fever, tularemia and salmonella food poisoning.

In the exciting search that ensued, more than 85 substances with such fancy names as gramacidin, clavacin, gliotoxin, patulin, tyrothricin and stretrothricin were isolated from bacteria and molds and tested. Most of them were reluctantly junked as being either too weak or too poisonous.

Bacteriologists were wringing their hands with frustration when a leading soil expert, Doctor Selman A. Waksman, at the New Jersey Agriculture Experiment Station in New Brunswick, spoke up about a formidable bacteria killer he had discovered and reported on twenty-nine years ago in the course of soil experiments. He called it streptomycin. Immediately tests were run through, and in three months—overnight in medical circles—bacteriologists were predicting that the drug would be as great as penicillin.

That was a year ago. The interval has been spent on the usual heartbreaking and tantalizingly slow experimental stages. On federal money and grants from the Commonwealth Fund and commercial drug firms, Doctor Waksman and a dozen of his students have made batch after batch of streptomycin, shipping it to Mayo Clinic, the University of Minnesota, Jefferson Hospital in Philadelphia, Presbyterian Hospital, New York, Cincinnati General, and the University of California, so that the chemical could be tried out in multiple test tubes and on many animals before risking it on man.

Since penicillin does its bang-up job among what doctors call gram-positive bac-

teria but is generally feeble against the gram-negative group, it was on these latter that streptomycin's first tests were made. Mice, injected with fatal doses of salmonella food poisoning and dysentery, shook off death and recovered completely with frequent doses of streptomycin. Equally phenomenal results were tabulated for chicks and guinea pigs with virulent cases of typhoid, tularemia, undulant fever, and tuberculosis. Streptomycin-treated animals recovered 100 per cent, while the untreated control group all died. Likewise, one particularly lethal strain of human pneumonia—stoutly resistant to sulfonamides and penicillin—expired repeatedly in test tubes when exposed to streptomycin.

The next step was to effect these same cures in man. It was pioneering; no one knew yet exactly what streptomycin was, what the safe dosage should be, or whether it should be administered orally, injected intramuscularly, or by the drip method into the veins. But because penicillin therapy had set up certain signposts, streptomycin experimentalists were able to establish in six months the clinical results it took penicillin technicians two years to achieve.

The most important of these is that man easily tolerates the potent drug. Even in such quantity doses as 4,000,000 units in 24 hours, it does not produce the high toxicity of small-quantity sulfa treatment. Also, it completely sterilizes the blood stream and the urinary tract and has no residual effect since it is excreted rapidly. Heat doesn't deactivate it, and it is highly resistant to decomposition.

Preview of Things to Come

Each day now, dramatic human case histories are being added to streptomycin's striking record. Tularemia, never before checked, has been abruptly stopped in Cincinnati; typhoid, undulant fever, dysentery and the stubborn Klebsiella-type pneumonia have been routed in Mayo Clinic. Results of the tuberculosis treatment going on there now cannot be evaluated for another six months, tuberculosis being the slow-stage disease it is. But Mayo doctors report streptomycin has had a strikingly repressive effect in sixteen guinea-pig tests, with complete eradication of the human-type bacilli in all streptomycin-treated animals.

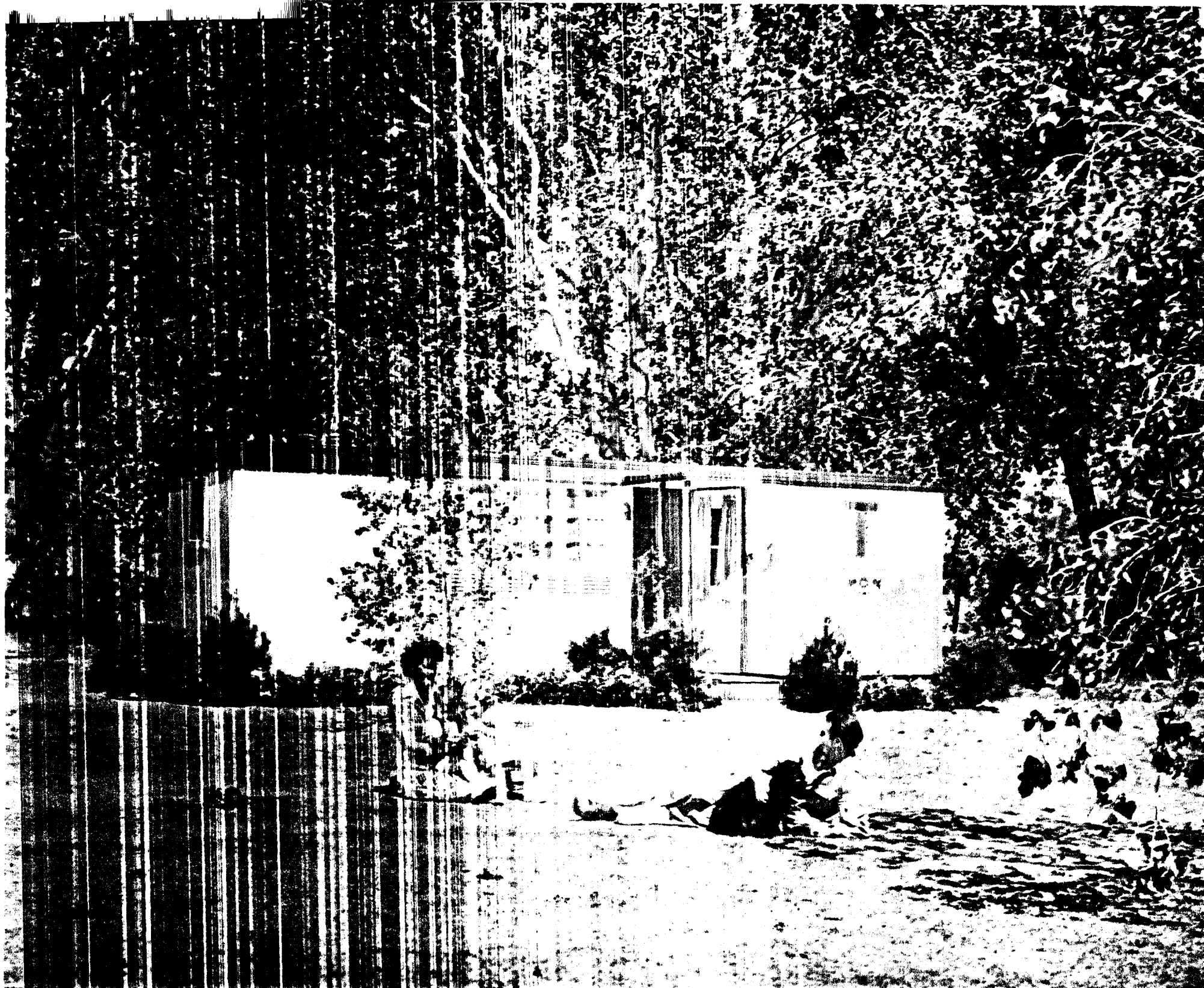
Meanwhile, bubonic-plague and leprosy experiments have been going on in California so that Army doctors can take the drug into Asia. The typhoid results indicate that streptomycin may be used in typhoid areas to prevent the disease in the same manner that atabrine is successful in preventing malaria.

Streptomycin comes from a very common earth mold available in almost every country on the globe. Turn over a shovelful of damp earth, and the fine rich smell it gives off is fine and rich because an active and hardy colony of *Actinomyces griseus* is there. Coddle that same colony for ten days in a laboratory flask containing a nutrient meat broth, and during their fluffy white growth on the mahogany-colored liquid, the micro-organisms obligingly produce minute quantities of streptomycin.

Increase the size of those flasks to enormous vats, as in current penicillin production, and there would be streptomycin enough to supply every need—both military and civilian. Twenty-three commercial laboratories in the United States alone are working full time on it now. English and Soviet laboratories report similar activity.

Medical men look upon this newest wonder drug with mixed feelings. Hailing it as a great boon, they also view with dismay Doctor Waksman's half-serious predictions that it may in time run many of them out of business. With penicillin an acid and streptomycin an organic base, Doctor Waksman suggests that they may eventually be combined into a salt which might be so effective against so many diseases that the need for diagnoses would almost disappear, and thus many of the courses in medical school could be abolished.

The equivalent of "penicillin streptomycin" would merely be a tablet on the bathroom shelf, to be taken for any and all infectious diseases—and those that penicillin didn't annihilate, streptomycin would. ★★★



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the Zouaves because it was the one French service in which privates did not have to stand uncovered in the presence of officers, and some wandered into the mountains, searching for fabled Aztec treasures. Others stayed in the city, living precariously but joyously.

The Princess Salm-Salm, an American who had been a circus rider, was the adoration and particular care of the latter group. Once, as she entered the Hotel Iturbide, a Belgian muttered "Hoop-la," and twenty Missourians tangled in a rush for his table. A young colonel, the first to reach him, had the honor of shooting him dead that afternoon.

General Shelby himself, a throwback to the Cavaliers, gave many a lesson in manners, enforcing them with a pistol hand that held with the steadiness of a rock.

"Off with your hat," bawled a guerrilla chieftain as the Missourian entered his tent.

"Only to beauty and to God," was the chill answer. "Consider me at your service if you feel affronted."

In due course the great majority of the Missourians drifted back home as casually as they had left. One whiskered wanderer, walking into his home after an absence of four years, merely threw down his hat, and complained, "My God, Sally! Dinner not ready yet?" For the most part, they settled down, but some proved less adaptable, particularly Jim Crow Chiles, Harry Truman's uncle.

As fine a soldier as any in Shelby's command, he could not fit himself into peaceful ways, and turned into Independence's "bad man." Highly sensitive to insult, especially after a few toddies, the bat of an eye or the twitch of a nose was enough to stir his rage. For a long while, his violences and his pistol terrorized the town, but at last he met his end in a street duel at the hand of Jim Peacock.

Other heroes of the Lost Cause degenerated into "characters." Particularly Colonel John T. Crisp, a gargantuan creature whom Harry Truman knew well and loves to remember. It was his boast that he could eat more and drink more than any living man. Waiters were ordered to serve his salad in a tub, and turning away from the water pitcher on the speaker's stand, he would bellow for someone to bring him "the rivah."

A Man of Resounding Phrases

The pond on his place—a favorite swimming hole for every Independence youngster—was his "ocean," and woe to the presumptuous person who dared to buttonhole him. "Off with your hand, base knave! I killed a dog this mawnin' for puttin' a paw on me!"

Of a summer evening, it was his habit to sit in a chair out in front of the hotel, armed with a palmleaf fan, and address all within range on dramatic phases of the "late unpleasantness." One story in particular—his description of the Battle of Wilson Creek—is still a joyous memory of the President.

"There we were," rumbled the colonel, "a band of young Southrons hastily gathered from the soil to beat back the iron heel of the invadah, armed only with squirrel guns, hoe handles, pitchforks and other agricultural implements fashioned into instruments of defense out of our desperate need. As we sat in the early dawn, munching the parched corn that had been our sole subsistence for days, over the hill charged the Yankee hosts, outnumbering us by twenty to one, and armed with every device that was known to military science.

"But did fear clutch at our vitals? Was there the quiver of a lip or the lowering of a crest? As well ask if there were cowards at Thermopylae or impugn the valor of the immortal Six Hundred. With the gay courage that has ever marked the Southron, we fell upon the Union hordes, and beat them into dastardly flight."

"Why, John," piped up an old veteran whose beard did away with the need of collar and tie, "I was at Wilson Creek, and the Yankees whipped hell out of us."

"Oh, Lord!" groaned the colonel, heaving himself to his feet in anger and disgust. "Another great story ruined by a damn' eyewitness."

Such was Independence in the days of Harry Truman's youth—basically Southern,

Independence Makes a President

Continued from page 15

essentially Western and intensely American; completely democratic, for there were no class distinctions, no dividing line between the rich and poor. The wealthiest merchant was to be met behind his counters, and the banker walked home of an evening with the round steak for supper tucked under his arm. A town of simple amusements—candy pulls, picnics, church socials—with plenty of time in the long winter evenings for Dickens, Scott and Longfellow.

Judgments were tolerant except with respect to shiftlessness and dishonesty. Work was the common lot, and a man's word took the place of written contracts. A free-handed, generous people, but frowning on waste and frugal in habit. Duty to God was no less binding than to one's family and neighbors. Life itself presented no great soul-tearing problems, for there were things that decent people did, and things that decent people did not do. And all knew them.

Both as senator and Vice-President, Harry Truman stopped at the grocery store and butcher shop of a morning or an evening, and looked before he bought. Now in the White House, he still gets up at 6:30, and sits down to a hearty breakfast with his wife and daughter. The midday meal is still "dinner," and the evening meal still "supper," and it is going to pain him not to be able to water the lawn at sundown, and call across to the people next door.

At no point in his career, as far as can be determined, has he ever deviated from the iron rules laid down by Independence. When his haberdashery business came to a disastrous end, it never occurred to him to take advantage of the bankruptcy act, although it took fifteen years of sweat and sacrifice to satisfy his creditors. If he stuck to Tom Pendergast at the time of his arrest and trial, it was not that he condoned the boss' crimes, but because it was the law of Independence that you did not quit a friend when down.

And although the revelation of corruption shocked Jackson County, the voters approved Harry Truman's refusal to desert a sinking ship.

As a boy, according to his mother, he could sow wheat so that there would not be a bare spot in the whole field. The same dislike of waste, the same careful attention to detail, marks his whole political career. As a county judge, he spent sixty millions on roads and public buildings, and saw to it personally that Jackson County received a dollar's worth of value for every dollar spent.

When war construction started in Missouri, he made a firsthand investigation of costs at his own expense, and his report on conditions at Fort Leonard Wood resulted in the creation of the famous Truman Committee that saved taxpayers more than two hundred millions in its initial year. And when he asked for his first appropriation, veteran senators nearly fainted when he put the sum at \$15,000. On the committee with him, by the way, were four Republicans, all strong party men, yet never once was there a minority report.

Not that the President isn't a strong party man himself. In all the country there is no more devout Democrat, and there again you have the Independence influence. With civil rights restored to the Southerners, the bitterness of the war and reconstruction died out, but what did remain was an almost fanatical devotion to the Democratic party.

As a small boy in Independence, I heard about Republicans, of course, but I must have been teen-aged before I met one in the flesh. Not that it argued political harmony by any means. Until the Roosevelt-Parker campaign in 1908, Missouri went Democratic with pious regularity, but factionalism was always rampant in Jackson County, and primaries and elections were contested with a bitterness that stopped short only of mayhem.

In Kansas City, dominating by reason of

its majority vote, Joseph B. Shannon led his Rabbits against Jim Pendergast's Goats, and this soon became the political alignment for Jackson County as a whole. For long years Tom Pendergast, who was to become the boss of the state, figured merely as Jim's somewhat stupid younger brother.

In both city and county, government was a simple thing, wide open to public view, so that there were no opportunities for graft on any large scale. Until the late twenties, when Tom Pendergast began to need big money for his gambling, elected officials may have been mediocre, but almost all were honest.

The political fight, in fact, was more of a game than anything else. The side that won had the appointment of deputy sheriffs, deputy marshals, deputy collectors, and so on, but the main thing was the joy of licking hell out of the other gang. In the utter absence of issues, people were moved by purely personal considerations, aligning themselves with the leader or subleader whom they knew and liked. Harry Truman's father, for example, happened to be the close friend of Callahan, the Pendergast captain in Independence, and the son carried on as the only right and natural course.

Turncoats Not Wanted

The line-up, in those early years, was rigid and unyielding. When a man gave loyalty to one faction, it was for keeps. The Rabbits and the Goats fought enthusiastically for new voters, but neither side had any use for turncoats. Having made your choice, you stuck through hell and high water.

In those days the county conventions were held in a tent pitched on some vacant lot in Independence, and no circus ever staged more exciting spectacles. The big fight, of course, was over the appointment of the committee on credentials, for every ward and township invariably showed up with contesting delegations. If the Rabbits won, they seated their delegates, and if the Goats came out on top, they gave the boot to the Rabbits.

The report of the committee was always the signal for a battle royal, and whichever side captured and held the water pitcher on the speaker's stand was accepted as the regular convention. Until the day of his death in 1915, John Anderson Truman took part in these engagements, flailing joyously about with his cane.

After the free-for-all, Rabbits and Goats gathered amiably enough around the tables on church lawns where the ladies of Independence served home-cooked meals.

When Pendergast won out in the county, John Truman usually received appointment as road overseer in his section, dragging the highways with an eight-mule grader after rains. Not much of a job as far as money was concerned, but important politically. Harry, returning to the family farm in 1906, after several years of odd-jobbing in Kansas City, became road overseer in his turn and an equally zealous Goat.

When Harry Truman turned to politics after the failure of his haberdashery business, Pendergast was more than glad to back him for the county judgeship. Not only had he been a loyal Goat, but there was his family background and a distinguished war record. And in 1934, when there was a senator to be elected, Harry Truman stood out as even more of a "natural." He had spent millions on roads and public buildings without even a hint of graft; he ranked high in the Association of County Judges, the most powerful political organization in the state, and was an active and popular figure in the American Legion and Masonic circles. So far from being a merely local figure, a goodly number of Missouri Democrats boomed him for governor in 1930.

The country as a whole may have been surprised when quiet, unassuming Harry Truman won the Vice-Presidential nomination in Chicago, but not Independence. And while the great majority of Americans may be in doubt as to what sort of President he is going to make, Independence is supremely assured.

"Harry," was the town judgment, "was raised right. He's honest, a hard worker, loves his country, and knows that money doesn't grow on trees."

THE END



"I was just passing by—so I thought I'd say—'Hello!'"

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Friends in Need

Continued from page 23

said, "Mr. Noelte is writing a book, sir. A very important book, we think. About the future of the world or something. Anyway, he works late, after the house is quiet. Sometimes till dawn, we think. His light never goes out. And this morning we found him asleep across his desk. We thought he ought to have his rest and we didn't wake him."

Leathers shoulders relaxed, and he watched Dana with an expression of inefficient admiration. "Yes, sir," Leathers corroborated nervously. "It must be a very great book, because Mr. Noelte is a sharp teacher. He makes history—sort of live."

The headmaster bent his head thoughtfully and brooded over the tiles in the floor. "A book," he murmured unctuously. "My, my! A book—" He had forgotten the boys; he was remembering instead all the books he had meant to write in his youth. And now, here was someone writing the book he had meant to write, and right here on his own campus. He had heard that young Noelte was brilliant; he had also heard a great many other things about young Noelte, but none of them beyond the forgiveness of a book.

THE headmaster thought of the prestige in the years to come, and the endowments he might coax out because of a book. He would throw it out casually. "Indeed, my dear Mr. Tycoon," he would say, "we are an institution of the future. We have foresight. Take young Hugh Noelte. I took him on when he was just back from the war, and a fine choice he was. Amazing succession of good books—have you read his latest by the way? A great many things in it were discussed together, while he was writing it. . . ."

The headmaster broke out of his reverie and surveyed Dana and Leathers. He felt proud as a cathedral pigeon on Easter. "Indeed, indeed," he said. "Really remarkable! A book! Think of it! Good day, gentlemen!"

The gentlemen watched him disappear; they sagged about the ribs, and whistled softly through their front teeth. "You almost finished Noelte that time," accused Dana. "I've told you before, you've got to think fast around the old man."

"Maybe," agreed Leathers. "But you really tied a skunk around his neck. A book! Noelte will never drag out of that one."

"He'll never drag out of bed even, if he keeps tying them on like he has been. What time did that cab driver bring him in last night?"

"Four o'clock," said Leathers sadly. "I told Fred last night to keep an eye on the four o'clock local from Boston and drive him pronto to Goss House. Then I set the alarm for four o'clock and helped him up the stairs."

"You should have called me," Dana said sternly.

"Oh, that's all right," said Leathers with modesty. "Noelte's easy to manage. For a guy that really gets stinko, he tries hard when he sees you're on his side. But Fred said it was a heck of a job getting him into the cab. Noelte kept standing around in the empty station, reciting poetry to the empty benches. He was still reciting like a broken record when I paid Fred off."

"Gosh," said Dana in admiration. "He can sure put it out. But what I'm worrying about is that buttonface, Ray Wormwood, on the second deck. Some night there's going to be a real commotion and mamma's little helper will wake up."

They began walking toward Goss House. Leathers' furry lashes meshed as he bucked the sunlight. "We've got to protect Noelte," he said loyally. "I have a feeling that a swell guy like that doesn't get bushed just because he's bored with pounding our brains. There's something we don't understand. Maybe something he wants to forget. He's been everywhere. He's read everything. You know what I mean?"

"You bet," said Dana. "He's aces. And he's the first honest-to-Judas man we've had. It's about time we did something concrete. How much money have you got on you?"

Leathers scabbled around in the pockets of his windbreaker and came up with a two-dollar bill and a few coins.

"That's enough," Dana observed.

"For what?" protested Leathers.

"To get us to Boston and back before roll call," said Dana in exasperation. He brought out a small black memorandum and held it up. "This belongs to Noelte. I found it in the hall this morning. It's got three telephone numbers in it, with some kind of quotation written after each one. Those three telephone numbers must be his most important friends. And if anyone can help him, they can. We've got to let someone know if we're going to save him from the old man. If he doesn't care what happens to him, maybe his friends do. You just can't let a fellow go to the dogs, Leathers. It's not Christian."

Leathers lagged. "I guess so," he agreed. "But it doesn't seem decent, messing around in a fellow's private affairs."

Dana made a disgusted noise in his nose. "Moses' Bones! It's perfectly simple. All we do is hop a commuter to Boston and call up one of these numbers. We say we're Noelte's friends, that he's in trouble, and could we come around to talk about him? There's bound to be one of them who knows the reason and knows what to do. You can see we're getting nowhere fast by ourselves."



"Save Paper!"

"Well—" said Leathers, examining his two-dollar bill affectionately.

Dana snatched it from him. "There you go, Leathers, always thinking of your pocketbook. Come on, and start praying Wormwood doesn't see us catch this train."

IT WAS past noon when they arrived in North Station. Dana made the first call from the station, and Leathers lounged at a newsstand over a soft drink and a package of cheese crackers until he returned, a bit awed.

"It was an older woman," Dana announced. "His mother, I guess. I said we'd be right over. Hey, buy me a shot of those caramels." When Leathers turned with the caramels, Dana was engaged with three slips of paper and envelopes which he had produced from an inside pocket. He dashed a spray of red ink from his fountain pen and began to copy industriously from Noelte's memorandum.

"Say, what's this?" Leathers asked.

"A little over your head, my lad," said Dana. "I'm copying down what Noelte wrote after each one of these telephone numbers. I figured it out myself. It's probably what he thought about each one of these people in his secret mind. Savvy? If they want to help him, okay. If they don't, we leave 'em one of these envelopes. Symbolic torment. Make 'em sweat it out, like traitors. See? Naw, you don't see. You've got a mind like an anvil, Leathers."

Leathers was a little hurt, but he loped along after Dana to a bus which let them off at the park. Dana took his bearings and set out across the park toward Beacon Street, Leathers pounding after him. . . .

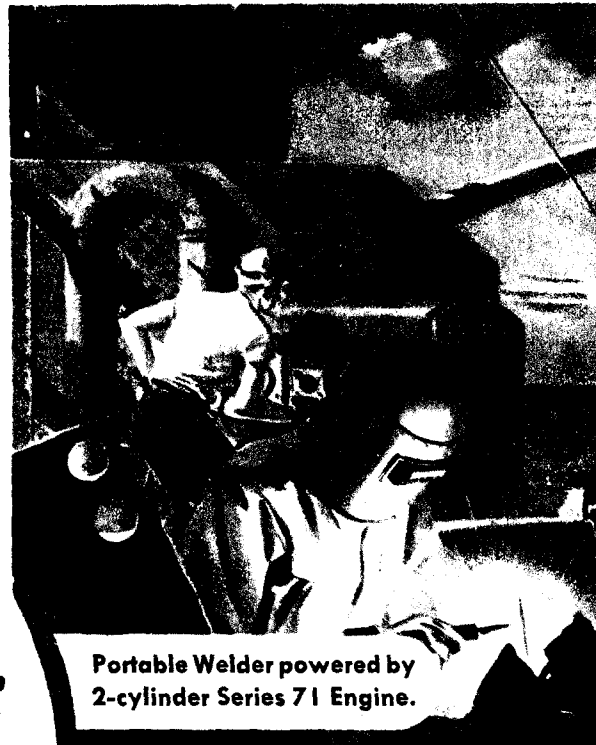
Mrs. Hugh Noelte, who lived in a house



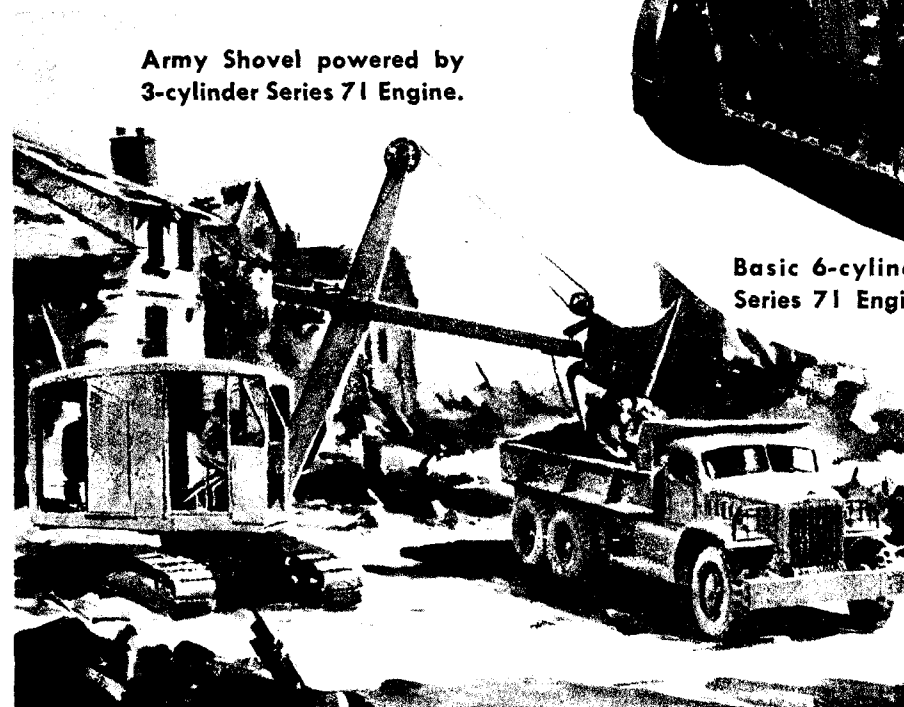
LCI powered by two Series 6-71 "Quad" Engines.



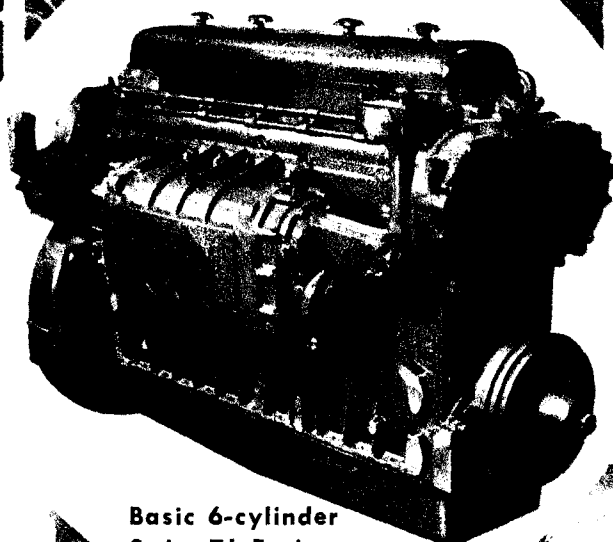
M-4 tank powered by Series 6-71 "Twin" Engines.



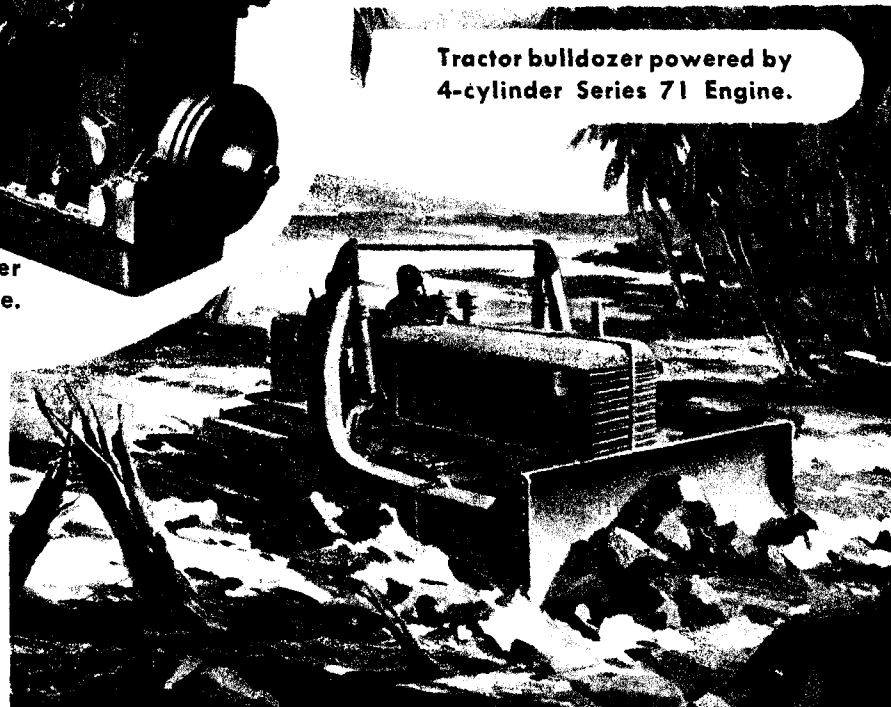
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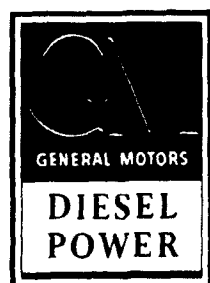
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staked off as her preserve by a brass name plate, sat waiting for them in the morning room. She was dressed in a blue knit dress with a triple strand of pearls, and she stared absently at a cabinet holding a shell collection gathered with great discretion by her mother on a genteel cruise around the world. Mrs. Noelte was a woman with a smile dry as a soda cracker and the passive eyes of a spectator, but she would have been the same had Hugh Noelte, Sr., not died on Boston Common at twenty-seven.

The dumbwaiter rattled up with tea as the boys entered. Mrs. Noelte greeted them precisely and watched Dana collect the tea from the waiter and set it in the right place. She approved. Leathers coiled his ropy body on a Queen Anne chair.

Mrs. Noelte addressed Dana. "I understood you to say over the phone that Hugh is in trouble at Ambler."

"Well, not exactly," Dana said.

Mrs. Noelte's chuckle fell on the air like cracker dust. "I am quite realistic about it, you see. Trouble has always been a congenital difficulty with Hugh."

Leathers spoke up: "He doesn't seem to be able to take hold, ma'am. He doesn't seem to care. We think maybe he's—well, sad about something."

She gave them both their tea, stood up and smoothed out her dress. She walked over to the shell cabinet and laid her hands gently on a chambered nautilus, grooving out its opalescent ridges in the flashing sun.

"You are both a bit young to be concerned about such things," she said. "But there's no earthly reason why you shouldn't understand my position. I am Hugh's mother, to be sure, but Hugh has not been to visit me for five years. Nor since he returned from overseas, though I knew he had come back. So you see, there's little I can do."

DANA looked at Leathers, and Leathers concentrated on the chambered nautilus in Mrs. Noelte's hands.

She continued. "It isn't that Hugh and I have had a disagreement. I suppose you would call it more of a pact, or an unwritten bargain. Hughie was always a rebel. Or at least he preferred to pretend he was one; there was nothing in his background to produce an honest rebel. I blame it on his professors and education. He took delight in staying abroad longer than the customary vacation periods. He was always tearing from one country to another, living in unorthodox places, wearing disreputable clothes, cultivating disrespectful—at any rate, shall we say, he was not a usual child. To Hughie our friends were 'cutthroats'—that was his very word—this house was an 'inhibited dungeon,' and our summer place was a 'hornet's nest of beach squatters.'"

Leathers dropped his teaspoon, and his cup rattled precariously as he picked it up.

Mrs. Noelte exchanged the nautilus for an Antilles conch. "I regard myself as thoroughly democratic in the original and classic meaning of the term," she said. "But to me no normal person," she inflected the adjective, "could live the Thoreau-type existence which Hugh admires. It is not in the nature of people to deny the world and ignore its standards. I told Hughie that. I told him also that if he found a woman willing to share that irresponsible life for any length of time, I should release him from all duty to what he calls my 'pattern.' He assured me he had found such a person. At that moment I relinquished my claim on my son. I am sorry if you had depended on my help. . . ."

"Oh that's all right," said Leathers awkwardly. "Everything's all right really. Professor Noelte's very popular."

"I am sure of that," Mrs. Noelte said. "He always was. He is most—lovable. And of course he has not really betrayed me as a son, because whatever else, I have always had security."

Dana got up properly and took the tray back to the dumbwaiter. Mrs. Noelte said goodbye and watched them leave. When she looked down finally, she found herself revolving the grayish shell of a mollusk indigenous to the New England coast. She put it down reluctantly, and it was then that she noticed an envelope on the table which only

the moment before had held the tea tray. She picked it up, opened it, and read it with calm deliberation: "A great trial to you have been my travels and journeys. But that is ended. The most important thing is to want not. For even at the end, there is always sorrow." Sir Walter Raleigh.

Mrs. Noelte held the page lightly and stared ruefully beyond it to the edge of the rug. Then briskly she folded it, put it back in the envelope and carried it to her desk, where for many months it lay in her account book.

DANA and Leathers walked back slowly across the park. Dana ate a caramel, and Leathers kicked a white stone along. They were both somewhat embarrassed. On the other side of the park, without a word to Leathers, Dana went into a drugstore and made the second call. In a moment he came out, said "Come on" to Leathers without looking at him. And they were off again.

When they got off the bus, Dana compared the address he had written down with the one on the green canopy across the walk. It was a hulking, new apartment, with a winking latticework of windows and a Byzantine incrustation around the top. They rode to the twelfth floor, and when they left the elevator, Leathers balanced on one foot and popped his ears clear.

pend on what you call lately. He was across for three years. When he was sent back, he came to see me—once."

Dana's gaze darted to the portable bar near the door, and he grew brave in a liberal environment. "He drinks a lot."

Her head snapped up. "I should think that's his business," she said defensively.

Dana's eyebrows were yellow strands against his pink skin. "He drinks too much."

Maude Tanner closed her eyes for a moment, and when she opened them, the false brightness had fragmentized, and the dark cones of her eyes were fallow with loneliness. "I didn't mean to give you the impression I don't care," she said hastily. "What you're trying to tell me is that if Hugh keeps on, he'll be out of a job. Is that it?"

Leathers nodded mutely. Dana said, "We thought you'd know why."

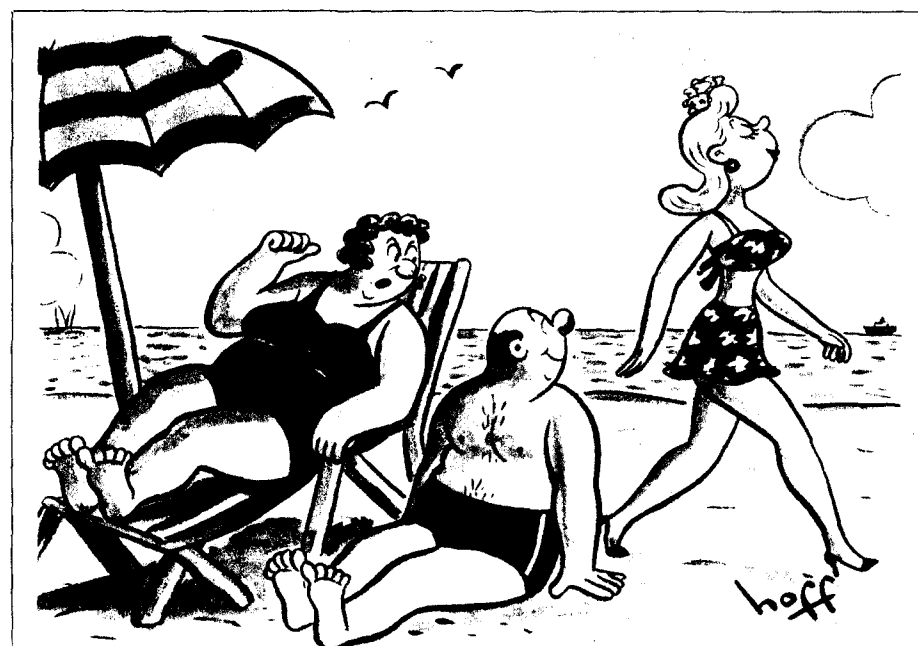
She shrugged. "When a man is hunting his way out of a maze, you can be sure he has a headache."

"We thought you'd know what to do," Dana added.

Small laughter which was not laughter at all fell from her. "I suppose you're trying to remind me I'm to blame for this."

"No!" protested Leathers.

"Well, I am," she concluded. "But I have my angle, too. It goes back to the days when Hugh and I were at the university together."



COLLIER'S

"What's she got that I haven't got more of?"

SYDNEY HOFF

Dana had hardly rung the bell when the door was opened by a tall, eager woman with intelligent dark eyes and a fine skin. She wore superbly a green gown with full sleeves and infinite material in the skirt, and her hair was swirled in a fashion which so fascinated Leathers that he almost walked round her to see how it finished off.

"Hello," she said with gay enthusiasm. "Do come in! I'm Maude Tanner."

There was no condescension either in her tone or manner; she treated them as Hugh Noelte did, with a certain degree of casual equality which relaxed them.

Leathers gave her a shy smile and took his hands out of his pockets as an expression of his ease. Dana became pontifical and raised his eyebrows significantly at Leathers.

She led them into a room with yellow couches running completely around the wall and a shaggy gray rug mossaing the legs of chairs and low tables. Leathers stared around frankly. Dana sat down, his arms resting earnestly on his knees.

Maude Tanner perched on the arm of a plump chair and lighted a cigarette. Leathers noticed sympathetically that her long fingers trembled.

"So you've come to talk about Hugh Noelte?" she said brightly, but there was an anxiety burning feverishly at the back of her voice. "What's wrong with Hugh this time?"

"Have you seen him lately?" asked Dana.

She pushed the cigarette to the corner of her mouth and examined the cuticle around her nails, forcing it back gently. "That de-

We both took our doctorals at the same time—the same field, in fact. We studied like mad and played like mad. My people weren't Hugh's kind exactly. Oh, they were a decent, gentle enough sort. But that didn't matter to either of us particularly. We were our own kind of people. It was free and easy, give and take, no questions asked." She glanced hastily at them. "But you're not old enough to know what I mean. Anyway we had our lives planned. We'd do the things we wanted to do, see the places we wanted to see, live, laugh, and be free. Always free; that was most important. No property. No cliques. No intrigues. Wisdom and the good life."

SHE paused and looked keenly at them. "Hugh never changed. I suppose I did. I couldn't help it. When he went away I was faced with the decision most women had to make: Either play around and give your love away like the key pieces to a jigsaw puzzle, or keep busy. I kept busy. I became a personnel director. A little place at first, and then a big corporation. I became what Hugh would call a 'commercial success.' She got up and wandered around the room, and her hand drifted from one object to another, a Chinese figurine, a chased bowl.

Dana stared sheepishly at his feet, but Leathers looked straight at her and could not look away.

"When I heard Hugh was finally coming home, I took stock," she said. "I made a discovery about myself. Suddenly I realized how caught up in possessions I was. I was



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middle class at heart, like most everyone else. I liked the life I had made. The little knick-knacks, neighbors, a schedule . . . I didn't want to be free. I wasn't an intellectual tramp at all. And I was no longer Hugh's species of bird—I had lost my wings. Hugh may have been heartbroken. But I didn't see it in his face that day. All I saw was—"She decided against that revelation.

From the street below filtered the far echo of traffic taking advantage of the dwindling Sundays of sun, and from the hall outside came the quick laughter of people visiting other people, for no reason except that this was Sunday and the climax of their week.

Dana looked at his wrist watch absorbedly. "We've got to go," he said.

She came out of her abstraction with a startled expression. "You like Hugh, don't you? You think he's a better person than I am?"

"Well, gosh—" interjected Leathers.

"Don't answer that one," she said. "It wasn't fair. Goodbye now. And thanks, for even supposing I could help."

She heard the door close, and she put her hands against her forehead and tried to think. In an hour she had promised to drop in for cocktails down the hall. And at eight, there was a plane to New York and that convention of industrialists tomorrow. Miss Maude Tanner, expert on management-labor relations! Somehow she must snap out of this inexplicable feeling of guilt.

She walked over to the tony little servitor she had bought out of last year's bonus. Curiously she picked out the envelope stuffed into a glass, tore it open, and skimmed over the upward scrawl:

*"If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee?" Byron*

Impulsively she crumpled the page in her hand and fired it across the room. Then she poured herself a brandy, without water; it took more than one, and she had always sworn she'd never reach that stage. . . .

"LET'S catch a train back now," pleaded Leathers.

"That's you all over," scoffed Dana. "Always backing out. We've got one more person yet."

"I don't feel well," complained Leathers in a weak tone.

Dana glanced at him expertly. "You eat too much junk. Sit here on the curb while I find a telephone."

When Dana returned, Leathers gathered his rangy body together; he had concluded his soul was more pallid than his body.

"This one wasn't home," said Dana briskly, and Leathers brightened. "But the switchboard operator gave me her name and business address. I called and she said she was rehearsing, but we could stop by if we

wanted. It's a place on Boylston Street. And her name is Jane Brown." Dana added the last triumphantly.

The Club Circe had swept out the swine in order to swamp down the sty. It was Sunday, and everybody's false eyelashes were hanging on a peg. The headwaiter was home with his wife, practicing his cold stare in a mirror, and the chef had his children out on a summer's end picnic of goose-liver sandwiches. The orchestra sat around rehearsing idly, their ties on the backs of their chairs, and lukewarm beers kicking around the floor.

Jane Brown was moaning out something about love lying in ashes at her feet, with a clarinet obbligato. She said, "Cut it" when she saw the boys in the doorway, and she ambled across the floor to meet them. "Hi, kids." There was complete fraternity in her expression. She took them over to a table in the shelter of a foolish balcony.

IN THE skimpy light Dana and Leathers saw that she had a child's face, but that was as far as it went. Short, pinkish curls, chiding blue eyes, and a nose too broad to be inquisitive.

"What can I do for you?" she asked, rettying the bow on her blouse.

Dana leaned forward. "Do you see Doctor Hugh Noelte often?"

"Doctor? Hugh—oh, him. About three times a week. Why?"

"Does he get drunk with you?" Dana asked.

"Does he get drunk—now look here, smarty-pants!" She stiffened, then sat back. "Maybe he does. But we don't call it that around here. And he's always a gentleman, even in my apart—" She glared suspiciously at both of them.

"Then you're the person we've been looking for," said Dana. "Maybe you can talk to him."

"If he doesn't stop," Leathers appealed, "he's a dead dodo at the school. And he's too good to get kicked out. We don't get that many good ones. You don't know."

There was a tense moment in which she sized them up. A trombone slid up a mournful scale.

"Look, guys," she said gently, "you're not looking for me. I'm in the business all right, but I'm not the reason your Hugh—whatever the hell his last name is—gets stunk up. He's not that easy to figure out. There are some men like that. You can practically set up housekeeping with them," she said dreamily, "but you know all the time you're only a whistle stop."

Dana was stunned. Leathers got up apologetically.

"Sit still," she commanded. "You fellows are running down your iron content."

Leathers sat down obediently.

Dana shook his head in confusion. "We

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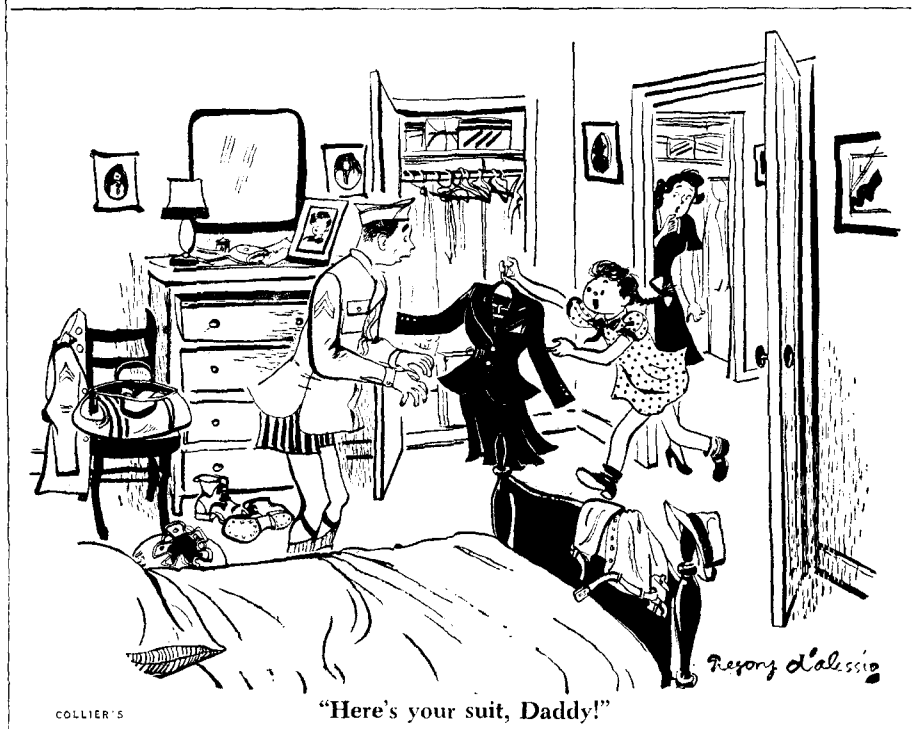
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thought for sure you'd know what to do."

"What gives you the notion I don't? But you guys want to rush in and solve everything with your arteries. There are some things you've got to understand here first," she tapped the region of her heart. "Things you only learn in the mill. And the thing that hits you hardest is the moment when you discover that life is pretty rotten, no matter how you slice it or patch it up. All of a sudden you find out that all you're doing is running around making deals with your dreams."

Leathers' mouth hung open, and Dana bit a bloody spot on his lip.

She smiled at their dumfounded silence. "It's not the things you don't get. It's finding out they weren't even worth it in the beginning. That's what happened to your Hugh what's-his-name. But if you get over that hump, you're all right. Believe me, kids, you're all right then."

Dana was impressed. "But you don't get the point," he said. "We've got to do something, now."

"Okay, okay," she said. "You can cover up for him until the last minute. What he needs to know is that someone believes in him. He's had a jolt, and right now he doesn't give a damn. But when he comes out of it, he'll still want to live. They always do. He'll start dickering around like the rest of us. And he won't be back to see Jane Brown. . . ."

Dana appeared skeptical. Leathers punched him violently and nodded toward the clock held up over the orchestra by varicolored seraphim.

"Gee—" Dana exclaimed. "we'll catch that train by the skin of our eardrums."

"You kids want to hang around and have dinner with me?" Diva Brown inquired.

Leathers hesitated. "That's keen of you. Maybe—maybe we can come back someday," he lied.

"Sure, you do that little thing," she said, playing up. She gave them a careless salute, and when they had left, she ripped open the bow on her blouse and tied it again, with infinite precision. Then she reached for her combination cigarette-vanity case. Languidly she picked up the envelope lying beneath it and slid a sleek nail beneath the seal.

"You are my foe and my only friend."

John Brown's Body

She lighted a cigarette and read it again. Then, through a puff of smoke, she let out a startling laugh. The amazed saxophonist stopped. Everybody faded off on their instruments. She laughed so hard she finally laid her head in her arms on the table. John Brown's Body. . . . What a howl! And the hell of it was she was half in love with the dope. . . .

DANA and Leathers slumped on the reed seats of a commuter coach out of North Station. "She was swell—Miss Brown," said Leathers.

"You ain't kidding, bud," quipped Dana dully.

"We didn't do much good, did we?" confessed Leathers.

They were both shocked and depressed and somehow repelled. Was this the adulthood for which they were cudgeling their minds, thickening in the neck and burgeoning in muscle? For this were they plodding to chapel, trading bicycles, and analyzing participial constructions?

Dana took Hugh Noelte's memorandum furtively from his pocket and slipped it down between the seat and the side of the coach. It flared open on the floor. Even where he sat he could read it plainly:

"... even at the end there is always sorrow. . . ." Sir Walter Raleigh.

He averted his head stiffly to look out the window.

"Do you suppose when we grow up we'll have problems?" Leathers questioned.

"You ask the dumbest things," Dana said grumpily, wondering the same.

"I don't know," ruminated Leathers. "I seem to have enough trouble now, without even half trying."

Dana brooded. "If the old man kicks Noelte out, I'll ask my parents to transfer me to Hillside."

They left the train at Amoler and walked up a back path, through the bird sanctuary. It was dusk, and the leaves came down in melancholy gusts.

"What do you think we'll have for supper?" asked Leathers.

"Chipped beef and waffles. It always is on Sundays—"

"Good evening, gentlemen!"

DANA and Leathers froze to the crisp ground before the headmaster. "Good evening, sir."

"Taking your last nature walk before the frost, I see." The headmaster sniffed the air. "I rather suspect we are in for a frost to-night. Oh, before I forget, gentlemen, I must thank you for helping me to understand the problems of young Doctor Noelte. A book is a demanding mistress. Quite incidentally I ran into your proctor crossing the campus this afternoon, and I mentioned our talk this morning. I rather suspect he had felt he was keeping it a secret. He's quite a shy fellow, you know."

"Yes, he is—" faltered Dana.

"Indeed, indeed," rumbled the headmaster. "But I assured him that any man who could command such blind faith from his students warranted my warmest sponsorship. Good night, gentlemen."

Dana and Leathers proceeded toward Goss

WAS THAT TRIP NECESSARY?

**My bosom throbs with sympathy
For those in peril by the sea
Or in a mountain bungalow,
So blithely rented monihis ago.**

**With summer places scarce as beef,
The city slicker finds relief
By visiting defenseless chums
Who'll get no peace till autumn
comes.**

—Margaret Fishback



House in a stupor. The world had gone flavorless and limp. They had not only failed to help a friend, they had betrayed him as well! With a gigantic fraud which would make it impossible for Hugh Noelte to remain at Ambler in any capacity.

They were a little way from Goss House when Leathers nudged Dana. "Look," he commented, pointing to the third floor front room inhabited by Hugh Noelte. "The light's on."

"He's at his desk," Dana added. "Marking quizzes, I guess."

"He marks quizzes in bed," countered Leathers. "Besides, he's got out all those long file cases with notes in them. They're all over his desk."

Dazedly they turned and stared at each other in the dusk, each searching out the pale and suddenly superior features of the other. "Maybe—he's writing a book," breathed Dana.

"Gosh!" said Leathers. "It could be. Maybe he's what she said—over the hump."

THEY put their hands in the pockets of their canvas coats and walked calmly toward dinner.

Everything would be all right now; they felt it in the gnawing softness of their bones. Between them they had managed it. They had outwitted the Pharisees. And Hugh Noelte would not let them down.

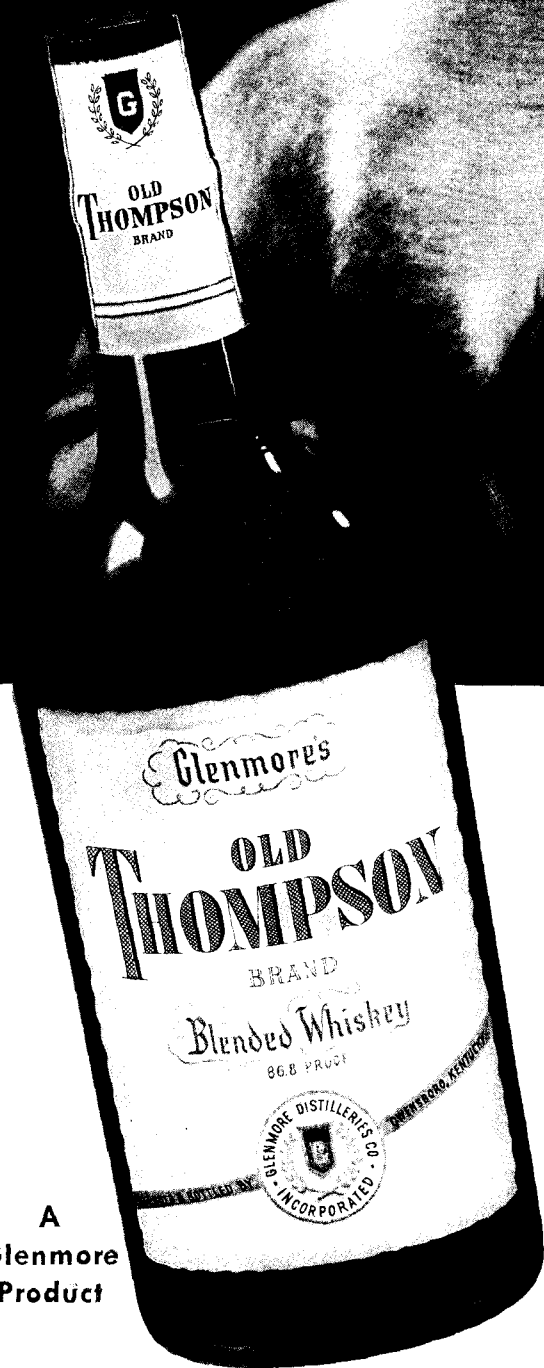
There was a barely discernible touch of swagger in their pace. In the twilight they passed several underclassmen loitering on the path, among them Wormwood, the fat of face. And Dana murmured, "Good evening, men." Leathers reminded himself to say the same thing next time.

THE END

APPEALING



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A RIBBON FOR *Bettina*

BY KNOX BURGER



The life he had lived and the girl he had loved both seemed alien and unreal—until he saw himself through the understanding eyes of a child

THE soldier stood at the top of the brownstone steps and pushed the doorbell. He leaned on it hard, as if he were so tired that he had to put all his strength into any physical act in order to make it tell. Then he stepped back and waited, his hands at his sides, his hard young face immobile. The tired lines around the mouth and the shadows under the eyes were all that gave him expression.

The door opened and a middle-aged woman stood facing him.

The soldier took his overseas cap from his head quickly and smiled. He did that quickly, too.

"Mrs. Chamberlain?"

"Yes?" The woman was almost as tall as he was. She was rather beautiful.

"My name is Evan Taylor . . . I—is Mar-

ris in?" He was awkward. It had been a long time.

"So you're Evan!" Mrs. Chamberlain opened the door wide. "This is a surprise! Please come in. Marris isn't here, and I can't say just when she'll be back." Taylor stepped into a dark-paneled, thickly carpeted hallway. "You would like to wait for her, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, thank you," he said. Without meaning to, he spoke sharply, with a clarity that was almost harsh.

"Let me take your jacket," Mrs. Chamberlain said.

Taylor took it off and handed it to her. He looked around the hallway as she went to a coat closet. His eyes, traveling from the squat, handsome chest against one wall, rested on the round mirror above it. It had been a long time since he had looked at himself in a softly lighted mirror. He didn't remember what he had looked like, but he was pretty sure it wasn't like this. It worried him to think of Marris: What if she doesn't remember me? Two years and two months—

"Come into the living room," Taylor turned from the mirror and followed Mrs.

Chamberlain into a large room. There were windows at the back, tall ones, with long drapes hanging beside them. The sunlight oblonged through the windows, settling gently onto the upholstery, the paneling.

Motioning Taylor to a couch, Mrs. Chamberlain sat down in a chair across from him. "Marris has spoken of you so often, I almost feel I know you."

Do you? he thought. I suppose that should be reassuring. I wonder if I know myself. For nine days I knew myself. The nine days I knew Marris. Nine days B.I.— Before the Islands. Before the mud and the mortars, before the foxholes, before the noisy, pulsing terror, before the blood. . . .

"Marris has spoken of you, too," said Taylor dutifully. He shifted uncomfortably. What do I say to this woman? he thought. Do I tell her what a lovely room this is? Do I tell her about her daughter, what a fine girl she is? Or do I tell her how badly I want to lie down on this fat couch and sleep without dreaming? Without dreaming even of Marris, because in the dream, airplanes were coming in on the deck—soundless, the way it is in dreams, but firing long wicked bursts, the wings alive with flame; she was

She swung around the room, all the while humming softly, her face set in an expression of serious repose. Taylor was enjoying this immensely

just standing there, and I could never get to her. . . .

He had taught himself to wake up then, to wake up shaking and breathing so hard he thought he was going to be sick.

He looked suddenly at Mrs. Chamberlain as she spoke again. "Your shoulder. Marris told us you were in a hospital. Is it all right now?"

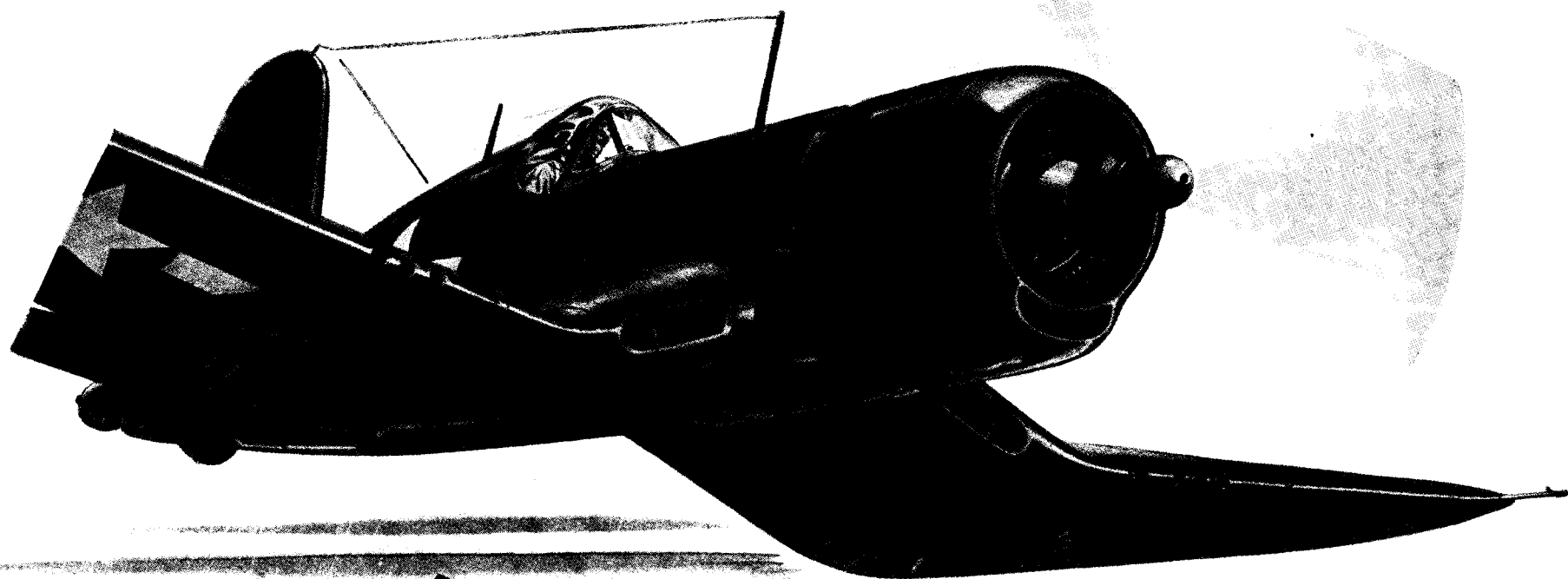
"Yes, I think so. I can't move it as freely as before, but the hand, the fingers work fine. They didn't for a while. . . ." He stopped.

"I'm so glad. Marris worried. I guess we all worried," Mrs. Chamberlain smiled.

"I worried too," Taylor said. "I worried like hell."

There was a silence. Maybe people don't curse in living rooms, he speculated. I've forgotten . . .

(Continued on page 56)



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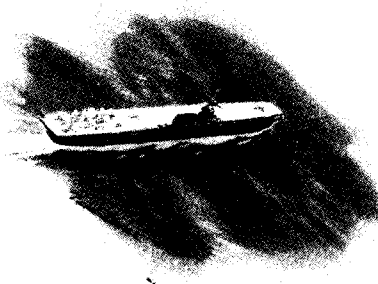
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intensive continuous development that
has established America's supremacy in
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JAMES V. BENNETT
DIRECTOR

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
BUREAU OF PRISONS
WASHINGTON

July 7, 1945

Editor
Collier's
250 Park Avenue
New York, New York

Dear Sir:

Permit me to congratulate you for your civic-mindedness in publishing in your magazine the article on "Kangaroo Courts" by Vera Connolly. This article furnishes the evidence for one of the most serious counts in the indictment of bad county jail systems.

Kangaroo courts, under the guise of prisoners' self-government, are vicious organizations controlled by the most perverted and brutal prisoners for the purpose of enforcing their indescribably revolting demands upon the young and weak prisoners and for extorting money from newcomers.

Your article should be an alert to the citizens in every community to investigate their own jail conditions and to take action to wipe out this jail evil which is prevalent in a large percentage of jails throughout the country.

I believe you have performed an outstanding service in presenting this article to the public.

Very truly yours,

James V. Bennett
JAMES V. BENNETT
Director

Kangaroo Courts

Continued from page 21

which the "court" imposes on every newcomer, or "fresh fish," as he is termed. Often a fixed amount is stated in the "Kangaroo Court Rules" (and penalties) boldly tacked up on the wall in plain view. It may be \$2, \$5 or even \$10. If the boy has the sum, he will quickly hand it over to the "judge" after one glance at the frightening penalty—which usually is beating with a strap, in some jails 25 lashes, in others 50 or even 100. If the boy has no money, he is fined nevertheless, and in some jails (though not all) the kangaroo court "judge" will order him lashed immediately. When the victim can walk and work, he is likely to receive another sentence—to do all the dirty work of the cell block at ten cents per day until his fine is paid. This beating and the menial work, the average boy can "take." It is what follows, the demand that he participate in revolting degenerate acts, that is the final horror.

A boy was awarded \$6,000 from a county sheriff in the Great Lakes region not long ago for damages inflicted by kangaroo court "officers," who had beaten him so badly that he had suffered a dislocated jaw and great loss of blood. In the Midwest another boy was "tried" for disobedience because he refused to engage in a degenerate act. He was stripped nude, placed on a large tin platter and dragged over the concrete floor. He was gravely injured.

And there was George Henry Coover, 16, who died in the Denver County Jail, Denver, Colorado, as the result of a brutal beating and degenerate attack by a bigger, stronger boy, Carl Wells, the "sheriff" of a kangaroo court.

Wells is now serving a penitentiary sentence of 25 years to life for Coover's death. The prosecutor said, "This boy, Carl Wells, sound and healthy, brutally beat and murdered a sick boy. There is evidence that on the very first night George Coover entered the jail, Carl Wells committed a most frightful degenerate assault upon him. From that hour on, Coover was beaten and abused, to

silence his lips. Finally he was murdered."

It would seem that there are only a few sections of the country where these brutal fake "courts" are not in active operation. Here are a few brief paragraphs taken at random from the inspectors' reports:

"The administration and discipline in this jail are very poor," an inspector says of a jail in a Southern city. "The sheriff does not go up into the jail often enough to see for himself how things are being done. Blankets are torn and dirty, toilets filthy, shower-bath enclosures filled with dirty sour water; bedbugs, body lice and roaches are everywhere. Prisoners are allowed to retain their cash, and kangaroo courts are in full operation—as evidenced by the set of rules I unpin from the wall and attach to this report."

Of a county jail in a large, prosperous Middle Western city an inspector reports: "The worst feature here is the operation of an active kangaroo court. Jail officials permit this 'court' to have its own set of rules, and they allow the kangaroo judge to enforce them, to levy fines and to mete out punishment for disobeying these rules. There is almost NO supervision; the jailers seldom even look into the cell blocks."

And Jail Officials Approve

Of jails in the Pacific Northwest, one veteran inspector wrote: "I am greatly disappointed to find that, with few exceptions, kangaroo courts are allowed in the jails here, even the bigger and supposedly better run jails, and with the approval of jail officials. I've also found jailers and sheriffs with a closed mind against criticism concerning kangaroo courts. They either approve or offer a flimsy alibi." And the same inspector reported, regarding a large jail in a progressive Western state: "A kangaroo court is permitted to fine and search all prisoners. The jail officials have even typed up the kangaroo court rules! At present the kangaroo court 'judge' is in jail on a double murder charge of killing two persons with a butcher knife."

Another inspector reported, after a visit to a Southern city: "I found a little blond boy of ten in jail here, in a cell next to hardened adult prisoners. He had been placed there



Of course he wears a



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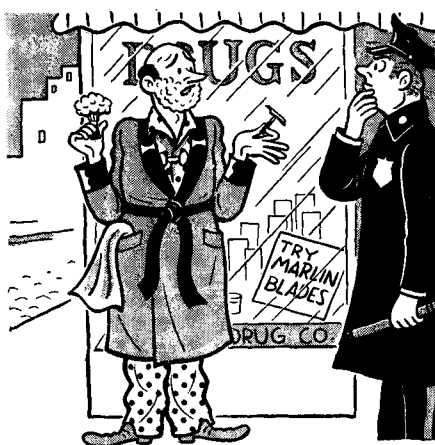
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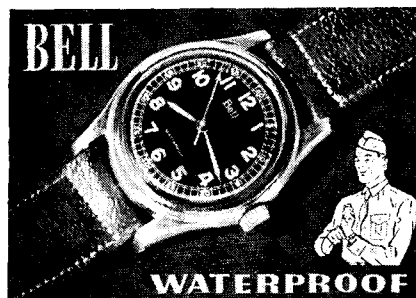
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for habitually failing to attend school, and for begging nickels and dimes for movies. A jail official informed me he was listed as an 'habitual criminal.' At ten! Absurd! It was his first day in jail. He stood there crying his heart out. 'Please, mister, get me out of here. I'll be a good boy.' The adjoining cell doors were unlocked. All those hard men had access to him." This inspector's vehement indignation caused the child to be moved to safety.

It was Christmas Eve in Seattle; the 24th of December, 1944. Homes rang with holiday laughter. The streets were filled with smiling, hurrying throngs. The boy, John Emberg, 16, slow and shy, longed to be in the Army, but he was too young. He was arrested for wearing a "kind of Army outfit." He was taken to the King County Jail, booked for "delinquency" and dumped into the jail's dark and filthy juvenile section.

Shooting would have been more merciful. Probably few victims of German war atrocities have endured worse agony, worse persecution, more indignities and tortures, than John Emberg during the 23 days that followed his arrest. And on January 16th, without ever having had a formal hearing or been taken before any judge, he was finally beaten to death by bestial kangaroo court officers, whose obscene, degenerate commands he refused to obey. His brutally beaten body was found in the shower room of Tank C.

A Witness Testifies

Following is a statement in part made to the prosecutor by a boy who witnessed the three weeks abuse of young Emberg and others, evidence that helped convict three of Emberg's torturers of second-degree murder:

"When I arrived, I was put in the cell with the judge of the kangaroo court. He asked me if I had any money or cigarettes. I had none. All I had was a gold class ring, which was taken away from me. In the morning at 7:30, the members of the kangaroo court—which consisted of a judge, a sheriff and four or five hangers-on—would hand out the food. They would give the rest of us only a small amount, keeping what they wanted for themselves. Then the judge would pick on the little fellows, especially Emberg. They kept after him. On one occasion they stuck his head in the toilet and then flushed it and made him wash his face in it. After that they gave him an awful beating. A number of boys took part in it. That same night when I was in my cell next to Emberg's, some of them came to Emberg's cell. They again beat him with a belt till he had big welts on him, and then made him commit an immoral act.

"On another occasion the same bunch of boys tore up a blanket and tied one end around Emberg's neck and the other end to the foot of another boy; they did the same thing with a piece of blanket to this second boy, putting one end around his neck and tying the other to Emberg's foot—so that as they were sitting on the bench they each had to keep one foot in the air or choke the other fellow. Nobody dared to interfere, because while you probably could whip one of those fellows, there were ten or fifteen of them who would go together and you just couldn't win.

"On one occasion, after pushing Emberg back and forth, pulling his hair, I saw them tie him with his bare feet up in the air against the bars of the cell. He was resting on the back of his neck. They left him in this position about twenty minutes. During this time they took lighted cigarettes and put them against his feet and between his toes. He would scream and yell but the jailers paid no attention."

Emberg's death was a hideous one. It began, according to the sworn testimony of another young witness, when Red Thomas, the headman of the kangaroo court, came into the tank one evening and demanded of Emberg a dollar bill, hitting him because he had none. "He kept hitting Emberg on the face and chest till Emberg was gasping for breath, and he told him to go in and take a shower. Then he knocked Emberg down, and he was out for a few minutes. When he came to, Red made us hold him down and was hitting him again—on the chest. Two boys who were holding his feet were burning them with matches. Then Emberg died. After

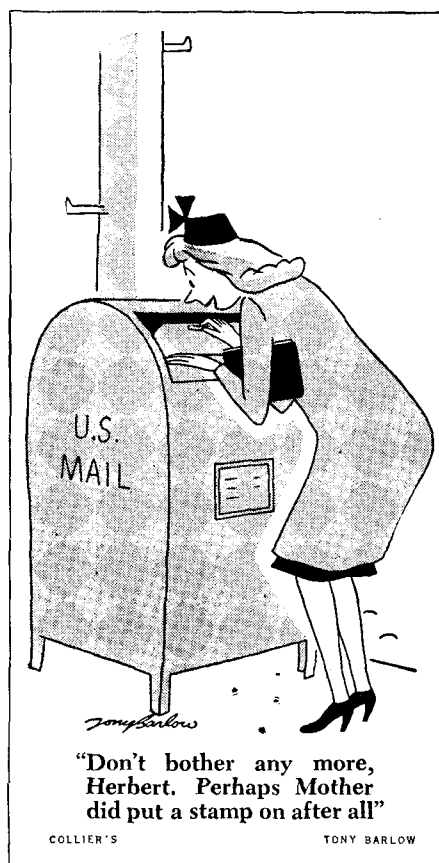
the discovery was made that the kid was dead everybody was going to pretend that they didn't know anything about it. Red Thomas said he would beat up anybody that told."

It is alleged that the official responsible for the administration of this jail offered only the following feeble alibi for the murder: "The acoustics are so poor that such a tragedy is understandable if deplorable." And the jail superintendent who was appointed after the tragedy, presumably to improve the jail administration, proffered this opinion: "So-called kangaroo courts if properly handled are not the menace some believe. Where humans are herded together there'll always be a leader. . . Humans just naturally select one person to guide and counsel them."

Two years ago, Roy Casey, a veteran Bureau of Prisons jail inspector, noted the kangaroo courts in Seattle's King County Jail. He implored the jail officials to abolish these courts. He warned them of the dangers involved. But his warnings were completely ignored.

On March 13, 1945, about two months after John Emberg's death, Roy Casey again inspected and reported on this same King County Jail:

"At this writing, only a few superficial im-



provements have been made and there is little indication on the sheriff's part that he will go very far in making the radical changes urgently needed. Many prisoners still have cash in their pockets. A verbal order has been issued to discontinue kangaroo courts, but it appears that jail officials have placed their approval on 'sanitary courts'—which are just about the same thing except for the name. There have been no improvements in the food, none in the matter of medical service, and there is still vermin infestation." (Since then some additional improvements have been made in this jail.)

Miss Nina Kinsella, who for fifteen years has been Supervisor of Jail Inspection, of the Federal Bureau of Prisons, told the writer a few weeks after Emberg's death:

"This Bureau will not approve any jail where a kangaroo court operates and where jailers refuse to take measures to abolish it. I am appalled that some jail officials are so criminally lax in performance of their duties that they will turn over to prisoners, without a qualm, their own grave responsibilities—their own jobs that they have sworn an oath to do. Prisoners are not competent to govern themselves. They are put in jail to be under wise and firm control. Under no circumstances should they be given authority over others."

"Does a jailer ever do this through fear?" "Sometimes. But a man afraid to supervise and control prisoners should not be a jailer. If ignorant, untrained, afraid—he should never have been appointed."

Recently I asked James V. Bennett, Director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons, "How can the people of a county improve their jail?"

"They can write first to us," he replied, "for our rating on their jail. If this rating is not up to date, they can ask us to inspect the jail again and rate it as of today. Or their state as a whole, through the governor, can ask an intensive, state-wide inspection and rating of all the jails in the state. Several states have asked this of us recently. When the citizens of any county know positively what the conditions in their jail really are—they can go to work."

"First they should establish personnel standards. In this we can help them if they wish. Next—they must offer salaries that will attract qualified persons. Third, they must prescribe rules for operation of the jail and see that they are enforced by those appointed. This Bureau stands ready to advise or help, in any way it can, local citizens interested in cleaning up their county jail. We can advise and guide. But enforcement rests with the local citizens."

"But all this takes time," I protested. "Meantime—what of the children we're holding in these filthy jails, at the mercy of the kangaroo courts?"

"We should get them out! Most should never have been put in jail. A great many could have been taken directly to their own homes to await their day in court. For those whose homes are unsuitable, or who haven't homes, counties should provide clean, well-run, friendly shelters. Some cities, like Buffalo, place the children in private families to board until called to court, and the plan is a good one. Of course, you must realize that there are some juvenile offenders—a very few—who are vicious and uncontrollable and must be locked up pending court action. For these a regional jail or detention home, supported by several counties and therefore well equipped and staffed, would be an ideal solution. Or one of the better city jails could be used."

Beyond these immediate goals, Mr. Bennett urges, there is a third and bigger one—to enact in each state a law fixing authority over all jails, and supervision of all offenders, in some state agency such as the department of welfare, or the department of correction. This would place on that one agency full responsibility for correcting conditions in all the jails in the state.

Suggestions for Reform

"This central agency," Mr. Bennett emphasized, "should be fully empowered to: (1) prescribe jail standards; (2) inspect jails and approve or close them; (3) transfer prisoners from a jail not complying with the agency's minimum standards to some state institution; (4) consolidate jails and detention facilities when this will mean improvement and also a saving of taxpayers' money; and (5) establish budgets for all jails, and prisoner maintenance rates, and require a financial accounting. Meantime this agency should work as rapidly as possible toward the day when all sheriffs and jailers shall be on adequate salaries; and the iniquitous 'fee system' will have been forever abolished."

This step—putting all jails under one state agency and then holding it responsible—has already been taken by Virginia. New Hampshire and Maryland have just passed bills toward this end. A New York bill, sponsored by State Senator Lowell H. Brown, to end—within a few months—the incarceration of children in New York State jails, has been signed by Governor Dewey and become law. On the floor of the House of Representatives Congressman Louis C. Rabaut, of Michigan, recently called our American county jail system a "cancer upon the American system of government," and is preparing a corrective bill providing for the prosecution of persons responsible for the neglect and abuse of prisoners.

THE END

"LOOK! I grew up to be quadruplets!"

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Do You Drink?

Continued from page 16

like one. Actually it is an anesthetic which acts pretty quickly on the higher centers of the brain, the ones that control our thoughts and emotions and behavior. It makes us feel freer, less inhibited—all right, less civilized.

What happens when you take a cocktail is this: Right away the alcohol begins to be absorbed into your blood through the lining of your mouth and throat and stomach. Practically as soon as you have put down your glass, if a technician were standing by to snatch a test tube of your blood and run it down to the laboratory, she would find alcohol there. And as soon as it gets into the blood, it begins to be oxidized into energy, exactly like but much more quickly than a hamburger sandwich.

From that angle, alcohol is a stimulant but only the way bread and meat and carrots and ice cream are stimulants. Alcohol is a food, even though a very expensive food, which if taken in really nourishing quantities would make you as drunk as whatever smile you like best. There are, incidentally, a hundred and fifty liquor similes in American and British slang, a record beaten only by money and sex.

As for liquor making you fat, about which there is always so much talk, alcohol itself can't put an ounce of fat on you. All it does is supply energy while it's burning up. You can't store it, but while it's supplying all that energy, you can be storing any other food you are taking in, so you can build up a backlog with the help of alcohol.

Alcohol also stimulates your appetite by making your gastric juices flow more uninhibitedly, thus adding to the backlog. And then practically every drink but whisky and soda and a dry Martini has quite a big food content aside from the alcohol. So maybe liquor can't make you fat, but drinking can if you don't watch it.

The Brain Takes an Anesthetic

None of this, however, has much to do with why we drink, and it isn't the alcohol being oxidized into energy that makes us feel that remarkable sense of stimulation. It's the alcohol in the blood that hasn't been oxidized yet, faintly anesthetizing the brain. Like all anesthetics, it starts on the higher centers and works down. With just a couple of drinks, the higher centers are all that will feel anything, and you'll feel fine and free. Take a few more, and the higher centers will go sound asleep, and the alcohol will begin working on the brain centers one step deeper. That's when you begin to drop your glass and get your words mixed and fall over the furniture. Your voluntary muscles aren't so well under control now.

Take enough more—and it's a good deal more—the very deepest centers of your brain will go to sleep. You'll stop breathing, your heart will stop beating, you'll be dead. But that, though it does happen, is pretty far outside the field of social drinking. Let's limit this to the effect of alcohol on the higher centers, which is its effect on you and me.

Well, so you've had a cocktail or a bottle of beer. The people who have done research on this usually give you two cocktails or beers on an empty stomach, because the effect of any less than this on even your higher centers is pretty hard to measure, which is nice to know. All right, you've had 'em. You feel very happy. You also feel extra keen, extra witty and extra strong. But you're not. Tests on people who have had this much to drink, lots of tests on lots of people, have proved it. You're more sensitive to that light shining across the room or to the phone ringing. But if you and a pal who wasn't drinking were asked to distinguish between two lights, one bright and one dim, or between a loud sound and a softer one, he could draw it a lot finer than you could.

After something like a drink and a half on an empty stomach, it takes more than twice as long to memorize a certain number of lines of poetry. And in routine little intelligence tests like naming word opposites, your

ability drops something like fifty per cent after two quick ones. What it comes down to is that your senses are keener but your judgment is a little numb.

Your time judgment goes off, too. People were given two cocktails and asked to strike a bell in what they thought was five minutes. Most of them didn't strike it for about eight minutes. As for its effect on your muscular efficiency, an Austrian professor tried climbing a mountain with a pack on his back over a couple of weeks. Sometimes he had ale for breakfast, sometimes he didn't, and on the ale days it always took fifteen or twenty minutes longer.

All this points to the inescapable and somewhat depressing conclusion (not, by the way, drawn by me but by impartial experts) that alcohol, even in small quantities, does decrease efficiency. We don't do anything better after a couple of drinks except enjoy ourselves, unless we are such inhibited personalities that fear and anxiety have already fouled up our reaction time considerably. Drinking might help them—and does some people—but it still wouldn't bring us up to par. Anyone, however, has a right to say to this: "So what?" The only thing you want to do efficiently when you have a drink is enjoy yourself.

While the cocktails are resting the part of our civilized brain that gets tired most easily, they must be doing something to the rest of

drink now and then died younger than people who didn't, haven't held up when they were taken to pieces. And there is a good deal of scientific and medical opinion on the other side.

A good many eminent doctors recommend small, frequent drinks for high blood pressure. Alcohol raises the blood pressure slightly for just a minute, and then lowers it for quite a while. It also keeps you from worrying, which is one of the things that raises blood pressure. One of the better-known heart specialists in the country, who frowns on tobacco for his heart patients, recommends a nightly cocktail or highball, again for its relaxing effect.

On the other hand, it does nothing to cure a cold or snakebite, except help you forget how terrible you feel—which is all right, too. But if you drink with a cold, stay in bed. Heavy drinkers die of pneumonia ten times as often as the man in the street—and that is statistical.

As for cirrhosis of the liver, it's a fact that cirrhosis of the liver shows up a lot oftener among people who have died from alcoholism than among sober citizens, but it does happen to abstainers, too. Alcoholics lead generally unhealthy lives, and doctors are not sure that it's the alcohol that gives them cirrhosis. That goes for kidney disease, too. At least, research workers giving enormous amounts of alcohol to a variety of experi-

the lord of the manor, and for the lady, too, was a quart of beer and a quart of wine apiece, with a smaller quantity doled out to the ten-year-old heir, who mustn't get big ideas too young. History, plain and Biblical, is full of terrific binges. One of the first things Noah did when he landed on that mountain was plant a vineyard and as soon after that as he could, he got drunk. A party was given for Elizabeth of England in which each guest was provided with a gallon of ale.

We're getting soft or sensible, for we don't keep that pace now. In fact, hard drinking is socially on the skids. Taking the tax statistics of 1910 and 1940, there is an almost forty per cent decrease per capita in liquor sales, and this with more people drinking today than ever have drunk before. It looks like a trend toward moderation, especially when you break it down and find that the national consumption of hard liquor dropped to half from 1860 to 1915 and has gone still farther down since, while wine has gone steadily up, and beer has soared. More alcohol was consumed in beer in 1940 than in hard liquor. A beer-drinking people may have other vices like Nazism, but it is not going to hell via the saloon.

And while we're on statistics, here are some others you may or may not like. The District of Columbia consumes nearly three times as much hard liquor per capita as the national average, or did in 1940. Even figuring that the D. C. is practically a hundred per cent urban and that urban communities are the ones that take out most of the liquor licenses, even allowing for all the transients whose drinking habits don't get statistically recorded, it's still interesting.

Next comes Nevada, also largely populated by a highly urban, highly transient community in the form of Reno, and next comes, not, as you might expect, California or New York, but Connecticut, where so many New Yorkers reside. Mississippi is the lowest legal alcohol-consuming state, being technically dry, but it also has one of the highest records of still confiscation. It looks as if we can't get away from that sedative till we make life more attractive.

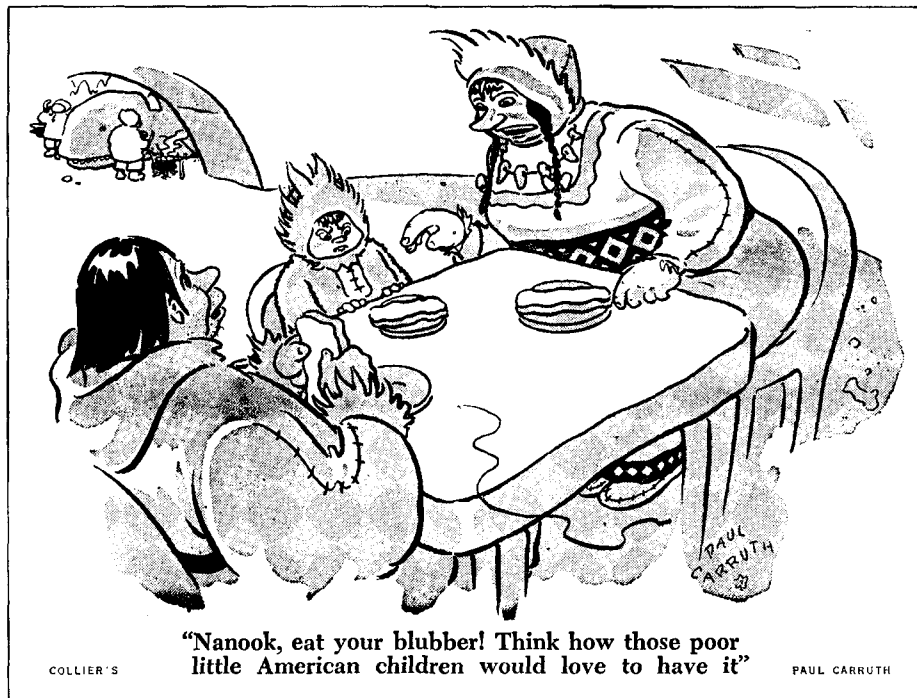
Drinking on the Decline

But more and more people are drinking less and less, not only here but pretty much all over the world. Drinking according to official records has decreased in every country in the world except France in the last generation. France in 1940 consumed four times as much alcohol per capita as the United States and four and a half times as much as Great Britain. It's their wine consumption that shoots their average up and—this is not a wisecrack—they are apparently only just finding out that wine can also be intoxicating. Not long ago a French scientist wrote a paper on the mysterious effects of wine on people called *L'alcoolisme Sans Alcool*.

The order of liquor consumption in the world is France, Spain, Belgium, Italy, United States, Germany, Sweden and Great Britain, which tie. But if you try to conclude that it is emancipation of women that keeps the Anglo-Saxon countries moderate, you get nowhere. In Scandinavia, the ratio of male to female inebriates is 23 to 1; in the United States five to one, and in Great Britain only two to one. Apparently in Merry England the boys and girls get drunk together. Here they are more apt just to drink together, for it's estimated that probably one woman drinks for every two men.

Even dodging the big problem of the people who drink themselves into real trouble (which is, by the way, being pretty constructively handled in a number of important places), there are still unpleasant truths to be faced. Drivers involved in traffic accidents have alcohol in their blood beyond what is considered sober ten times as often as the general run of drivers, and the percentage of drunk pedestrians killed in auto accidents is even higher. That alcohol concentration has been arbitrarily put at .05 per cent because lots of people can't drink more and drive safely. It's the equivalent of over two drinks on an empty stomach of more than three or four drinks after dinner. Beyond that, better let your wife drive.

THE END



our bodies. But not as much as you'd think. If a drink seems to stir up your circulation and warm you on a cold day, it is either simply providing you with calories like a piece of candy but quicker, or else it is so strong it has irritated the mucous membrane of your throat and stomach and set up a nervous reflex which momentarily speeds up your heart and your breathing.

That's where a snort of brandy got its classic reviving reputation. But a whiff of smelling salts would do the same job, and a pint of beer wouldn't do as well as a cup of cocoa. A shot of straight liquor will make the blood rush to your skin all right. You'll feel warmer, but, once there, it will cool off twice as fast, and meanwhile the alcohol will be slowing down your heart action from then on. Don't take it instead of a sweater on a winter walk.

Liquor in small quantities makes your gastric juices flow, as we've said, which is why it has such a solid niche in gastronomic circles. In large quantities, it stops digestion cold, but then in large enough quantities, it stops you cold. As for your kidneys, research seems to be showing that the well-known antisocial effect of drinking on kidney function is on the whole more due to the other substances in beer and whisky than to the alcohol itself. Moderate drinking doesn't seem to have any effect at all on the liver.

It doesn't add up to much of a case against the demon rum as far as our bodies are concerned. Life-insurance statistics which have been said to show that people who liked a

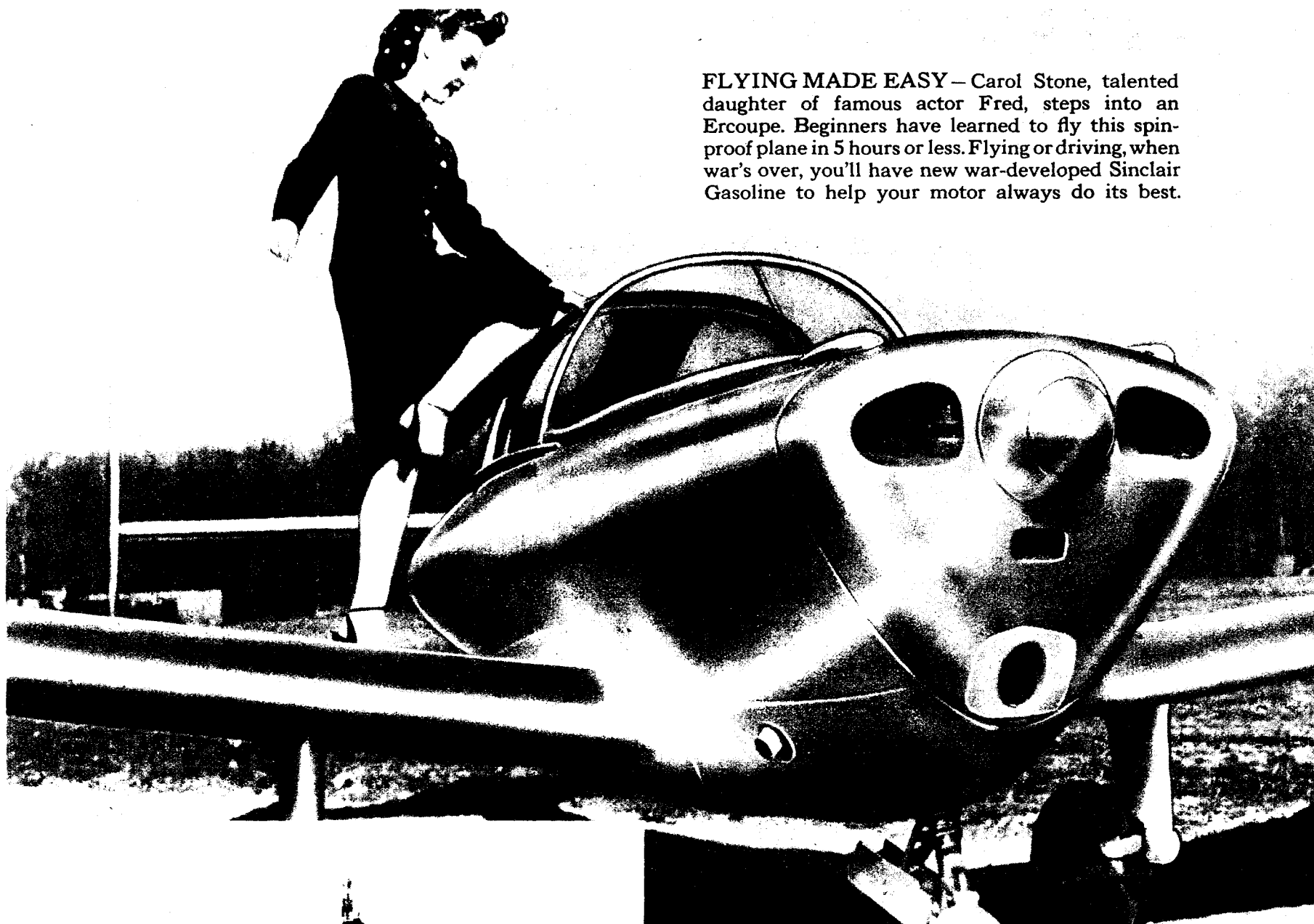
mental animals over a long period of time couldn't produce any effect at all on their livers or kidneys.

How much of this poison do we really take? People who like to drink are apt to wonder about this from time to time and wonder if they are taking more than their share. There aren't any statistics since 1940, but that year, taxes were paid on enough beer, wine and hard liquor to provide over a gallon and a half of straight alcohol for every American over fifteen.

Filter out the nondrinkers and add what experts estimate as another fifty per cent of bootleg and home-brew hard liquor, and you get something over four and a half gallons of alcohol for every drinking citizen or maybe three short drinks a day. It seems a good deal, day in and day out, if you're a fairly moderate drinker. Quite a pool of all this is absorbed by the 600,000 serious problem drinkers, and the other 1,400,000 incipient problem drinkers, but probably not as much as you think.

Doctors who have worked with them say the quart a day is a myth, that no man could consume much more than a pint a day month after month, year after year and live long. It still leaves quite a bit for the average drinker, enough to go well beyond what insurance and other questionnaire circles call an occasional social drink.

However, in the light of history, this doesn't look so bad. The Northumberland Household Book of the Sixteenth Century says that the normal daily consumption of liquor for



FLYING MADE EASY— Carol Stone, talented daughter of famous actor Fred, steps into an Ercoupe. Beginners have learned to fly this spin-proof plane in 5 hours or less. Flying or driving, when war's over, you'll have new war-developed Sinclair Gasoline to help your motor always do its best.



LIFE LINE TO BATTLE FRONTS— Liberty Ships like this are carrying vital supplies to war zones in the Pacific. Hundreds of these ships are efficiently operated with Sinclair Marine Lubricants.

Sinclair Refining Company



SAVE YOUR CAR from the junk yard. Thousands of worn-out cars are junked daily. Proper lubrication saves wear—helps save cars. See your Sinclair Dealer regularly.

SINCLAIR

"MISTER BEE" GOES TO TOWN

BY FRANK D. MORRIS

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM INTERNATIONAL

Since the conquest of Iwo Jima the big bombers have been smashing at Japan in ever-increasing numbers. Soon they will be blasting the Jap homeland from our bases on Okinawa with the new six-ton "factory busters"

BY RADIO FROM HEADQUARTERS,
21st BOMBER COMMAND, GUAM

Conclusion

FOUR Japanese cities were attacked with incendiaries dropped by formations of B-29s during the early morning darkness of June 29th (Japanese time). Sasebo, one of Japan's four principal naval bases, has a harbor which could accommodate the entire prewar Jap fleet. We hit Sasebo hard. Moji, another congested city on Kyushu, is one of the most inflammable target areas in all Japan. Most of its buildings are of wood or plaster one or two stories high.

Major Fred Finney, lank, affable refugee from Tucson, Arizona, was briefing the war correspondents in the press room at CINCPAC headquarters on their next front-page story. Standing before a wall map of Japan and pin-up photo enlargements of the target

Changing a wheel on a B-29 is a job for men with muscle and patience. Only novices try to roll 'em

areas he outlined the current mission. "Moji is jammed with railway yards, wharfs and warehouses. It also has or had one of the swankiest night clubs in Japan. I hope our bombardiers use discretion. No beoka and Okayama, the other two target cities, are vital industry centers which . . ."

As the major continued his chalk talk, correspondents scribbled their notes. It was 9:30 in the evening in Guam, which corresponds to 6:30 A.M. in say, Chicago, when Fred finished. His final instructions were, "Planes will be over the targets about four tomorrow morning. You'll follow the usual procedure. Write your stories now and submit them to the teletype room for release after we get the signal 'Bombs away.' Thank you, gentlemen." A dozen typewriters started to click out the details of the latest aerial blow against Japan's solar plexus hours in advance—so you back home could read all about it shortly after. People in the bombed cities wouldn't even have a full story then of what had happened to them; they'd get a censored, minimized version later over the government radio. Long before that crews of the Superforts returning from Japan would be chuckling over the description of their raid brought to them by short wave.

The amazing part of this entire procedure, covering a war story before it happens, is that results and prediction match up like identical twins. Target areas reported as devastated by fire in these prematurely written news stories appeared in aerial photos taken later by B-29 cameramen as smoking ruins. As spokesman for Bomber Command strategists who are methodically planning elimination of militant Japan, Major Finney had called his shots correctly.

Call it cocksureness if you like, but since early this year B-29 planners and executors have been uncannily successful in their "precision area bombing" campaign. As the Japs woefully admit in broadcasts, most of Tokyo and the other five major factory cities of Japan have been reduced to ashes, and when these metropolises no longer presented worthwhile targets, secondary communities began to feel the aerial torch. Not that incendiary bombs caused all the destruction, but as an adjunct to explosive bombs they spread farther and wider.

Old Iron Pants Takes Charge

That's exactly what "Old Iron Pants" Le May hoped to do when he took charge of the Twenty-first Bomber Command last January. It was a comparatively small outfit then. One of his two wings, the Seventy-third, had been making periodic raids on Japan from Saipan for a couple of months, but results were only mediocre. The other wing, the Three Hundred-thirteenth, based on Tinian, had just started to operate.

Major General Curtis E. Le May was fresh from the CBI theater where he bossed the Twentieth Bomber Command, whose trail of blazing B-29s had been flying over "the Hump" for months to bomb Jap installations. He had commanded the Twentieth only four months, but during that period its planes had set a new world record for accuracy in high-level bombing and were called "sharpshooters with bombs."

Le May is a short, dark, heavy-set man who constantly wears what appears to be a frown of disapproval. Maybe this impression is accentuated by the inevitable cigar or pipe clamped in his teeth. The general is a taciturn person by nature, but when he speaks his listeners realize he has something of consequence to say. Shortly after he arrived at Guam headquarters he made a few radical changes in staff personnel and staff policy. Not everyone agreed with these changes, but one thing was soon made clear to all—Le May was boss and his orders would be obeyed or else.

During the first few weeks of his regime there were various Superfort missions over the Jap homeland all at the customary 30,000-foot altitude. In one of these raids B-29s numbering close to three hundred flew the

(Continued on page 83)

Major Gen. Curtis E. Le May, boss of the B-29s, always appears to be disapproving



*As a Wish goes
with a Rainbow*



Wine goes with Food



Quick Broiled Dinner



For four, have 4 lamb chops (and if desired, 4 thick slices liverwurst), 4 tomato halves, 4 cooked potato halves, 3 cups cooked whole kernel corn. First make this wine sauce: Heat 2 tbsps. butter or margarine, 1 tbsp. flour; stir in 1 cup white table wine like California Sauterne; season with ½ tsp. sugar, 1 bouillon cube, salt, pepper and herbs. Then spread corn in bottom of broiler pan; arrange meat and potatoes on rack; baste with wine sauce and broil till brown; turn, add tomatoes, and broil until chops are done, basting all foods frequently with sauce

Add to your share
in Tomorrow ...
add to your
WAR BONDS today

A GOOD MANY lovers of food share this secret: *the eating gets better when the main dish is cooked with wine.*

For example, as lamb chops and vegetables broil side-by-side in the oven, baste them with a white wine sauce. You'll find it makes a royal dish. And try beef roast that's been basted with red table wine. Or fish steaks that have been soaked in wine before they go on the fire.

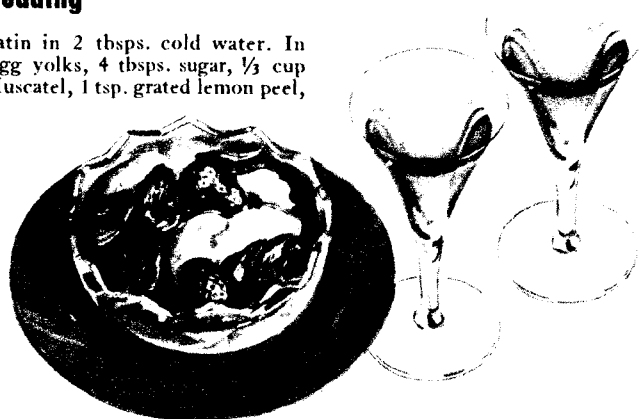
When such a dish comes to

the dinner table, serve everybody a generous glassful of the same kind of wine used in the cooking. That results in a most appetizing taste harmony. That rounds out the group of good things wine does for food.

Our new recipe booklet points the way to many another simple and palate-pleasing wine-cooked dish. Would you like a *free* copy? Just send a postcard to Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second St., San Francisco 5, California.

Sherry Sundae Pudding

Soften 1½ tps. gelatin in 2 tbsps. cold water. In double boiler mix 4 egg yolks, 4 tbsps. sugar, ⅓ cup California Sherry or Muscatel, 1 tsp. grated lemon peel, 2 tbsps. lemon juice; cook, stirring, until thickened; add gelatin, stir until dissolved. Beat 4 egg whites stiff with dash of salt; gradually beat in 6 tbsps. sugar. Fold in hot mixture, mix well; pour into bowl and chill. Top with berries or other fruit. Serves 5 or 6





BALANCE

The clown *must* have "balance" for his aerial act.

Your motor oil, too, needs balance . . . to act as it should.

Balance in a motor oil means high effectiveness on all lubrication requirements . . . *all*, not just one or two.

100% Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oils of emblem* quality are noted for balance. It pays to use them.

WHAT YOU GAIN BY USING THESE "BALANCED" OILS

- These oils pump and flow freely;
- They give a tough, friction-fighting film of protection;
- They are resistant to sludge and other oxidation troubles;
- They stay on the job;
- They are oils that can take severe punishment.

These oils are made from Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. Your oil must be 100% Pure Pennsylvania, of emblem quality, if you want it to give "Pennsylvania" results.

**PENNSYLVANIA GRADE
CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION**
Oil City, Pennsylvania



★ For your protection, only oils made from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude which meet our rigid quality requirements are entitled to carry this emblem, the registered badge of source, quality and membership in our Association.

The Last Time I Saw Them

Continued from page 19

home. Flak suits would be yanked off, cigarettes lighted, flight lunches opened; Earl would turn over the controls to Art, sink back exhausted; Pappy would look back at you over his shoulder and make a reassuring circle with thumb and forefinger. Fifty miles, a hundred, two hundred. It was night a moment ago, but now abruptly it would be dawn. Below you, flocks of serene white clouds would be grazing like sheep across the pasture of the Pacific. Someone would tune in on a radio broadcast from the States, and back in the ship the gunners would adjust their earphones and begin to nod in rhythm, tapping their feet, conducting the orchestra with wagging forefingers. At the navigator's table, Mac would be working with computer and dividers, plotting the airplane home.

And after you landed there would be the interrogation (heavy flak, fighter opposition pretty light, looked like we got our bombs in okay) and after the interrogation you would go back to the hut, and then it would all begin again: the heat, the mud, the trying to sleep and not being able to sleep because you are still flying last night's mission over and over in your mind, the stroll down to see if you got any mail, the mess hall and the inevitable spiced ham, the sitting outside the hut at night and staring at the jungle and waiting for tomorrow again. You read about the missions, because a mission is news, but flying a mission is the easiest part of it. You get back or else you don't get back, and either way it's over. But the part you don't read about is the waiting between missions, and that's the hardest part of it: because the waiting goes on day after day, and it is never over until you get home. . . .

Earl dumped his bare legs off the cot, and began pulling on his pants. "One more mission," he said, "is one less to go."

"Don't five missions mean an Air Medal?" Junior asked.

Mac nodded, sweeping up the cards: "And with an Air Medal and a nickel you can get a cup of coffee anywhere . . ."

Waiting for Orders

The briefing room would be steamy and body-warm, and they would scuff down the muddy aisle to their seats, and at the far end of the room, facing the rows of young intent sweat-streaked faces—battered Army caps shoved back, faded Air Corps patches on shoulders, gold second lieutenant's bars pinned on open collars—the colonel would be standing before a map of Tokyo, pointer in hand. And the crews would watch him fixedly as he talked, getting excitement and confidence from his broad mouth and sure shrewd eyes. In the curious mathematics of war, a couple of thousand men make a Group, but a Group adds up to one man. Colonel Carl Storrie was that man, a lean, tough, dark-jawed Texan, a fine intuitive leader. He had

led his Group on every mission. He would lead them again tonight, somewhere ahead of them in the hot red sky . . .

"Why don't you come along with us tonight?" Pappy called to me over his shoulder, as they started to the briefing. "It's going to be a good mission."

But I was all set up with ATC, and reluctantly I said no. "No, I've checked you guys out on a B-29," with heavy humor. "I want to see if you can do it alone."

I had to pack my B4 bag, and locate a jeep, and by the time I got back to the hut, they had already gone down to the plane. I had a last look at Earl's empty cot with the pictures of his son pasted on the wall, and Junior's mud-caked G.I. shoes still beside the door, and the gin-rummy game scattered on the blanket, and Art's half-finished model of a B-29. His pipe was beside it; he had forgotten his pipe. I put the pipe in my pocket and drove down to the line, but their airplane was taxiing down the strip, so I went up in the tower to watch the take-off.

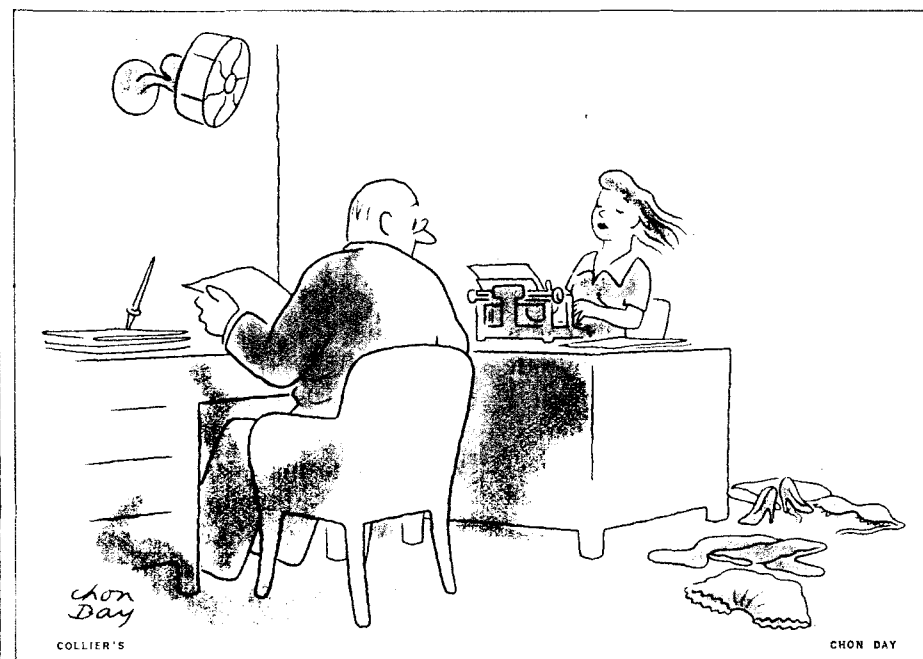
Another Mission to Tokyo

The ships were lined up along the strip like circus elephants, nose to tail, and one by one at half-minute intervals they would start rolling down the runway, their bellies pregnant with ripe incendiary bombs, their engines laboring to gain speed, their great wings spreading until, with the faintest lift, they were airborne. And the riding lights of a plane would climb higher until they were lost in the stars, and another plane would lift into the air and climb to join it, and gradually the night sky was filled with the mighty formation heading north to wipe out an empire, to destroy the enemy's power to destroy.

You could feel the girders of the tower vibrate with the thunder of their engines, and in the rush of wind from their props you could hear the rustle of a page of history turning. For a moment the lights of the tower caught the black numerals on a silver tail, and I saw Earl's ship gathering speed as it passed me, lifting into the blackness, and I could picture his swift, nervous hands at the controls, Art beside him fingering the throttles, Pappy's bulky, motionless figure in the nose staring ahead.

I never found out what happened. I canceled my trip home when I heard they were missing, and I waited a couple of days, but no word ever came from them. Somebody saw a plane over Tokyo with its number-three engine on fire, and the Zeros were coming in, but of course nobody knows for sure if it was their plane. They were the finest crew I ever knew, and this is how they were the last time I ever saw them. They said it would help you to think of them if you could picture how they were, and they asked me to put it in a letter, and this is the letter.

THE END



All the King's Oil

Continued from page 22

It was a tense moment for Hamilton. He had no way of knowing what was in the king's mind and a "No" would have meant the end of all his hopes.

As Hamilton was to learn later, the king had received reports on the American operation on Bahrein. He had been tremendously impressed by the speed with which the American company pushed ahead with drilling and construction. Nothing quite like that had ever been seen in the Middle East.

Moreover, these reports came from an old and trusted friend, the sheik of Bahrein, who had given Ibn-Saud refuge when he was driven out of his own land by a coalition of his enemies. The sheik had reported favorably on the attitude of the Americans. He had written that they were friendly, with none of the condescension that other foreigners showed.

Concession Is Given to U.S.

All this predisposed the king in Hamilton's favor. At last he spoke the fateful words. He would accept the American offer of an initial advance of 30,000 gold sovereigns with other payments to follow. His ministers, he said, could work out the details. A few more words and Hamilton retired. The interview had lasted twenty minutes.

The king wanted revenue. He wanted to improve the conditions of his own people, and his own living expenses were getting out of hand.

The Arabians were frank in saying they favored America. Your country, Hamilton was told, has no imperial designs.

"And besides," they added in the king's words, "you are so far away."

The king and his ministers were astute bargainers. They had at hand, for comparison, contracts made for oil in other areas in the Middle East. Then there were matters they wanted arranged so that the tenets of their religion would not be affronted. The king is the religious leader of the Wahabis, who are fiercely devoted to Islam. They were once the most potent force in the Moslem world and part of Ibn-Saud's success in uniting Arabia is due to their support. As leader of the Wahabis, the king has been very careful about introducing modern innovations into his kingdom.

When a telephone line was first proposed, Ibn-Saud knew that some of his people would be suspicious. He suggested that an experimental line be rigged up and then he had a religious teacher at one end read the Koran to a teacher at the other end. Since the holy words passed over the line, it must be a good thing, and therefore he allowed telephone lines to be strung across the desert. Today a Christian—an infidel—can telephone to Mecca, where many of the king's ministers hold forth, but any foreigner who dared to enter the Holy City would be chopped up into little pieces by the swords of the fanatically faithful.

Some discussion between Hamilton and Ibn-Saud and his ministers centered on what calendar was to be used to date the document. The king asked politely if Hamilton would mind if they designated the solar calendar rather than the Christian calendar. That was the term used.

Ibn-Saud also wanted to include a provision that the company to be formed would employ only Americans. A compromise was finally agreed on: Management and direction would be by Americans.

The concession was signed on May 29, 1933. Longrigg had not yet returned from London. Sir Andrew Ryan heard about it unofficially in Jeddah but it was such a surprise to him that he refused to credit the report until he had inquired of Hamilton and found it to be true.

As a binder, according to the terms of the contract, the company shipped out 30,000 gold sovereigns. What is more, they were gold sovereigns showing the head of an English king rather than the head of Queen Victoria, since sovereigns with the queen's head are discounted in a land where men are

completely dominant, and women live always in the close seclusion of the harem.

The oil concession covers 439,500 square miles in northern, eastern and southern Arabia as well as preferential rights on an additional 177,000 square miles. The total area is slightly larger than Texas, California, Oregon and Washington combined or about one fifth of the total area of the United States. The original concession has fifty-three years to run, while the supplement has fifty-nine years.

At the end of 1936, the first well in the Dammam field was completed as a gas producer. But not until March of 1938, with the completion of the seventh well, was production put on a commercial basis. It has been comparatively small, merely scratching the surface of Arabia's oil wealth.

The reserves in Saudi Arabia may be richer than anything ever discovered before. With American companies holding that reserve, we will be insured for many years to come against dependence on foreign sources for our oil, the Navy believes.

A large part of the Arab population lives close to the line of hunger. A minor upset can produce severe hardship among large numbers. Acutely aware of this, the king is anxious to develop as soon as possible the great buried wealth of his land.

At sixty-two or sixty-three, he has lived through a dozen lifetimes. Riding at the head of his own forces in warfare that went on year after year, he subdued the marauding Bedouin tribes. He has succeeded in forging the beginnings of a nation out of a mass of warring wayfarers. At least one discerning foreigner who visited him ranks him among the four or five greatest men living today.

Today Saudi Arabia is one of the safest countries in the world. Lloyd Hamilton has driven across it five times, being the fifth foreigner to undertake the journey. A blanket lost in the desert will be untouched by passing caravans, who will report it to the nearest authority. The penalty for theft, on the first offense, is to have the left hand severed at the wrist. The penalty for the second offense is to lose the right foot. They say that you see a few people in Saudi Arabia with the left hand missing but you see very few with both the left hand and the right foot gone.

Royal Plans for the Kingdom

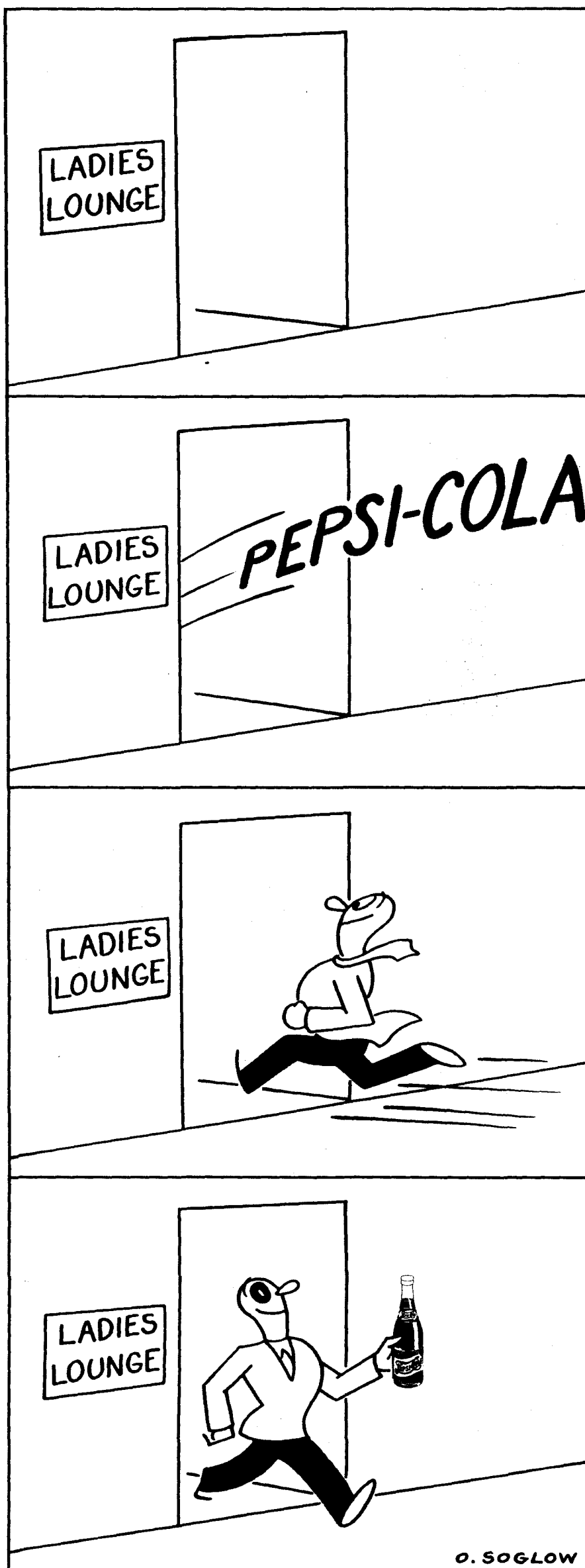
The king is building a new palace at Riyadh. It will contain quarters for his harem. Under the law of Islam a man may have four wives. Divorce, however, is relatively simple, and one way in which Ibn-Saud has consolidated his power has been to marry the relatives of sheiks he sought to ally with him. By rough guess he has had at least a hundred wives. He limps a little from an old wound and it is difficult for him to climb stairs. Therefore he is having a ramp built around the new harem so that he can drive up and stop at the apartment of any one of his four current wives.

The old palace is a vast congeries of buildings added on and added on. Each wife and each child has many servants, according to ancient custom. Inside the palace at Riyadh are several powerful radio receiving sets. Several of the king's secretaries, proficient in foreign languages, take down all news and propaganda broadcasts from every part of the world. These are then translated into Arabic and shown to the king who studies them carefully to learn what is happening outside his kingdom. He has followed closely the controversy in the United States over Arabian oil.

How great the wealth is beneath Saudi Arabia's deserts no one knows. It may be ten billion barrels or it may be twice that much. The total petroleum resources of the Middle East, including Iran, Iraq, Saudi Arabia and the sheikdoms of Kuwait and Bahrein, have been estimated at approximately 27,000,000,000 barrels, but, again, it may be twice that much.

Thus far this wealth has hardly been touched. As one oil expert put it: Whoever has his hand on the valve that controls the supply from the Middle East will dictate the world's oil supply.

THE END



O. SOGLOW



Val watched Barry as he talked to Abby. "There's no reason for you to come tonight," he said. "Wait till tomorrow . . . I'll stay till the doctor returns"

THE EXPENDABLE HEART

BY FAITH BALDWIN

The Story:

Marriage to BARRY LAMBERT had brought great happiness to ABBY WALLACE—and great fear; for the selfish domination of her father which had always ruled her every move had turned to an unrelenting capacity for revenge which threatened to wreck her life. Outwardly NORMAN WALLACE appeared gracious and cordial, but when BARRY and ABBY learned that he had deliberately lied to ABBY about her mother in an attempt to prevent their marriage—telling ABBY that she should never marry, that her mother had killed herself, the victim of an inheritable emotional instability brought on by childbirth—both knew that he was bent on destroying ABBY's happiness. Another shock came when he completely shut ABBY out by marrying young, sultry VAL STANLEY—VAL who openly admitted that she loved BARRY, and was marrying NORMAN for his money. The wedding brought indignant repercussions from BARRY's mother, MADGE DUNCAN, from CRAIG EMERSON, the assistant in the famed WALLACE art gallery, and from BARRY himself, but WALLACE remained imperturbable. ABBY, frightened by the undercurrent of hatred apparent in both her father's and VAL's attitude, clung more desperately than ever to her love for BARRY, but even that seemed threatened; she could not trust VAL who had always wanted BARRY for herself, and a warning premonition told her that her father, sensing this, was coldly using VAL as a means of attaining his revenge. . . .

Conclusion

MARCH was an absurd month; March was unseasonably warm. In the country, the grass grew green and high, flowering shrubs burst into premature bloom, and the birds came winging back again. Madge left town and took Duncan with her. She had refused to consider the winter in Florida for reasons both personal and patriotic. But now a spot of Hot Springs was indicated. "Besides," she added, "we might as well be there for all we see of you . . . you hardly ever come up here, Abby, and week ends you are too busy being the devoted daughter."

Abby said, "Barry likes going up—there's always something going on."

Later, Madge swept Abby into her bedroom and ordered, "Powder your nose!"

"It doesn't need it."

"Powder it, just the same." Madge sat sideways on a chair, put her arms across the top, and her small brown face was troubled. She said, "Your father, Val, or both, are corrupting Barry, in a minor way; all those fantastic people, all that attention"—Madge made a gesture—"it can't be good for him."

Abby said defensively, "He isn't neglecting his work."

"Or you?"

"Of course not. I expected to be alone a good deal when he started to study law, and although he's less active in this district than before election, he still attends meetings."

Madge said, "I am very fond of you, and

know better than to stick my neck out, but someone saw Barry lunching in town with Val last week and took pains to tell me about it."

Abby's face was pink. She asked, "Why shouldn't he lunch with her?"

"An admirable attitude," agreed Madge, sweeping a lipstick expertly over her mouth. "But did you know about it?"

"Naturally."

"Then," said Madge, "I've been in a needless tizzy. But just the same, watch yourself. That girl is poison."

WHEN they were home, Abby said, as quietly as she could, "You didn't tell me you lunched with Val last week."

"Who did?" demanded Barry, prowling around the icebox. "Madge's food is good," he said, parenthetically, "but not particularly filling; too much on the soufflé side."

Abby was considerably taken aback. She said, "Someone saw you and told Madge."

"The grapevine," said Barry. He found a hunk of ancient, rationed cheese, a bottle of beer and crackers and sat down at the table. "Join me, Mrs. Lambert?"

She shook her shining head. "Barry, why did you?" she asked.

He looked at her a moment, his black eyes thoughtful. He said, "So I'm to account for myself."

"No. But Val—" She sat down on a straight chair—"and you didn't tell me. I told Madge you did."

"Darling," he said tolerantly, "I know my way around, even with Val. We have an anniversary coming up. I spoke of it to Val the last time we were there. She asked what was I going to give you. I said I didn't know. She said she'd happened to see something which looked like you. I said, 'Okay, lead me to it.' We made a date; and she did. She has good taste."

"You have, too," said Abby gravely; "and your mother."

Barry moved his shoulders impatiently. "Don't," he suggested, "be a dope. Incidentally the project had your respected parent's blessing. He knew about it. It wasn't a secret—except from you."

Abby got up. "I don't see any excuse, really," she said.

"Why in hell must I have one?" Barry demanded, suddenly angry. "We go up to Val's house week ends and eat her food and . . ."

"My father's house and his food," Abby corrected him.

"She's his wife," said Barry reasonably. "So I still can't see why you are promoting a scene because I take her to lunch!"

"I'm not," said Abby. "You are. After all you've said—"

"Such as—"

"You don't trust her," repeated Abby. "You believe she's up to something; you want to find out what it is—"

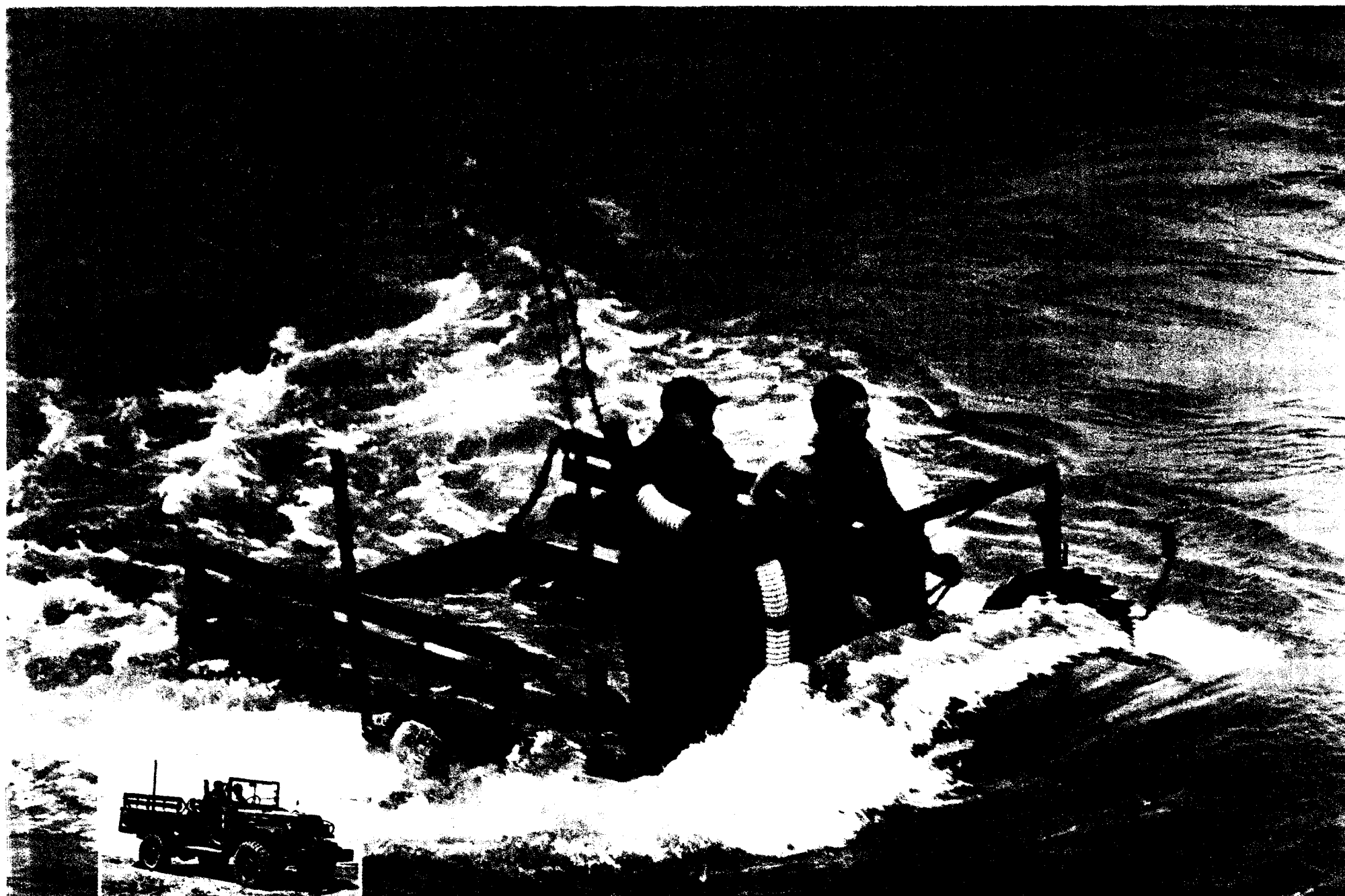
"I'll never find out," said Barry, "by remote

(Continued on page 63)

IMAGINATION IS THE DIRECTING FORCE AT CHRYSLER

IMAGINATION AND PERFORMANCE

HOW THEY BENEFIT YOU — IN WAR — IN PEACE



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Imagination asks the questions — and finds the answers, too. It set our engineers wondering how Army vehicles could be built to run literally under water.

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Practical imagination has gone to work to engineer the production of tanks, guns, ammunition,

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A SALUTE TO WICHITA'S WAR WORKERS

THE Service men and women on the far-flung battlefronts can feel justly proud of the wholehearted support given to them throughout the war by the people of Wichita. All Wichita people have fully supported the war by personal sacrifices and by both direct and indirect assistance, but this tribute is especially directed to those who work in all the large and small plants which together and in cooperation have turned out such vast quantities of war material.

Wichita's war workers represent a true cross section of Kansas people. They have performed miracles of production. Starting with little or no industrial experience, they have applied eagerness to serve and devotion to their jobs as a successful substitute for experience, and have produced a quantity of war production that has not been equalled on a per capita basis by the people of any other city or locality. The Wichita record of 18 Army-Navy "E" awards for excellence and 4 Maritime "M" awards for merit attests the outstanding quality of their workmanship.

They have come from near and far to lend their willing hands, strong backs, and active minds to the job of producing what our Government asked us all to deliver to our fighting forces. They closed up their businesses, left their farms, and changed their mode of living in order to help get the job done. A recent survey shows that a clear majority of these folks are in war

work because of their desire to directly and personally contribute to victory.

The women have rendered invaluable service and have made a magnificent record of efficiency in tasks that they never dreamed they ever would attempt. The physically handicapped people have proved that their determination and courage more than offset their physical disabilities. The old folks who came from retirement have demonstrated that they too can do a full-sized job.

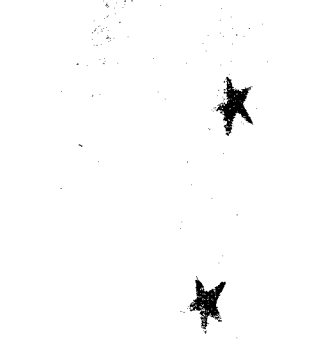
Generosity in Red Cross donations, both in money and blood, has characterized these fine people. They have invested many tens of millions of dollars in war bonds.

We feel that these folks are truly representative of Kansas people and that their achievements are derived from the strength and the support of all Kansas people. They have demonstrated that Kansans* not only can do whatever they want to do, but also can do it quickly and well. With this lesson of the war before them, who can doubt the future greatness of Kansas and of Wichita?

We respectfully salute the war workers for the job that they have done and the job that they will continue to do in war production *and the peace production that is to follow.*

★ ★ ★

*Of course all these folks are Kansans now, although many of them came here from other states to help do the job.



Beech Aircraft

C O R P O R A T I O N

BEECHCRAFTS ARE DOING THEIR PART  WICHITA, KANSAS, U. S. A.

Condition Yellow

Continued from page 17

will you be kind enough to direct me to the test set?"

"Yes, ma'am," Cyclone said, and pointed. "It's right over there."

"Thank you." She paused. "What are you here—the watchman?"

"No, I'm the cameraman."

"Really?" the girl said. "They must have simplified cameras lately."

"They never were awfully complicated," Cyclone said. "It's only a matter of getting the hang of them."

She stared at him suspiciously. But his innocent face was untroubled and affable. He was so obviously unimpressed that she appeared not to know quite how to go on.

"I—ah—I'm Jane Bennett," she said, "and I've had enough nonsense from this joint. Do you want to make something of it, too?"

"No, ma'am."

"What's your name?"

"Well," Cyclone said, "my real name is Cicero Ross, which is pretty tough, but everyone calls me Cyclone."

"Well, Cyclone, you ready to make my test?" Jane asked. "Immediately, I mean."

"Yes, ma'am."

"That's refreshing. Holy smoke, how they stall you in these studios! You'd think standing in front of one of those black boxes was a holy rite. I haven't been so burned up since—since a little while ago."

"Yes, ma'am," Cyclone said respectfully. "Another thing," Jane said. "They wanted me to wear one of those ridiculous, slinky evening gowns that have to be applied to you in layers like a veneer. No woman in her right mind ever wears one outside of a burlesque show. I refused flatly."

"I think you were right."

"That's going to be a great comfort to me in the years to come." Jane stopped to eye him doubtfully. "I'm sorry. I talk that way all the time. It's a habit with me."

"Yes, ma'am," Cyclone said.

"Look, Cyclone," Jane said, and her angry face grew patient and was as nice to look at as ever, "you don't seem particularly bright, but you are the only person with whom I have been able to carry on an intelligent conversation since I arrived in this studio. I may favor you with more of my confidences later."

"I'd like that," Cyclone said.

"I'm going to take this whole matter right to Merton J. Hankin the moment the test is over, so let's get going."

"Yes, ma'am."

They walked over to the set, and the as-

sistant cameraman put her in position, chalked her marks on the floor, and measured the distance to the camera with a tape. Cyclone took another look through the camera. He loosened the head, tilted down, and slowly panned up. What tiny feet, gorgeous legs, delicate waist, beautiful . . . Cyclone arrived at her face. She was glaring at the make-up man, who was also in the shot.

"If you want," the make-up man was saying, "I'll try to do something with your hair."

"What's the matter with my hair?" Jane said.

"I suppose you got the pride of ownership," the make-up man replied, "but to the camera, it's going to look as if birds had been recently nesting there. I'm in a hurry, honey, and—"

"So am I," Jane said, "and I like my hair the way it is. I get a lot of eggs. Why don't you go powder your nose with some arsenic?"

The make-up man looked almost happy. "Turn a wind machine on her, boys, and put a lot of shrubbery in the background. It'll be the only possible explanation for that victory haircut. Cyclone, you want anything on her?"

"Maybe a little Number Two," Cyclone said. "Not too much."

"I'm satisfied the way I am," Jane said. "If I ever have to be made up as Mrs. Frankenstein, I'll call on you and your paintpot, Rembrandt."

"A little Number Two would help," Cyclone said wistfully, in the silence that followed.

JANE stopped glaring at the make-up man, who was stalking off with his powder puff, and glared at Cyclone. He swallowed and tried to smile apologetically. "Joe, we'd better tone the key-light down a little," he said to the best boy. "And hit her on the left side of the face with a baby junior."

A juicer burned the light into her eyes, and she blinked them shut and stood rigidly. The boys took their time. They kept her warm while the rearrangements were made.

Jane stayed there and took it. She was no crybaby. Without opening her eyes, she said, "I hope you finally figure it out, Cyclone. Did you take a correspondence course in how to be a cameraman?"

That did it. Cyclone watched the crew freeze up, and knew what was going to happen. They were about to murder the red-head with film. It was mainly on his account, of course, and he realized that he ought to address them with a few well-chosen words,

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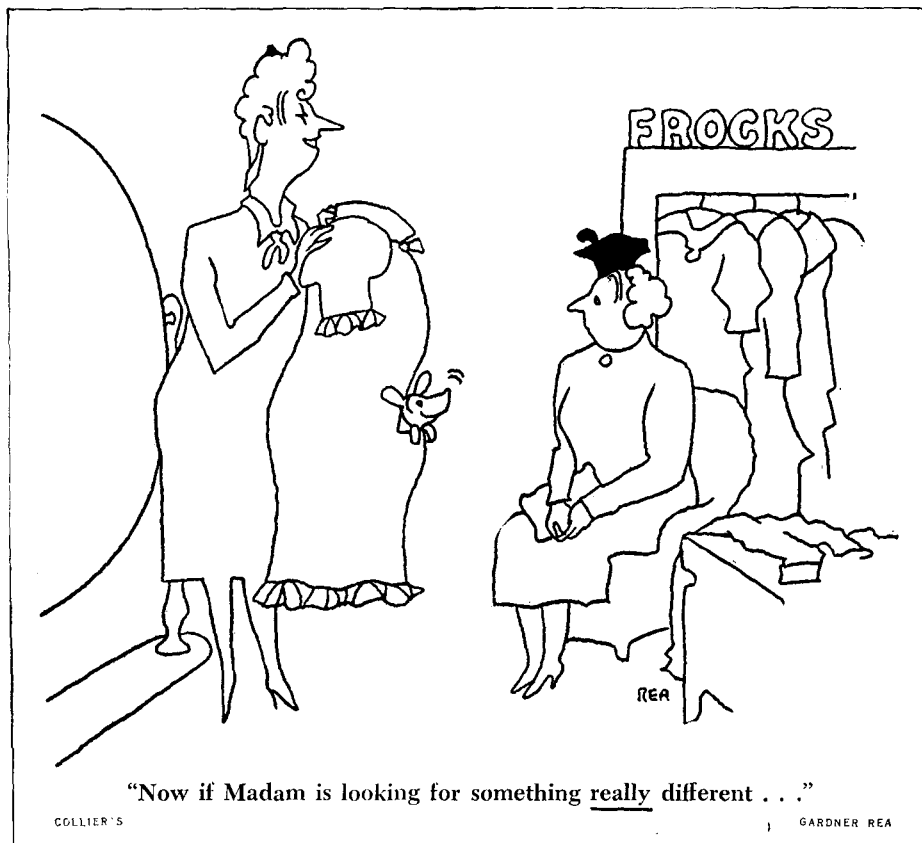
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use Forhan's
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explaining that the kid was impulsive and overwrought, and that he didn't need defending. But the speech wouldn't come. He was too shy, and he dreaded any further arguments. Besides, acknowledging the situation would unquestionably bring Jane's wrath down upon him.

The operator looked through the camera. What he viewed seemed to give him a grim pleasure. He motioned to Cyclone.

"We're ready, Miss Bennett," Cyclone said. "Please talk, laugh, smile, face profile on both sides, turn around, walk, sit down, and stuff like that."

"Do you mind if I also swallow a sword?" Jane said. "I brought one along."

"We can do it in a close-up," Cyclone said. "That's the next shot. Roll it, please."

For an instant Jane appeared as if she had swallowed the sword. Then she began to emote for the camera. After the medium shot, Cyclone took the close-up. He said practically nothing more. There wasn't anything to say to a girl who was going to look like an old woman in tomorrow's rushes.

Presently they were finished. The lights were killed, and the stage relapsed into gloom. Cyclone walked despondently to the door and held it open for Jane. They stepped into the warm sunshine outside.

Jane gazed up at him, squinting. "I have a feeling," she said, "that you're smarter than you look. Are you?"

"If I am," Cyclone said, "I've never noticed it."

"Well, I like you," Jane said. "You're ignorant and inarticulate, but you're comforting. If I have said anything to offend you during the test—and I'm positive I have—I assure you that I almost regret it."

Cyclone ducked his head and grinned. "You didn't say anything. Could I ask a favor of you?"

"No," Jane said. "Listen, let's confront facts squarely. I must have said something. I always do. To everybody. I'm offensive, that's all."

"I don't think so. You're—ah—attractive. Could I ask you a question?"

"Not right now. Cyclone, I'm my own worst enemy. If I could control my temper, I might be the nicest girl you ever met."

"You are the nicest girl I ever met," Cyclone said.

She halted. He had a hard time looking her in the eye, and his face was red. But he was comforted because she seemed rather confused and touched.

"You mean that, don't you?" she said. "You mean everything you say."

"Yes," Cyclone said. "Let's go in the commissary and have a milk shake."

"You must be one of those Hollywood wolves they warned me about," Jane said. "All right, here goes."

THEY sat at a table in the nearly deserted commissary and drank thick milk shakes. The cold liquid obviously had a quieting effect upon Jane. She sighed and relaxed, and accepted the cigarette Cyclone offered her.

"That test may not turn out very well," Cyclone said.

"Was I so terrible?"

"No, you were swell."

"You must mean the photography, then," Jane said. "I don't care, Cyclone. It was a pleasure to do business with you."

"Thanks," Cyclone said. He wanted desperately to explain to her, and there was absolutely no way. "Say, I wish you wouldn't go see Mr. Hankin right now."

"Oh—Mr. Hankin. I'd forgotten about him."

"He's an awful tough guy. If you happened to get in a row with him, it might ruin everything for you here."

"I'd get in a row with him, all right," Jane said. "Unless he didn't say a word, it'd be a cinch."

"I think you ought to go easy for a few days, if you don't mind my saying so."

"Okay, Cyclone."

Somehow, after they left the commissary, he found himself showing her the camera department. Then they weighed themselves on a machine in front of the newsstand and examined the magazines. It seemed neither of them had a date for dinner.

"Probably you wouldn't want to go with me—" Cyclone began.

"Yes, I would," Jane said. "And don't give me an argument."

They went to a place at the beach, where they had cracked crab and mayonnaise and beer and tough Italian rolls. In a fun house, a sudden jet of air blew Jane's skirts sky-high, and Cyclone was not surprised to observe that her legs were perfect all the way up. Finally they stood at the end of a pier and gazed out into the dark, wet Pacific.

Cyclone felt happy. His stomach and his heart were full. "I was thinking," he said.

"So was I," Jane said.

"I was thinking about you," Cyclone said hopefully.

"I was thinking about those Japs," Jane said. "Brother, do they burn me up! If I were a man—"

"That's the point," Cyclone said. "You're not. You ought to be thinking of a home, children, a—husband—"

"This is no time for it."

"Well, you can't wait forever. No war has lasted as long as marriage."

"Don't you feel it's pretty selfish to put your own happiness above that of the nation?"

"Oh, sure, but—"

"If we're going to argue," Jane said, "I'd prefer to go home. I hate arguments."

"So do I," Cyclone said. "However, I—"

"That's enough," Jane said. "I will not wrangle with any fatuous, bigoted and brainless escort. Follow me, my good man."

HE TRAILED her back to the car, wondering if he would have done better to simply jump off the pier. Driving her to Hollywood was performed in complete silence. He stopped in front of her apartment house and turned off the engine. There was still the hope that some kind of an armistice might be signed.

"I guess it's just a case of our seeing too much of each other," Cyclone said.

"I'd invite you up to my apartment to look at my left hook," Jane told him, "but the girl I live with may be already home and asleep, and the fight would wake her up."

Cyclone sighed. "Then this is goodbye."

"Yes."

He leaned over, held his breath, and kissed her on the lips. She didn't try to escape. It was a long goodbye.

"Goodbye," Cyclone said, and inhaled deeply.

Jane also breathed deeply. She missed twice trying to find the door handle, and her eyes were large. She got out, turned around, and studied his humble face with great respect.

"That must have been an accident," she said. "You've stumbled upon the technique. If you didn't, and that's the result of long practice, I'm going to be mad all over again."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Cyclone said.

"No?" Jane said. "Am I going to have to have more dates with you to make sure? Time alone will tell." She slammed the door.

CYCLONE didn't see her again until the next morning around eleven o'clock, when he happened to be passing projection-room row, and Jane emerged from Room Three with several people, including a studio talent scout, one of the casting directors, and a producer. They closely resembled pallbearers, and Cyclone knew what had happened. He quickened his pace, but Jane peeled off from the group and intercepted him.

Cyclone grinned weakly and started talking fast. "Accidents will happen," he said. "That was a bad set, and they tried to light it too fast. In the movies you have to keep doing scenes over. It's nothing to get excited about."

"Of course not," Jane replied cordially. "That's what I intended to tell you. We won't allow ourselves to be discouraged, will we?"

"Huh?"

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. Stay in there and keep pitching, Cyclone. It's tough to adjust yourself to new conditions, but you can't let yourself get down."

"I feel dizzy," Cyclone said. "Would you mind giving me a playback on that?"

Jane smiled at him. "Bless your heart, Big Wind. We'll do it over and do it good—good as anyone could. And, incidentally, Mr. Hankin shall be paid a little visit."

"Oh, no!" Cyclone said. "Please. Let's let sleeping executives lie. There's nothing to get excited about and—"

"We agreed on that," Jane said. "Keep photographing, Cyclone. I'm with you all the way."

He dazedly shook the hand she held out to him, and then watched her dart off. She was heading like a secret weapon for Mr. Hankin's bungalow. Women, he perceived, were not as easy to read as a light meter.

AN HOUR later the telephone rang in the camera department, and he was requested to present himself to Mr. Hankin. He moved with dragging feet to the bungalow. A faint line of perspiration dotted his upper lip, and he was sick at heart. Jane's conduct hurt him the worst. The meeting in front of the projection room was now perfectly comprehensible. She had simply been viciously sarcastic, and gone at once to Mr. Hankin to complain about him. He knew Jane was a girl with a low boiling point, but he hadn't thought she was mean.

Cyclone filtered past three secretaries and entered the shaded, air-conditioned, indirectly lighted grandeur of Mr. Hankin's inner sanctum. The man in charge of production at Acme was big, heavy and tired, with bushy hair and dark circles under his eyes. He had worn himself out spending millions. He looked sad from having seen too many movies.

"Hello, Cyclone," he said. "I have just had a conference with a Miss Bennett—called by her."

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Hankin flinched involuntarily at the memory. "She had a good deal to say, in a loud voice. Most of her conversation concerned you."

"I guess it was true, Mr. Hankin," Cyclone said hopelessly.

"No doubt, but her conclusions are wrong. Acme is giving the servicemen their jobs back. Acme is proud of her war heroes. There is nothing underhanded about Acme."

"No, sir."

"Furthermore," Mr. Hankin said, "Acme is not discriminating against you. The camera department states that you requested to be put on tests and retakes before beginning a full-scale production. We have nothing to do with ruining your self-confidence or skill, as Miss Bennett charges. We deny taking advantage of you, or humiliating you by assigning you to unimportant work, and if Miss Bennett is going to punch me in the nose for acceding to your requests, then I shall have her arrested."

"Yes, sir."

"Cyclone, I regret to admit that, due to press of business, I am not familiar with the details of your overseas service. How did you get that medal?"

"Well," Cyclone said, "I was a cameraman with a photographic unit. I was in the Pacific, and I was having trouble with malaria. Mr. Hankin, I had a lot of troubles. I was bucking for sergeant, and I didn't get it. They radioed me from the lab in Honolulu that my exposures were off. I kept having hard chills and headaches. Everything was wrong, Mr. Hankin."

"Yes, yes," Mr. Hankin said.

"Well, I went out with a patrol in the jungle. We got ambushed by the Japs, and I was trying to run and I fell over a vine and broke my camera. Then I saw a Jap bayoneting one of our men who was wounded. I guess I lost my temper for the first time in my life."

Mr. Hankin handed him a cigar. "That's human interest. Stick to the story."

"Well," Cyclone said, "I traded my busted camera for a submachine gun and killed the twenty-two Japs. The malaria got worse and I went to the hospital. They discharged me, and gave me the medal. I never did make sergeant. That's all."

"Yes, yes," Mr. Hankin said. "I see." He lighted Cyclone's cigar for him. "Cyclone, in about three weeks we are starting a four-million-dollar production. You are going to shoot that picture, in or out of focus, and whether the public ever sees the principals or not. Here, put a couple of cigars in your pocket. I have enjoyed conferring with you."

Mr. Hankin walked to the door with Cy-



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clone. He held the door open for him. He patted Cyclone on the shoulder.

"By the way," he said, "I have given Miss Bennett a stock contract. I have to pay other people around here for their advice. In addition to acting, Miss Bennett is going to give me her advice for nothing. She is rather an impressive young woman, Cyclone. Are you interested in her?"

"I was," Cyclone said, "and then I wasn't. Now I am."

"She was a radio actress," Mr. Hankin said. "Mrs. Hankin first heard her voice in a soap opera and suggested I contact her. For your information, Mrs. Hankin is a lot the same type as Miss Bennett. We have been married for nine years."

"Mr. Hankin," Cyclone said, "I would like to ask your advice. Suppose I got enough interested and—"

"Yes, yes," Mr. Hankin said, "I know. I should have asked somebody. Cyclone, there are worse things than being ambushed by Japs. Thank you for the conference, and good day."

Puffing the cigar made Cyclone a trifle ill, but he continued happy. He fussed with a camera that was overspeeding for a while, and then called around the lot, trying to locate Jane. Finally he reached her in the make-up department.

"Bennett speaking," she said. "Remember the make-up man who was on our set yesterday? The one that said I had birds in my hair?"

"Yes," Cyclone said. "Listen, could we get together—"

"I tracked him down," Jane said, "and we came to grips. You might be interested in hearing what happened."

"I know what happened," Cyclone said. "You bawled him out. How's for having dinner tonight?"

THERE was a pause on Jane's end. "Oh, I did, huh?"

"Did what?"

"Never mind. We'll have dinner tonight."

"Swell," Cyclone said. "What time shall we meet?"

"Let's make it my place. Do you like spaghetti and meat balls and French bread with garlic?"

"Sure."

"Seven-thirty, please," Jane said. "I'll try to make you happy, Big Wind. I want to conquer my faults. You must help as much as you can."

"Are you reading me a scene?" Cyclone asked.

"No," Jane said. "I may make that later. Goodby."

Cyclone could imagine Jane's interview with the make-up man, and some of his elation vanished. Certain doubts which had been thronging his mind came out on the branch and twittered at him. He trudged over to the office of Mrs. Mitchell, the wardrobe mistress, an elderly woman of great experience who had been of help to him in the past.

"Sit down, kid, and polish the seat of your pants," Mrs. Mitchell said. "Is there aught I can do for you?"

"Well," Cyclone said, "a very funny thing happened to me yesterday. I shot a test of a girl and fell in love with her. She's the kind of a girl you're always on condition yellow with."

"Condition yellow?"

"In the service that's a sort of an alert. Nothing has happened yet, but you got to get ready."

"What is her name?" Mrs. Mitchell said. "Jane Bennett."

"Oh, Miss Unwarranted Aggression for 1945. Cyclone, you'd better go somewhere on a long trip."

"I'd miss her," Cyclone said. "I don't know what to do, Mrs. Mitchell. I'm always going to be the underdog if I keep on. She has a terrible temper."

Mrs. Mitchell pondered. "This reminds me of a show called The Taming of the Shrew," she said, "by William Shakespeare. Ever see the play?"

"No. I saw Midsummer Night's Dream. Warners made it."

"This is not the same one," Mrs. Mitchell said. "This is about a guy in Verona named

Petruchio. He falls in love with a dame named Katharine, who is very tough. He tames her by being tougher."

"Oh," Cyclone said.

"Sometimes they need to get worked over," Mrs. Mitchell said. "Nothing more than that."

AT SEVEN-THIRTY, Cyclone was in Jane's apartment. The girl she lived with was out on a date, and they were alone except for the new Cyclone, who had a set jaw, cold steely eyes, and a slight quaver in his voice.

Jane seated him in the best chair in the living room, gave him a cocktail, and turned on the phonograph. She was wearing a gay little dirndl of blue and white and red which matched her eyes and skin and hair in the order named, and Cyclone had never seen her look more beautiful in their two days of association. She seemed gay and kind, and he scowled at her lovingly.

"How do you like my dress, Big Wind?"

Jane said. "It's a specialty for the occasion."

"It's okay."

Her face fell. "Don't you like it? Shall I change to another?"

"Don't bother," Cyclone said. "A dress is a dress. I'm in a bad mood tonight."

"Is the cocktail mixed to your taste?"

"Women never mix cocktails to men's taste."

"I guess not," Jane said quietly. "I'll have

what's good for both of us. I tried honestly to conquer my bad temper, and I think I did. Today I even went and apologized to that make-up man. Tonight I've been so sweet it must have been sickening to you. For your sake, I believe I could go on the rest of my life being a lovely character. But there's one thing I can't lick—your temper. Two hot-headed people don't make a good combination. We'd better face it now, before we're too badly hurt."

Cyclone just barely got up off his mental knees. "Huh?"

"Let us," Jane said, "have our dinner, drink each other's health, and part forever with a handclasp of comradeship and mutual respect. I—I leave you more in sorrow than in anger . . . but not much more. Do you want your meat balls now, meat ball?"

"Wait!" Cyclone said. "This is all a mistake—"

"You're darned right it is! Do you insist on eating here?"

"No, but, darling—"

"Don't call me darling," Jane said unsteadily. "And beat it out of here, will you? I want to remain in your memory as a lady."

SHE turned and raced into the kitchen. Cyclone had risen from the chair and was gazing aghast at the wreckage of his life. A tremendous bitterness against life, women and the Elizabethan drama surged up in him. He walked blindly to the door. As he turned



"Save Paper!"

to keep my fingers crossed on the spaghetti and meat balls."

"That kind of food doesn't matter. You don't expect much."

"I have red wine, too."

"I don't drink red wine," Cyclone said. "Turn that music off, will you? It makes my head ache."

Jane stopped the phonograph. "I'm sorry you're not well, Big Wind. Can I—"

"No," Cyclone said, "and let's cut out the discussion of me. I'm in a bad temper, and that's that. I often have these moods, and you'll just have to get used to them. If you're smart, you won't cross me."

Jane had grown very pale, and her eyes were getting big. She seemed almost childish in appearance as she stood facing him, her hands clasped nervously together. Cyclone suspected she might cry, and he started hating himself. Nevertheless, his strength was the strength of ten because he was backed by William Shakespeare.

"I wouldn't think of crossing you," Jane said. "Will you excuse me while I go out and see how the food is coming?"

"Go ahead," Cyclone told her.

SHE was absent a good five minutes. He had time to wipe the perspiration from his head, pour himself another quick drink, and light a cigarette. She returned with measured tread and took her stand in front of him again.

"Jane, my good woman," Cyclone said, "I want to have a little talk with you."

"I'll do the talking," Jane said. "We've come to the parting of the ways, Cyclone. It's finished—gone—done. I realized that as I stood out there looking at those meat balls. I'm not mad and I'm not hurt, but I do know

the knob, a terrific series of crashes came from the kitchen. He rushed back.

In the kitchen stood Jane in a welter of spaghetti, meat balls and broken crockery. They gazed at each other across the ruins during a long silence. Jane's cheeks were paler than ever, and there were tears and meat sauce on them.

"Since the romance is over," Cyclone said, "I might as well speak my mind. I think you are a bullheaded, narrow-minded, short-tempered, beautiful girl who ought to be ashamed of herself. Look at the mess you've made just because you got sore again! I feel sorry for your poor roommate, who will probably have to clean it up. If I wasn't going out of here never to return, I'd spank you first, and then make you get down on your knees and scrub the floor. You need a wallop more than anybody I know."

She began to sob. He headed for her in a panic and slipped on the meat balls. She clutched him to keep him from falling, and he kissed her.

"I wish you could have tasted the spaghetti," Jane said. "I love you."

"We'll quarrel and be terribly unhappy," Cyclone said. "But who cares? Those people in Verona got along all right."

"Where?"

"Don't worry your pretty red head about it. I'll tell you a secret, Jane. I was only pretending to be in a bad humor. I'm never that way. I was just trying to be boss."

"You're the boss," Jane said. "I'll tell you a secret. I didn't throw that spaghetti and meat balls around. I was trying to put everything in the sink, and I dropped it because I was crying and I couldn't see what I was doing."

THE END

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OF THE FAMILY



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A Ribbon for Bettina

Continued from page 36

"When did you get in town?" Mrs. Chamberlain asked.

"This morning, early this morning."

Mrs. Chamberlain got up and walked leisurely over to the low table in front of the couch. Picking up a cigarette box, she held it toward him.

"Thanks," he said, looking at her with that quickly dissolving smile. She looked back at him, a very candid look.

"You haven't been sleeping much, have you?" she asked suddenly.

"That's right, I haven't." Almost before the words were out of his mouth, he realized he had spoken curtly. He bit his lip; I've got to be polite, to make more talk, to make it easier for her. Will it come with practice, like hitting a moving target with a carbine?

IN TWO years, he had built up a tight, personal independence. He realized now that his speech was stripped of the mannerisms, the padding; it hadn't been necessary out there. It was like going into a beach with gas masks and packs. After the first few hours, those things became unnecessary luxuries. They impeded your chances to stay alive. You discarded them, keeping the extra rounds, the grenades.

He lighted his cigarette. Mrs. Chamberlain had gone back to her chair and was lighting her own. Damn! he thought. Why am I such a fool? Why couldn't I have thought to do that?

"You don't know when she'll be in, do you?" he asked nervously.

"I don't," said Mrs. Chamberlain kindly. "She left to visit a friend about an hour ago. Please don't let me keep you here. I mean, you're more than welcome to stay, and I know Marris wouldn't like to miss you—but your time must be precious." She said it as if she meant it.

Without realizing it, Taylor smiled grimly. My time precious, he thought. Thanks for trying, Mrs. Chamberlain, but my time is your time. My time is borrowed; my time is 0500, the first wave. . . .

"I'll stay, if it's all right." He made an effort to talk. "It's been so long since I've seen Marris, since I've talked to any woman. I feel like kind of a boor."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Chamberlain.

I like this woman, he thought. How do I convey that to her?

"Weren't there nurses in the hospitals?"

"Yes, but you somehow don't do much talking. I didn't, anyway."

"Will you be in town long?"

"About two weeks," he was saying. Simple questions, simple answers, he noted. Good, safe formula. Will I be this bad with Marris?

"You know," said Mrs. Chamberlain suddenly, "you have the look of a man who could use some food." How about it?

"I guess maybe you get to wear that look most of the time after two years," Taylor said.

"Yes. I'll get something. The maid's out, and my younger daughter's still at school. I was feeling quite lonesome until you came." Mrs. Chamberlain got up and left the room.

The afternoon sun glistened warmly on the rich woodwork, sought out the books in the bookcase, colored the vase of flowers on the mantel. There was a fire laid in the fireplace. Taylor wanted to light it. It was a beautiful room. No naked boards; no naked women on the walls. He rested his head on the back of the couch. It had been a long time, and he was tired. He had been tired for a long time. In the hospital, on the boats, on the beaches, under the tents. . . .

He thought of all the places where he had been tired. He thought of Marris.

TAYLOR woke up suddenly and opened his eyes wide. He was lying on the couch. Standing in front of him was a little girl, perhaps eight years old. Pretty, and with long, mahogany-colored hair, like Marris'. The little girl was looking at him steadily.

"Who are you?" she asked.

"You're Bettina, aren't you?" he said.

"You're Evan. I've seen your picture."

"Have you just come from school?"

"Yes," she said, and added, without smiling, "Your face, it's suntanned, but it's kind of yellow."

Taylor smiled. "Yes. I had to take pills to keep from getting sick. That's what makes my face yellow."

"Oh."

"But it will go away. It's going away already."

"I'm glad," the little girl said.

"Me, too." They smiled at each other, and it made them both a little embarrassed.

"Where's your mother?"

"I don't know. I guess she's in the kitchen, seeing about dinner."

"What time is it?" Taylor asked.

"I don't know. Three, maybe four."

"Is Marris home yet?" he asked.

"I don't think she is." Taylor slipped back into the cushions, as if lulled by the child's vagueness.

"Your mother never woke me," he said in a daze, and then, after a little while: "What did you do in school today, Whiteface?"

The little girl stepped in front of him. "It's all right," she said, as he bent forward and dabbed at the blood with his handkerchief.

"I've been away a long time. I thought little girls cried when they hurt themselves," he said, without looking up.

"Did you cry when you hurt yourself?"

Taylor started to laugh, but checked himself when he saw the expression in the child's eyes. "No," he said, "I don't think I did."

"What did it feel like?" she asked him.

"What else did you do in school today, McGaffer?"

"Why did you call me that?" she asked.

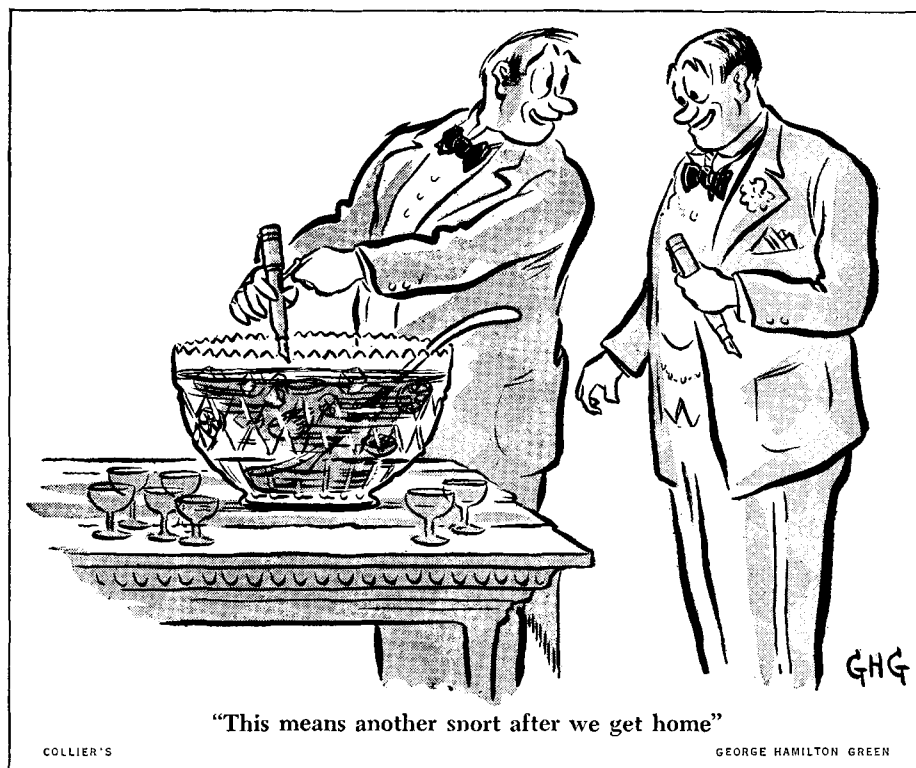
"First you called me Whiteface . . ." she trailed off. "You're funny." She was smiling. "I like you."

"I like you, too."

"Please tell me what it was like."

"I woke up in the hospital," said Taylor, "and they gave me a medal."

"A Purple Heart," said Bettina, as if she were anticipating the next episode in an oft-told fairy tale. "Marris told me." She looked at his chest, empty of ribbons. "Why don't you wear it?"



"Why did you call me Whiteface?" asked Bettina.

"You called me Yellowface, didn't you?"

The little girl took a step closer to him. "Do you really want to know what I did in school?"

"I asked you, didn't I?"

"Lots of people ask questions without really wanting to know."

"I'm not one of those people," he said.

"Well," she took a breath, "this afternoon we had dancing class."

"Will you dance for me?"

She hesitated.

"Should I really?"

"I thought we went into that." He was enjoying this immensely—lying on his side, resting, talking with the child as he hadn't been able to talk to her mother.

Bettina paused, making up her mind. Then she started to hum.

"*Jacques et vous, Jacques et vous,*" she sang studiously. Then she moved her feet forward and back in time to the music. She swung around the room, childishly graceful. All the while, she hummed softly, her face set in an expression of serious repose. She didn't look at the soldier or at her feet, she didn't see how close she was to the low table in front of the couch. She kicked it with her shin and gave a little gasp. A drop of blood welled up on her leg.

"Hey, that was quite a smack," said Taylor, sitting up on the couch. "You dance well. You dance hard, too. Come here."

"When you ask questions, do you always want to know the answers?" Taylor put his hand in his pants pocket and pulled out three ribbons. He put two of them back and tossed the other, the Purple Heart, lightly up from his palm while he talked.

"Tell you what I'll do, McGaffer. You take this. You got wounded, too." He was a little ashamed of the satisfaction he felt at making light of the ribbon itself. What if it was bad taste? Bad taste. That was an expression he had left behind two years ago, like the gas masks on the beaches. He thought of the platitude: "Nobody wants a Purple Heart." It was more or less the way he felt, both before and after the fact. They had given it to him in one of the hospitals. Everyone else in the ward had one. Purple Hearts were fine in bars and at parties, but he knew that this wasn't going to be that kind of furlough.

"Oh, I couldn't take it," Bettina was saying.

"You take it," he closed her fist over the ribbon.

"I'll show it to Mother!" She ran off.

Taylor, self-satisfied and more relaxed than he had felt in weeks, lay back on the couch.

Bettina burst in on her mother in the kitchen and begun to explain, breathlessly, about the ribbon, when Mr. Chamberlain came in from the hall.

"I looked in the living room, didn't see anyone. I thought I heard girlish voices in here," he said.

Mrs. Chamberlain walked over and kissed him.

"Oh, Daddy, look what I've got!" Bettina said.

"What's this?" asked Mr. Chamberlain, as his daughter held the ribbon up to him.

"It's a Purple Heart ribbon. Evan gave it to me; he wants me to have it." The words came tumbling out.

"Darling, he shouldn't have done it," Mrs. Chamberlain said. "I'm afraid you'll—"

"Evan? Who's Evan?" Mr. Chamberlain interrupted his wife.

"Evan is here, in the living room. The boy Marris met in Chicago two years ago," said Mrs. Chamberlain.

"Oh, yes, of course. I didn't see anyone in the living room. Is Marris with him?"

"No," said Mrs. Chamberlain. "She's been out all afternoon. He . . . fell asleep on the couch. Apparently completely worn out."

"He's awake now," said Bettina. "He asked me to dance for him." It was quite funny, the way she said it, and her parents laughed.

"I don't know, Harry," said Mrs. Chamberlain. "I've never talked with a soldier who's been to war so recently. He seemed terribly tired and, well, tense—preoccupied. I do hope Marris won't find him too changed. He wasn't at all the way I had expected him to be, somehow. I'm sure he didn't mean to be unthoughtful, but there seemed to be so little we could talk about."

"Marris seems pretty fond of him, doesn't she?" Mr. Chamberlain mused.

"I thought he was very nice," said Bettina, standing very straight and looking up at them. "I hurt my leg, and—"

"Just the same, I'm afraid you'll have to give back the decoration," said her mother. "Run along."

BETTINA turned dejectedly and pushed through the swinging door. Her mother and father followed.

"Let's wait here," said Mr. Chamberlain softly, as they reached the entrance to the living room.

The little girl walked silently over to Taylor, who lay with his back to the doorway. "I have to give it back," she said. She started to say more, but she was too full of emotion.

Taylor sat up. He didn't see the girl's parents standing in the doorway behind him.

"Sit down, McGaffer." He pulled the little girl to the couch beside him. She put her face against his arm. For a moment, Taylor didn't say anything. Then: "You want the ribbon, don't you?"

"Yes, but I shouldn't really have it."

"I'll tell you how it is." He paused; somehow, it wasn't a gag any more.

"McGaffer," he said, gently lifting her away from him by the shoulders. "You may not understand this. Maybe you'll understand it better than I do. I guess I was a little cynical about that jobby there, that ribbon. But you see, it's been a long time since anyone leaned against me like that. It's been a long time since I wanted to do something for somebody. When they gave me that ribbon, or the medal that ribbon stands for, I remember they said something about giving my blood so that guys like you could be happy. Funny, that didn't register until just now, because just now I realized that you shed a little blood while you were making me happy."

The child was looking at him, fragile and round-eyed.

"When I gave it to you, it was something that didn't seem to matter very much," said Taylor. "But I guess maybe it does matter, and I want you to keep it. I want that very much."

Mr. Chamberlain tapped his wife on the arm. They withdrew silently into the hallway.

"Uh, what were you saying?" asked Mr. Chamberlain a little brusquely.

His wife looked straight at him, the suggestion of a smile playing over her face. "I was saying Marris ought to be back any minute," she said.

THE END

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THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Mr. Marshall is kidding Scotty when he professes ignorance of dish-washing. He does it at home all the time



Life for a film star these days is nothing like the diamond-studded existence it used to be

SCOTTY was tying on an apron in her tiny bungalow kitchen. She poured soap powder atop the pile of dishes in the sink and fauceted in the hot water. "Wash or dry?" she asked. "Dry," we said. "The fumes of dish-water..." "Asthma?" Scotty asked, handing us a dish towel. "Sinus," we said. "The doctor advised vacuum cleaner might..." "Nerves?" asked Scotty, swishing the dish-water into a foamy lather. "Heart," we said. "The right ventricle. Can't do any heavy lifting, like moving furniture, making beds, carrying firewood." "Pleurisy?" asked Scotty, handing us the first washed cup. "Organic atrophy," we said. "Have to be careful. No shocks. Have to keep drinking. The shock of stopping might..." "Scotch?" asked Scotty. "Bourbon," we said, "and water. Just branch water." "You must be a great help around the house," Scotty said, handing out another cup.

"I asked you over in the hope I'd get some help with the homework." "Sorry!" we said. "Please be careful to rinse the dishes in scalding water. It makes them easier to dry."

"My hands," said Scotty. "I'm working tomorrow. In Technicolor. My hands'll be all red... You get all kinds of hands being a star in Hollywood these days: dishpan hands, window washer's hands, fry cook's hands, bedmaker's hands, fire-builder's hands..." "In the old days, Elizabeth," we said, "no star ever did a thing with her hands except wave them around prettily, full of cocktails and caviar."

"It's different now," said Scotty, still handing out plates from the dishwasher. "What was it like in the old days?" "Well," we said...

All this was going on because we had been reading about the glamorous and exciting lives movie stars were supposed to lead and had become curious to know the truth. So we asked Scotty, and Scotty said to come around and find out.

Lizabeth Scott's folks in Scranton, Pennsylvania, were against her going on the stage, but her mother relented finally and let her take a course with the Alviene School of Drama in New York. This led to fashion modeling for magazine art and later to a part in a road company playing Hellzapoppin. Slightly mad from this experience she

started playing leads on the Subway Circuit and was doing Sadie Thompson in Rain when she was hired to understudy Bankhead in *The Skin of Our Teeth*.

Meanwhile, the fashion art started to pay off. A picture of Scotty—sweater and skirt outfit—got her to Hollywood and screen tests. Hal Wallis of Paramount starred her in *You Came Along*. Her mother, two sisters and a brother live in Scranton, where Lizabeth went to Central School and later to Marywood College, from which she was graduated in 1939. She is a tawny blonde with hazel-green eyes.

Telling It in Gold

In the old days when a Hollywood star discovered dough, everybody knew it for miles around. Those were the days of gold-plated automobiles. In some cases the engine was left raw, as it came from the factory, but it was decently hidden under the golden hood, and people were broadminded about the whole thing.

It took four people to operate a star's car: a chauffeur and a footman, in livery; two outriders—usually small colored boys rigged out in purple satin perched on a sort of high rumble seat. The chauffeur operated the car; the footman opened and closed the door, but what the little colored boys did, no one ever found out. They were rather a nuisance, as

they outgrew their uniforms and had to be replaced every few months.

In those days, stars and starlets made fabulous salaries and the spending of their money posed a pretty problem. However, by reading lush society and fashion magazines, the stars managed to make out pretty good.

A Miss Gloria Swanson got the jump on everyone by employing footmen, complete with silk breeches and stockings and silver-buckled shoes. Miss Swanson had four, but this modest arrangement was soon outdone by stars who employed a footman for each guest. Since, if you invited ten guests, twenty-five always showed up, this necessitated maintaining a pool of footmen and feeding them into the salon as new free-loaders arrived. However, footmen cost only \$40 a month and keep, food was practically given away by Japanese gardeners to all comers, and oranges were a dime a bucket.

Two stars built homes atop the same ridge one year, putting in heavy concrete bulkheads. One star, noting that his rival's reinforcing steel was going into the bulkhead as is, shipped all his downtown and had it silver plated.

Some stars ran their homes—never less than 27 rooms—as hotels, and never turned away a stranger. People lived for months at various movie palaces, using spare cars, of which there were always half a dozen, drinking free gin by the bucket and having meals

Collier's for August 18, 1945

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
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NURSES ARE NEEDED NOW... JOIN UP

A Product of Du Pont Plastics

served in their rooms. No star ever objected to strangers around the place. What! Expel them and become known around Hollywood as a miserly skinflint?

Those were the days of two swimming pools, hot and cold, and at the end of every party around 4 A.M.—all the guests pushed one another in, while the footmen stood around pulling them out with mahogany poles tipped with silver.

The last really big splurge came only a few years ago when a colored comedy star had his name in neon lights along the full length of his gas chariot.

Bathroom fixtures were of solid gold with "Hot" and "Cold" done in rhinestones or Montana sapphires on the faucets. Bathroom floors were covered with mink or ermine, with "Bath Mat" done in Persian lamb. Fine perfumes were fed into the shower-head, and every bathroom had three telephones.

Back in those days, too, husbands or wives were dreadful secrets, to be kept from the public under awful penalties. As for children—well, the news that a favorite star, male or female, had a couple of little ones was sure death to fame. Fans fell away in droves.

Nowadays it is not only chic to have a spouse, and to have tiny tots, but to be able to announce that another little one is on the way—that is the peak of desire for all lady stars.

"How would you have liked to be a movie star, say, around 1910?" we asked.

"It all sounds a little frightening," said Scotty, putting away the last stack of dishes and hanging the dish towel up to dry. "I wonder if the folks back in Scranton, Pennsylvania, my old home town, think I'm living in a marble castle with twenty-seven servants... I don't even have a car—can't get enough gas. What's the matter with busses, anyway?"

"The vibration," we said.

"I know," said Scotty, giving us a dust rag and indicating the living-room furniture, "your arches, or something."

"I waited a long time to get to Hollywood," she said, running the carpet sweeper over the rug. "I sat in the wings of *The Skin of Our Teeth* in New York for months, waiting for Tallulah Bankhead to throw a shoe or have carburetor trouble. I was her understudy, and was she durable! Brother! But one night it happened, and I played her part. They seemed to like it."

"And so you got a Hollywood offer?" we said.

"Well," said Scotty, "I got that because Hal Wallis, the Paramount producer, saw a picture of me in a fashion magazine and had a test made. So I came to old Glammerville and found out what it's like to be a film star."

"Isn't it glamorous?"

"It is, on the set. Lovely clothes and everything. But afterward—with all that housework staring you in the face, and no knowing when the landlord is going to throw you out into Fountain Avenue. I've been thrown out twice. now. And I'm not sure even of keeping this place. You know where a girl might find a place to live?"

Today no star lives in the exhibitionistic luxury of yesteryear; many of them are driving their own '39 coupés and doing their own housework.

The new stars have a tough time of it. Most of them live in little two- and three-room apartments, out of which they are always being tossed into the street, or in auto courts. Some of them have small cars, but many ride down to work with the salesgirls and housewives and office workers aboard busses.

They come home at night, after eight or ten hours on the set, put on a housedress, scramble a couple of eggs, brew some coffee, iron out the washing and then put in a couple of hours going over the dialogue for tomorrow's scenes. They make their own beds and crawl in, dog tired.

Once in a while, someone takes them out for dinner, but too much of this sets back the housework too far. Every night is Maid's Night Out. In the morning they perch up on a stool in Schwab's Drug Store on Sunset and gulp down a roll and some coffee.

Some of the old-timers who were established before the war and half a million newcomers descended on southern California manage to maintain the big homes they acquired in peacetime. But what with rationing and practically no help, most of them are doing their own housework, or part of it.

"A fire in the fireplace might be cheerful," said Scotty. "Only there's no wood. There's a stack outside the back door, the..."

"The doctor..." we said.

"I know," said Scotty; "he won't let you bend over. The sciatic nerve, or something. Well, I'll get it."

Cinderellas on the Day Shift

We sat before the fire. "It's all changed around," said Scotty. "In the old days, stars were always modest little things on the screen—they were salesgirls or farm maids or household help. But they bloomed at night in Paris frocks. Nowadays, the glamorous clothes are all on the set, and when you come home—well, you're just a quiet little homebody, that's all."

"Still..." we said.

"I know," said Scotty. "I wouldn't change for all the gold in Fort Knox. It's swell. It's maybe more fun than riding around in a platinum limousine and having four personal maids and five butlers and eating off a solid gold dinner service."

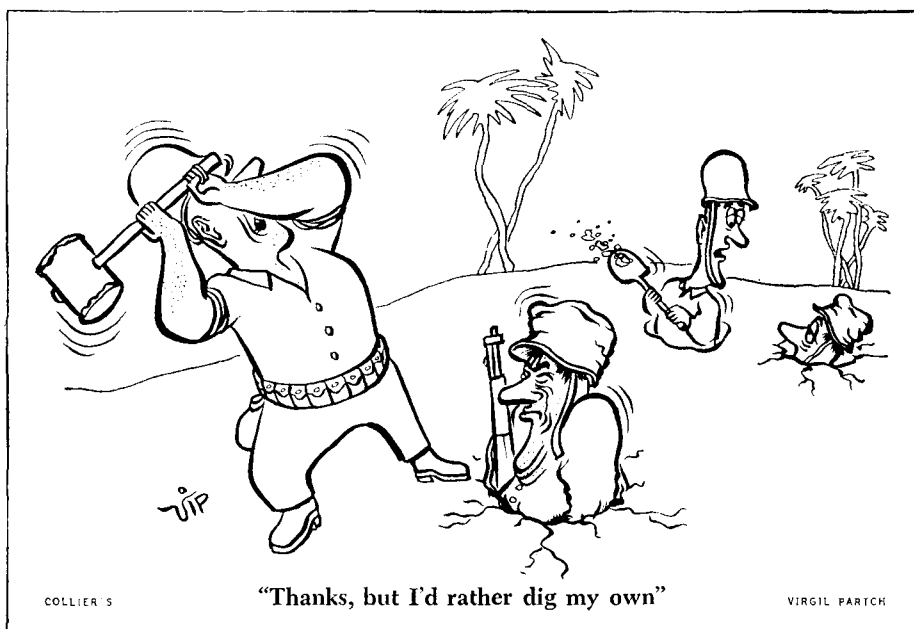
She got up and poked the fire.

"Still," she said, "on the other hand, it might be fun, at that. Well, you'd better go now. I still have to make the bed, do some washing, read a script, mend some stockings, squeeze orange juice and set out the milk bottle."

"We'll set out the milk bottle for you," we said. "It's on the way out."

"That's white of you," said Scotty, in her husky contralto. "That's awfully white of you. It's the first touch of real glamor I've ever encountered. It will probably spoil me—having things done for me like that, but it's nice, just the same."

THE END



COLLIER 5

"Thanks, but I'd rather dig my own"

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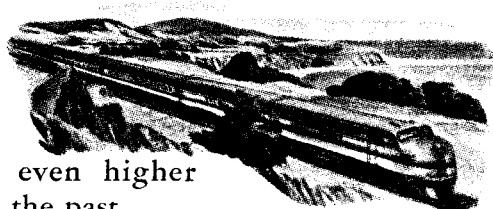
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GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR
NBC Network

The Expendable Heart

Continued from page 48

control." He rose and pushed his chair back, hard. He said, "Did you never have lunch with someone you didn't trust?"

"Often, when we go up to Fairton. By the way, it's you who insist on going; not I. I wouldn't care if I never saw the place again."

Barry said, "I enjoy it. Val has a gift for stage-managing good week ends."

Abby said, "You've always liked her."

"Sure. I think she's a so-and-so. I thought so before she married your father and I've seen no reason to change my mind since. But that doesn't prevent me from liking her. Why should it? You're being childish."

Abby went out of the little kitchen and into the bedroom, the tears thick in her throat. After a little while, Barry followed her. He pulled her to him roughly. He said, "Abby, do grow up."

"Because I don't like you lunching with Val—that's not adult?" she inquired, stifled.

He laughed, and his anger was gone. "Perhaps it isn't. On the other hand, it's flattering." He kissed her. He said, "Darling, get your silly clothes off and come to bed. Next time I go shopping for a gift for you, I'll go alone and return with a monstrosity for which I have paid too much. Like that better?"

"Much."

Later, when he was nearly asleep, she spoke to him. "Barry," she asked, "are you awake?"

"I am now, worse luck. What is it, for Pete's sake?"

"Just—did you buy whatever it was Val selected?"

"Nope."

"Why not?"

"She was wrong. It didn't look like you."

"What was it?"

He said patiently, "It was a moonstone business . . . a necklace . . . very pretty but it lacked something. Now will you shut up and let me go to sleep?"

THE night of the accident, Barry was at Hageney's. Hageney and his wife lived in a cluttered flat over the antique shop. Above them was another apartment, rented to a family with three children. It was always noisy at Hageney's and usually exciting. Abby, having finished her course, was doing Nurses Aide at the hospital. She was generally home by ten.

At nine Barry left and walked home. The telephone was ringing furiously when he got in. He answered it and heard a voice, almost unrecognizable:

"Barry? . . . This is Craig Emerson. . . . There's been an accident. . . ."

"To whom?" asked Barry. "What happened?"

"Val was driving," said Craig. "She isn't hurt, just shaken up. Jay Morris has a broken leg. Uncle Norman's pretty badly hurt, I think. Abby had better come. We're waiting for the doctor now."

Barry said, "I'll get the first train. Abby's at the hospital. No need for her to come unless it's serious. I'll leave a note for her and then call her from your place."

He hung up, went to the desk, scribbled a note, standing. He ended, "Don't worry. Craig's an old woman; it's probably just a bruise or sprain. I'll phone you. Sit tight until I do."

When he got to the Wallace place, there were no cars in the driveway but the house blazed with light, the front door was open and he walked in.

Mrs. Renning came out of the dining room. She looked harried. She said, in a whisper, "I'm so glad you came, Mr. Lambert. They've taken Mr. Morris to the hospital. Mr. Wallace refused to be moved."

Craig appeared on the stairs. He looked pale and anxious but brisk. He came downstairs quickly. He said, "I'm glad you didn't bring Abby, after all. There's nothing very wrong with Uncle Norman; he's shaken, of course, has some bruises, and a cut or two. He threw everyone except me out of the room. A nurse is coming presently. I'll stay with him till she gets here."

"Val?"

"Oh, she's all right," said Craig carelessly. Evidently Val, too, had been thrown out of her husband's room, and Craig was pleased. "She always did drive like a bat out of hell," he said conversationally. "They'd gone to a library board meeting at the Uphams; that's between here and Bluehill. Coming back, she took a corner and hit a parked truck. It's a miracle that no one was killed. Sorry I didn't wait till tomorrow to call you. If you want to get back on the next train you can make it. I'll send you down."

Barry said, "Thanks, I'll take a look, if you don't mind and then call Abby. I left a note and promised I would."

"Just as you wish," said Craig. He added, "I'll go back up now. He's had a sedative, but you can look in on him. The doctor has left, but he'll be back later on."

The room was dark except for the bedside light. Norman Wallace lay in the great bed. His color looked all right to Barry; he breathed evenly as if he slept. A head bandage made him look slightly rakish.

He opened his eyes. He said, "Well, Barry!"

Barry stood beside the bed, looking down. He said, "Sorry, sir, but glad you're no worse off."

"I'm tough," said Wallace. "Have you seen Valentine?"

"Not yet."

"Do. She's upset. Is Abby here?"

Barry said, "She was at the hospital. I didn't want to alarm her too much. I left a note. I'll phone her directly."

"Tell her that I'm all right." He closed his eyes, dismissing his son-in-law.

Craig said softly, "Val's in her room, I believe."

Barry left the room, closing the door carefully. Val's door was shut.

He knocked and she opened the door and stood looking at him. She was white under her year-round tan. She wore, attractively,

not much of anything. There was a bruise on her cheek and one wrist was strapped. She asked, "Where's Abby?"

"At home." He explained. "Mind if I phone?"

Near the chaise longue where she had been lying, the telephone stood on a small table. Barry picked it up and gave his number. Waiting, he looked at Val. She had gone back to the chaise longue. There was a high-ball glass half empty on the table, an ash tray full of half-smoked cigarettes. There were flowers in the room, photographs, the odor of perfume. . . .

Val said, "Craig thinks I did it on purpose. As if I'd be such a fool!"

"Hardly," said Barry, "as you might have killed yourself. By the way, our friend Emerson didn't seem very happy to see me. Yet he sent for me."

She said, "He didn't want to; Norman insisted."

"Oh?" He raised an eyebrow, and then Abby's voice came through, small, distinct, frightened: "Barry . . . I've been home since ten . . . waiting. What happened . . . ?"

He told her, adding, "There's no reason for you to come tonight; wait till tomorrow. Meantime, I'll stay till the doctor returns and talk to him."

"Jay?" she asked. "Val?"

"Jay's got a busted leg, they tell me," Barry said. "He's in the hospital. Sure, you can go see him. Keep your hair on, darling. I'll be home as soon as I've seen the doctor and can get a train."

HE HUNG up and sat down on the end of the chaise longue.

"What happened," he asked, "exactly?"

Val said, "It was dark and the truck had no lights. But I wasn't going fast. Not then. If I had been, we would have been killed."

"Dim prospect," he said. "All your hard work for nothing."

Her eyes blazed. "That's a charming thing to say," she said angrily. Then she began to cry, her hands over her face. She said, "Craig—how I loathe that creeping little—he thinks it was on purpose; he'll imply it to Norman—and Abby, too."

"Stop yapping," said Barry. "Here, take a slug of this. He just doesn't like you, Val; but my father-in-law is an intelligent character. He will know that fortunate girls don't risk their beautiful necks running into trucks deliberately."

"Craig Emerson would do anything to get me out of this house," she said. She took her hands from her face and looked at him. The tears dried in the heat of anger. She added, "And I wish I were out of it."

"Oh, sure," said Barry, "but you'll stay . . . until Wallace goes, feet first."

Val said grimly, "I'll stay."

She set down the glass he had put in her hand. She said, "You might as well have a drink, too."

Barry poured himself a small straight shot. He asked, standing with it in his hand:

"Why doesn't Craig like you?"

She said, "I don't like him. And it's simple enough. He dotes on his sinecure job here—if you can call it a job. It didn't suit him to have his dear Uncle Norman remarry. You'd married Abby, so that possibility was out for him."

"I suppose so." He added thoughtfully, "Haven't been making passes at him, have you?"

"At that jerk? Are you out of your mind?"

"No. . . . He's not unattractive," said Barry. "He's young, and so are you—and you're cooped up here together in this elegant foxhole day after day."

Val said, "Do you think he'd jeopardize his position with Norman?"

"Oh," said Barry, "I catch. Out of boredom, whether you liked him or not, you did try, just for fun, just to keep your hand in? Well, that's very entertaining."

She said, "Oh, shut up, Barry, you make me tired."

"I'm just wondering," he told her. He put his glass down. "When do you expect the doctor?"

"After he's seen to Jay. Barry, come here. Sit down."

He sat down, found himself too close and

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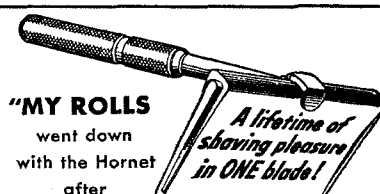
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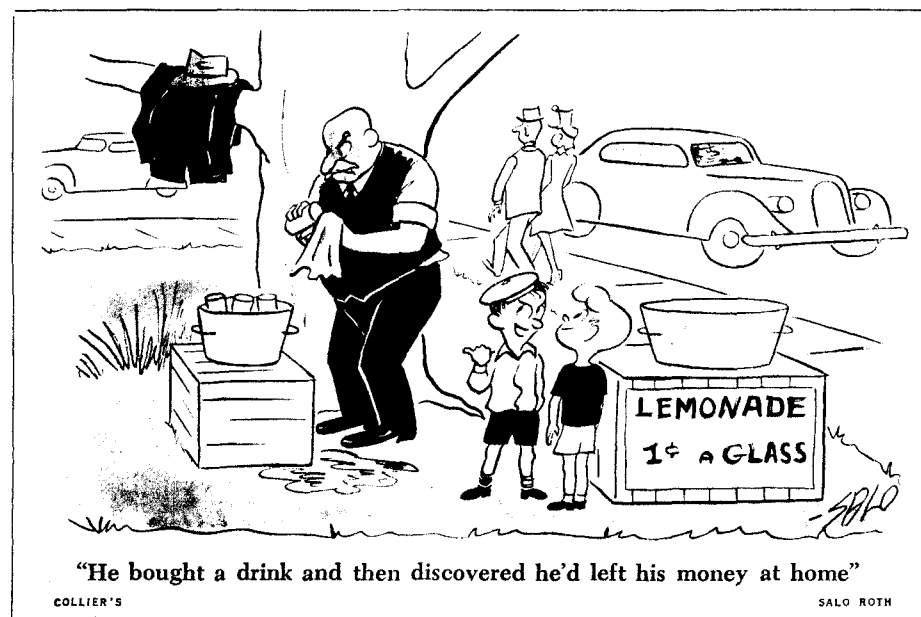
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"He bought a drink and then discovered he'd left his money at home"

COLLIER'S

SALO ROTH

Collier's for August 18, 1945

63

Harvest Time

by

DORIS LEE

One of a series of typical American scenes and customs painted by America's foremost artists.

Reprints of this oil painting, without advertising and suitable for framing, will be sent if requested on or before November 15, 1945. Write United States Brewers Foundation, 21 East 40th Street, New York 16, N. Y.



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MAIL THAT LETTER TODAY

NEIGHBORS sharing the toil and feast of a Kansas harvest . . . family fun and frolic at a seaside amusement park . . . lovers dreaming to the music of a starlight concert . . . all these are America, the land we love, the land that today we still are fighting for.

In this America of tolerance and good humor, of neighborliness and pleasant living, perhaps no beverage more fittingly belongs than wholesome beer. And the right to enjoy this beverage of moderation . . . this, too, is part of our own American heritage of personal freedom.

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

Beer belongs...enjoy it



tried to move away, but she put her hand out and took his and held it.

She said, "Barry, believe me, I thought it would work."

He smiled, feeling uneasy but interested, which were very normal reactions, even for a married man in love with his wife. "This?" he inquired. "Don't you overestimate yourself or underestimate me?"

"I don't mean that. I mean—this house. Norman, everything. All I wanted . . ."

"You don't want it any more?"

"No. But as long as I have it, I'll hang on. I've told you that. You can fight to keep something even though you no longer want it."

"Seems senseless," he told her. "Maybe I'll hate myself for asking, but what do you want, Mrs. W.?"

She said, "You. . . I've always wanted you, Barry."

She pulled him toward her, so suddenly he almost lost his balance. He thought, wildly: First time in my life I've been more kissed than kissing. He couldn't deny that it was an experience, yet not too convincing. He thought, holding her closer: Why? Or why not?

Someone turned the door knob, and Val removed herself from Barry's vicinity. Craig looked in. He regarded the room, and he looked at Val, the glasses, and at Barry. He said, "The doctor just drove up. Thought you'd like to know."

The door closed definitely.

Barry said, "Well."

Val spoke. She said, "He'll run to Norman, I suppose."

"What is there to tell?" asked Barry. "You needed consolation; I was being solicitous."

She asked, "Haven't you better go talk to the doctor?"

ON THE following day, Abby came up to Fairton. Barry had brought her a satisfactory report from the doctor and suggested that she wait a few days before seeing her father. But she had said, "I wouldn't feel comfortable about it, Barry." And he had argued no more, watching her across the breakfast table, thinking how lovely she was, how vulnerable and young.

He said, carelessly, "Val was in a spin. She believes that Emerson thinks she wrecked the car deliberately."

"That," said Abby, "is pretty silly, as she might have killed herself, too."

"Which I, too, pointed out." He looked at his orange juice. He wanted to say, "And when I was trying to calm her, Craig crashed in. He's convinced he saw a powerful love scene in the making." But he couldn't. The words stuck in his throat. He washed them down with the orange juice. He thought: Yet if Craig gets to her first? He cleared his throat.

He said, "I waited in Val's room, after seeing your father . . . until the doctor returned. She was pretty shaken up. She'd had a drink or two, into the bargain."

For once, Abby wasn't thinking of Val. She was thinking of Jay Morris, poor little man, his bones old and brittle. So she said, indifferently, "Val was being dramatic, I suppose. She can't stand Craig—she's told me so a dozen times. It sounds ridiculous, but I believe they're jealous of each other."

Barry said nothing further. . . .

Norman Wallace's nurse was middle-aged and efficient. She was not impressed by her patient, his house or his fabulous collection. She was, however, somewhat, and unfavorably, impressed by his young wife who, after Mrs. Heddon's arrival on the previous evening, had rapped not once but several times upon the patient's door and suggested admittance. Mrs. Heddon had quite naturally admitted her, although reminding her gently that Mr. Wallace was sleeping. He woke, however, between the second and third visits and spoke with surprising strength. He said, "I'd rather not have anyone in here again tonight, Mrs. Heddon."

Mrs. Heddon was therefore pleased to tell Mrs. Wallace upon her third appearance that the patient could not be disturbed.

Val was downstairs when Abby drove up from the station. She came into the hall to meet her, the bruise darkening on her cheek, her sprained wrist strapped. Otherwise, she

looked much as usual, but there were creases between her brows. She took Abby's arm and said, "Before you go upstairs—Wait till you see the dragon in charge! Come in here a moment."

They went into the small reception room, and Val sat down. She said, "What I've been through!"

Abby asked, "How is Father?"

"All right. Mrs. Heddon—that's the nurse—permitted me to see him for a moment this morning. She'll probably give you five minutes, looking meaningfully at her watch, all the time. He ate a good breakfast, she says."

"Have you heard from Jay?"

"I telephoned. He's as comfortable as possible. Abby, you don't blame me, do you?"

Abby said, coolly, "For what?"

"The accident. I didn't see the damned truck. And I wasn't going fast, as events proved. That idiot, Craig, practically accused me of driving sixty, seventy an hour—as if I'd wanted to crack up the car."

Abby said, "I know. Barry told me. It couldn't be more absurd."

"Well," said Val, "I'm glad you feel that way. Craig Emerson has a nasty little mind."

"She's afraid you might think it was."

His gray lips twitched into a smile. "That's Craig," he said, "a good boy but oversolitious . . . or—" His voice trailed off.

"Val frightened me a little," said Abby. "I thought you were—worse. She said she wasn't allowed in for long this morning."

HER father moved his head on the pillows. He said, "My orders—confidentially. Valentine is a little overpowering, when one isn't quite up to scratch. You, Abby, are extremely restful. Did anyone ever tell you that?"

"No," she said, "and I don't believe it."

He said carefully, "It was kind of Barry to come last night, sensible of him to keep you away until he knew exactly how things were. Also, he was a comfort to Valentine. You see, she doesn't like Craig."

Abby said uncomfortably, "Well, they aren't exactly each other's type."

"As good a way to put it as any." He sighed. He looked very old and tired. He said, after a moment, "I have been thinking that perhaps it would be a good thing if Craig took a little holiday. I can hardly send my

She said, "This afternoon. . . ."

"Good enough," said her father. "Craig will drive you over. He will then have someone to whom he can complain." He smiled again. Then he said, "I haven't been wholly truthful with you, Abby."

She looked at him, startled, "About what?"

He said, "It has little or nothing to do with the accident. My heart was not particularly good before that. Last night did not help it perhaps, but it did it no lasting harm."

"Your heart," she said, "but I never—"

He said, "I shall be honest now. I have had for some time a cardiac condition. Last night's affair has set me back somewhat, but I shall recover. I have said nothing to Craig or Val, and, of course, Barry. The doctor is a sensible man. He made his report, at my request, solely on the basis of the accident."

She asked, "Why are you telling me—now?"

"I am trying to make you understand something . . . my marriage, principally." He looked very tired now but went on doggedly. "It has, I dare say, its distasteful aspects . . . to you and," he added thoughtfully, "particularly to Barry." He raised his hand. "Don't interrupt me," he said, "please. Yes, particularly to Barry. You would not understand that, as you are not, my dear, a young and virile male. However, that is not the point of this dissertation. I married Valentine in order to be less lonely and to amuse myself. I am quite fond of her. I was aware that when we made our bargain, I did her almost as much an injustice as if the marriage had been conventional. But she understood the bargain; and also that in the nature of things, and the face of statistics, she was likely to be a widow longer than she had been—as the phrase goes—a wife."

HE PAUSED, to rest. Abby said, "Barry?"

He said, "Naturally. Did you think for a moment that I was interested in an intimate relationship? Certainly not. But I could not ask Valentine to live in my house unless I married her, conventions being what they are."

She said quickly, "Father, I'd rather you didn't—"

"Of course, you'd rather. But I wish you to know. Also, Valentine married me for whatever I could give her. She has been, so far, content enough. She knows exactly how far she can go in her search for diversion if she is bored . . . as she often must be—and where—for the time being, that is, for as long as I live—she must stop."

Abby said, "If you wouldn't . . . you're tired, please don't talk any more."

He said, "Very well. But, so far, Val hasn't repented of her bargain, I think." He struggled to sit up, and Abby rose and helped him, and the pillows were rearranged under her feet.

"Thank you," he said, and added, "Will you believe that I married Valentine mainly to protect you, Abby?"

Mrs. Heddon knocked before she could answer, and came in. Wallace looked at her, amiably. He said, "Mrs. Lambert was just leaving, Mrs. Heddon. I'll see her, after she has been to the hospital to call on Mr. Morris. . . . Abby, just a minute. Would you and Barry consider coming up for a time? If Barry cannot take a week or two off from his work, perhaps he would be willing to commute. Helpful as Valentine has been, she cannot take your place and Craig's, too. I'm a little pressed for time, with the book, now that Anderson is to publish it, and you could be very useful. You could," he added, anticipating her excuses, "put in your hospital hours here. Morton or Valentine would drive you over. Think about it. It would please me—very much."

AFTER luncheon Craig drove Abby to the hospital. He said nothing as the station wagon creaked down the drive, but once on the public road, he flared out at her. "Did your father tell you," he demanded, "that he's sending me away?"

"Only for a rest," she reminded him soothingly.

"I don't need a rest. Yes, I do. Who doesn't? But I don't want one. It's Val, of course. She's persuaded him."

She said, "Val's hardly seen him since the

TOKYO TALKING

by MICHAEL BERRY



"Oh so surprise! Your honorable relatives from Osaka, Tokyo, Nagoya, and Kobe are coming to live with us!"

He hates me and he'd do anything to estrange me from Norman."

Abby asked, "How could he? I think you're hysterical, Val. May I see Father now?"

Val said, "If it hadn't been for Barry's coming last night, I would have been out of my mind."

Abby remembered Barry talking to her about Val at breakfast, saying: Val was in a spin; Val had had a couple of drinks. She said mechanically, "Naturally, you were upset," and moved toward the door.

Val did not follow her. She sat there, pulling a handkerchief between her fingers, watching Abby walk into the hall.

GOING into her father's room, Abby smiled at Mrs. Heddon. "You must tell me when my time's up," she said.

Mrs. Heddon thought: Well, bless you, you're not much more than twenty and the prettiest thing I ever saw. Aloud she said, "Shall we say half an hour, Mrs. Lambert? Your father's doing fine. But he mustn't get overtired."

The door closed and Wallace said, "You look a little puzzled."

"It's nothing," Abby said. "I'm so glad you weren't badly hurt." She was glad; she had suffered authentically between reading Barry's note and hearing his voice on the telephone.

"I'm tough," he said, as he had said to Barry. "Valentine was quite remarkable, really. She kept her head. It was not her fault."

wife away, and it's quite possible that, with a change of scene, Craig will see the situation in the right light."

Abby asked cautiously, "But what situation could there be?"

"Abby," said her father, "you are not a child. You are a married woman. Do not be willfully—shall we say?—innocent. Valentine is an attractive young woman. She has more sex appeal—which is a cliché but suffices—than almost any other woman I have ever known. Craig does not like her, but she attracts him. He fights, because the attraction is abhorrent and frightening to him. And he goes on disliking her all the more as he becomes more involved—emotionally."

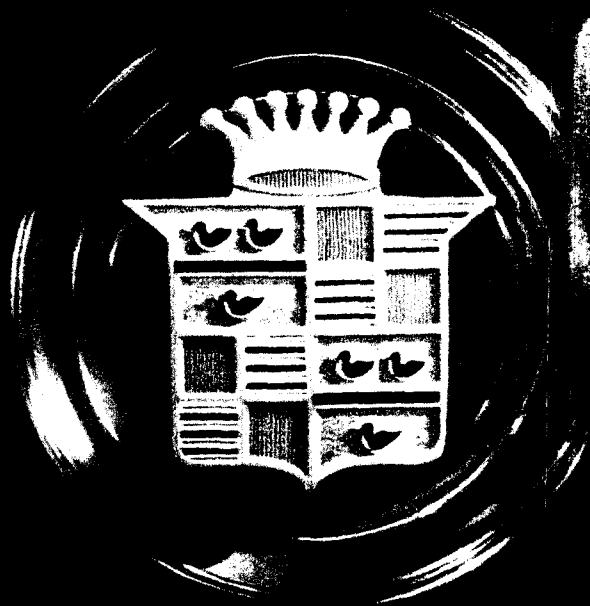
"For heaven's sake, Father," Abby began, "who has been—"

"No one has to tell me things of this sort," interrupted Wallace. "I sit on the side lines and observe. I've been doing it a lifetime. I am not distressed by this, my dear. Valentine is capable of handling it and moreover she is not involved. But I feel that it would do no harm and probably good if Craig were to take a little trip. So I've arranged it. He's going to Sea Island for some golf and, I hope, an enjoyable visit. I told him this morning."

"Does—does he want to go?"

"On the contrary. But I have persuaded him. It will please Valentine. And by the time he returns, the accident will have been forgotten, except, of course, by Jay, with his broken leg. Are you planning to see him, by the way?"

Cadillac



"I know what I'll buy first!"

High on the postwar purchasing list of most Cadillac owners is another Cadillac car.

No other car in America—according to a nation-wide survey—has such a firm hold on the loyalty of its owners.

Three million motorists were recently asked to express an opinion as to what make they expected their next car to be. And those who own Cadillacs led the owners of all makes in saying

they intended to "repeat" on their present cars.

This, of course, is but logical. Wartime driving has made it clearer than ever that Cadillac quality stands alone. Cadillac's beauty and comfort and safety have always been factors which the buyer could see and appraise—but only extended usage can reveal the full value of Cadillac craftsmanship. The years and the miles are unusually kind to a Cadillac.

In the future, as in the past, Cadillac cars will be built in the Cadillac tradition—where craftsmanship is a creed, and accuracy a law. There will be but a single Cadillac standard—and that the "Standard of the World."

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accident, so I doubt if she made any attempt to—"

He asked, angrily, "Are you on her side? Abby, you're an idiot."

"Thanks, too much."

"I didn't mean . . . I'm on edge. Sorry . . . But naturally it's her strategy. Not just since the accident; before. Anything to get me out of the house. I tell you, she has an ungodly influence over him. Last week he had a junior partner in his law firm up here." He shot a glance at her. "Abby, Val's trying to make Uncle Norman change his will. I'm certain of it."

"Oh, Craig!" said Abby wearily.

Craig said, "Well, why should I be nasty nice about it? He always promised me that when he died, I'd have enough to establish my own gallery. He trained me for it. Jay was to have annuity. It's incredible," he added, "that you have no interest in what happens to the money. And if you hadn't been so wrapped up in your own affairs, you would have done something about this—this ridiculous marriage."

Abby laughed suddenly. She had taken off her hat, and the March sun was warm and golden on her hair.

She asked, "What, for instance? I didn't consult Father when I married. It wasn't likely he'd consult me."

He said angrily, "Why didn't you come up last night? Barry came fast enough, to console his ex-girl friend."

Abby sat very still. After a moment she said, "That was a stupid remark."

"I saw them," said Craig, "I went to Val's room to tell her and Barry that Doctor Lansing had returned. They were having a very cozy time . . . drinks on the house, and—"

She said, sharply, "That's enough, I think."

"Okay."

They were silent the rest of the way. Abby sat with her hands in her lap. She saw forsythia spilling like sunshine over the gray stone walls; she saw the wild fruit trees in snowy, early bloom; the wind was soft against her flushed cheeks and the sky a flawless blue.

She thought: Craig's just being vicious. Her father had given her at least one reason why: Val. Craig himself had provided another: the altered will, if the will had been altered. She closed her mind against Craig as she would have closed a door between herself and a stormy night.

When they reached the hospital, high on the hill above a busy small town, "I'm sorry," he said.

"That's all right. You coming in with me?"

"Of course."

The corridors smelled as most hospital corridors do; the nurses were overworked, as are most nurses. Fortunately, there had been a room for Jay—small, but sunny. He lay in bed looking much as ever, dry and sardonic, but his leg monstrous in its splints and what he called "rigging."

Abby bent to kiss his forehead. She said, "This is a fine business."

They sat down, and he smiled at them. He asked, "How's Norman?"

Abby told him. He nodded. He said, "Glad he's all right. I wasn't quite sure. Doctor Lansing might have been soft-pedaling."

"Are you in much pain?" asked Abby.

"Enough. But they have ways of helping. Abby, don't look so worried. I'm all right. Where's your husband?"

"He came up last night," said Abby, "but wouldn't let me come till today. He's in New York now."

Jay said, "With me laid up, Craig, you'll have your work cut out for you."

"Not me," said Craig. "Uncle Norman is shipping me off to Sea Island for, quote, a well-earned holiday, unquote."

Jay looked from Craig to Abby. He said, after a moment, "That's fine. But, without us both—I'll be laid up for quite a while—what does your father expect to do, Abby?"

"He's asked me to come up for a few weeks," Abby answered.

Craig stared at her. "You didn't tell me—" he began.

Abby said, "You gave me little opportunity." She looked at Jay. She asked, "What do you think?"

The old man scowled. He said, "Sounds like a good idea. As long as they keep me here, Abby, I'll stew. You can be liaison officer between me and Norman."

She suggested hesitantly, "There's Val."

BOTH men were silent. Then Jay said casually, "Mrs. Wallace hasn't done much work on the book lately. There's been a good deal of entertaining. Craig took over, for the most part."

"What she knows about it, except for taking shorthand," said Craig, "you could put in your eye and feel no pain. That was façade, Abby, and you know it."

She said uneasily, "She's interested a publisher."

Craig shrugged. "She could do that," he agreed, "if he's a man."

Jay did not like intimate conversations. He said, "I wish you were an Aide here, Abby, it would be very pleasant for me."

Abby and Craig left a little later. On the way back, he asked her, "Are you coming up to stay?"

"I'll have to talk to Barry."

He said, "I don't know how to advise you."

"I haven't," she reminded him, "asked for your advice."

"Naturally. Yet I'll give it. On the one hand, it would be sensible for you to keep an eye on things," he told her flatly. "Matters would be better between you and Uncle Norman; he wouldn't be as easily influenced from outside. On the other— Well, it all comes down to Val."

Abby waited.

Craig said, "You aren't of much help. I

(Continued on page 69)

Hold on!



Blackie: "How thoughtless of somebody to throw this rubber ball into the basket, Whitey."

Whitey: "It must have been a mistake, Blackie—because nobody wants to waste anything these days."

True words, Whitey — especially where BLACK & WHITE is concerned. There isn't too much of it to go around these days, but every drop is precious. So please drink it sparingly until there is a more plentiful supply to go around. (Soon, we hope.)

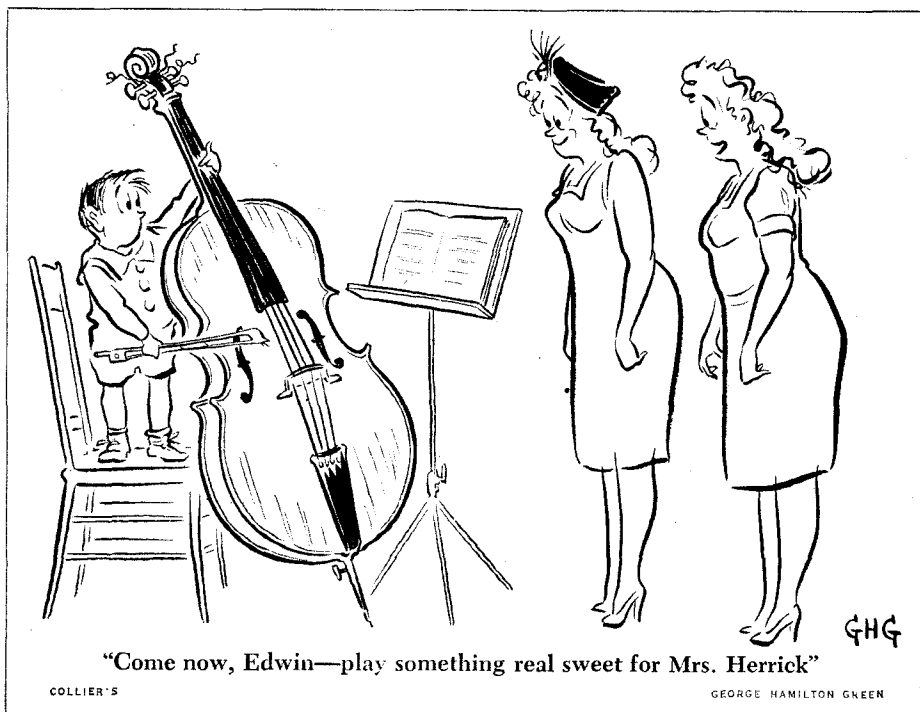


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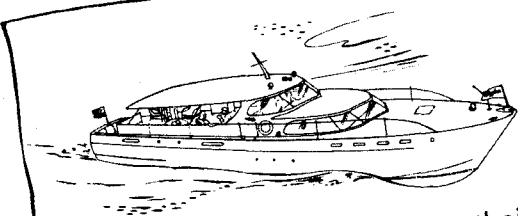
That is why we were called upon to build boats for all the United Nations, even before Pearl Harbor. Invasion beaches do not have wharfs, so Higgins landing boats have led every beachhead assault in this war.

We built PTs that were both fast and unusually stable to weather the angry seas of the Aleutians, the North Sea, the English Channel and Pacific typhoons . . . to sting the enemy where he least expected it. More Higgins-designed boats have been built during the last five years than all other war craft combined.

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Watch for the new Higgins pleasure fleet headlined by the PT Juniors. They will lead the way in peace as their predecessors did in war.



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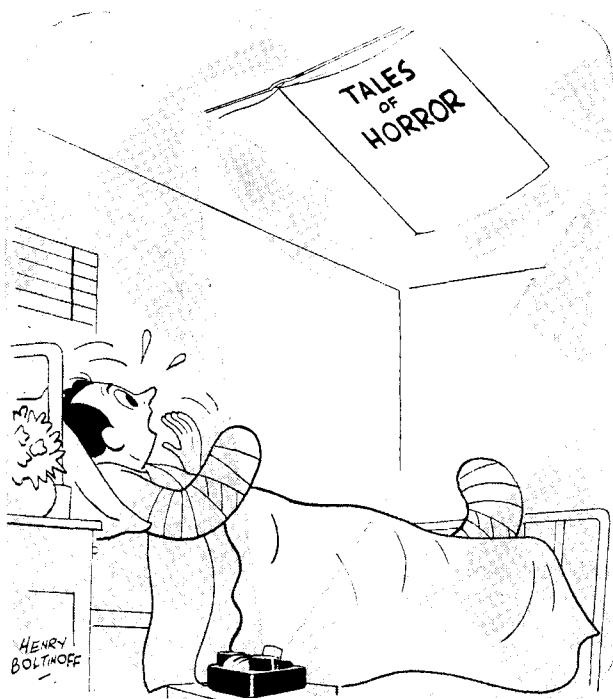
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Your Life

TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY



Easy Does It

A device which projects microprint books a page at a time onto the ceiling. You will lie flat in bed and read, turning the pages with a push button.

No Ironing Cords Tomorrow

Home laundering troubles took a big slump when Grandmother's ugly old flatirons came off the stove and were streamlined and electrified. Soon now you will be halfway back to the days of stove-top heating, but with every advantage of electricity still retained. A cordless electric iron has been worked out and may soon go into production.

To get rid of the cord, the new model has a small metal stand, to be kept at one end of the ironing board and connected to the wall plug. The wire is down behind the board and permanently out of the way. The iron itself still carries the heating element, but current only flows through it when the iron is sitting on the stand, out of use. Two prongs at the back fit into contact holes in the stand, automatically reheating the iron whenever it is put down.

It is big enough to hold the heat for a considerable time and will regain it quickly when returned to the stand. A temperature selector is located there to give whatever heat you want for different kinds of fabrics.

Summer Comfort in Your Car

In our air-conditioned world of tomorrow, every kind of public building and conveyance—even the most inexpensive home—can have year-round fresh, clean air at the best temperature. But what of the family car on a blistering summer day? Future planners have said little about automobile air-conditioning because refrigerating machinery is bulky and expensive and not easily adapted to limited space.

Nevertheless, your car of the future will be as comfortable as your living room, even on the hottest desert trip, if refrigeration by adsorption turns in the performance now expected of it. This well-known principle, already in use in large gas refrigerators, is based on the ability of a porous substance, such as activated carbon, to suck in and hold huge quantities of certain gases, causing them to condense and remain stored there until driven off by heat. This act of seizure forces large amounts of heat out of the captured gas, but only a little heat is required to release it again. Minus its normal heat, the free gas is easily liquefied under

pressure and then evaporated through an expansion valve, where it chills to a very low temperature. This cycle gives one of the most efficient forms of "heat pump" known, the beauty of it being that there are no bulky motors or mechanical compressors to take up space and require attention. Thus, an extremely compact refrigeration system can be built to operate adsorption, once designs have been worked out.

Chemist Donald F. Othmer, whose studies of adsorption will make pint-sized coolers for automobiles a reality, plans to place the adsorbing unit in the engine compartment using waste heat from the motor for "desorbing" the refrigerant. Cooled to liquid form, this will then be piped to evaporators inside the car, where it will provide ample chilling effect. A simple dashboard control will switch the evaporators to heaters for winter use. Carbon-adsorbing material and refrigerant will last indefinitely. The operating cost will be zero, and the price of the whole unit, once in quantity production, should be no more than that of the average car radio.

Athlete's Foot Will Be Stopped

The Hong Kong Itch—commonly known as athlete's foot—is a troublesome disease that few people escape and it causes untold misery and lays up many millions every year. It is usually picked up in swimming pools and on locker-room floors where those who have the infection spread it around with their bare feet. Once caught, it lodges in shoes and stockings and may persist for months or years. So far, there have been cures but no way to prevent its spread. Now a machine is announced that is designed to attack athlete's foot at its source, preventing people from taking it home with them from public places.

The device is a shallow cookie-shaped tank with a grating and filled with a liquid disinfectant that will kill the infection immediately. Stepped upon barefoot, the machine releases a spray upward through the grating and completely covers feet and ankles. A single gallon of antiseptic solution will treat 3,000 people.

Army and Navy and American Medical Association have all endorsed the machine, which is already being made on high priority for the Armed Services. After the war, it is planned to install the sprayers in locker rooms everywhere, so that athletic clubs, school gymnasiums and Y.M.C.A.s can give their millions of patrons complete protection from athlete's foot at the source. A smaller model is being worked out for home use, as an integral part of bathroom equipment. ★★★

The Expendable Heart

Continued from page 67

don't know why I bother to say this, except that I care more about you than anyone in the world. And, thinking only of you, I don't think you'd be very smart if you exposed Barry to Val—day in and day out."

Abby said, "That's not only silly. Craig, it's malicious."

He said again, "Take it or leave it."

WHEN they reached Fairton, Craig waited while she went upstairs to say goodbye to her father.

Standing by the bed Abby made her report on Jay. Wallace listened and said, "He's to have every comfort. I told Doctor Lansing that; I'm telling you so that you'll see to it." He added, "You will come up, won't you, Abby?"

She said, as she had to Craig, "I'll have to talk to Barry." But she added, "Val mightn't like it, Father."

"Valentine?" His eyes were amused. "Why not?"

"It's a fairly delicate situation, isn't it? After all, this is her house. She gives the orders."

"It's mine," he said calmly. "And I give them. You won't be encroaching upon her privileges, my dear. You'll help me. Craig will be away, and Jay. That means I'll need someone to look after visitors in the gallery." Before she could answer, he said, "Talk it over with Barry. I hope he will be amenable."

Abby reached home late in the afternoon, and the telephone rang shortly after she had washed the dust from her face and hands. It was Barry, saying that he'd be late, and why not meet him for dinner at an Italian place they often went to.

She reached the restaurant first and waited at the corner table. Presently Barry came tearing in and sat down. He said, "Hi," and looked at her, a kind of look that was almost as satisfactory as a kiss. He commented,

"You look bushed. Better have a drink. I'll order."

The waiter came smiling; the order was given. Barry leaned back. He said, "Give."

She reported, first on the medical side. "Poor old Jay," she said, her eyes clouding. "He's had, and will have, a wretched time."

"You couldn't kill him with a bazooka, honey," said Barry. The drinks had come, and he lifted his glass. "To us!" he said.

Abby tasted her cocktail, set it down. She said, "Father wants us to come out and live with him for a while."

"Why? As protection against Val?" asked Barry, amused.

She explained. "Do you want it that way?" asked Barry.

She looked at him in open regard. "Not very much," she admitted.

"Well then, hell, say no! You have an excuse. I could come only week ends. I have to go through the motions of my job and, besides, the law class."

She said, "I don't see how I could stand it without you."

"You don't have to. I don't get it, anyway," he said. "Sounds okay on the surface. I suppose. But—"

She said, tentatively, "Craig advised me to say no, too. He said you shouldn't be exposed to Val!"

"He said that? Handsome of him," said Barry. "What a character!"

"He seems to think she's an unexploded bomb," said Abby.

"I've seen 'em," said Barry, "and avoided 'em."

She hesitated; then made up her mind, told him what her father had said of Val and Craig. Barry looked less astonished than she had expected. He remarked, after a moment, "Well, it's logical enough."

"If I don't go," said Abby, "Craig will think—"

"What do you care what he thinks?" "I don't." She lifted her chin.

"Then," asked Barry, as their order came, "what's the matter with you? Write your

father. Say you can't leave town . . . and me." He grinned. "I'll beat you if you do. Tell him that."

She said slowly, "You're out a good deal. I'd see almost as much of you if I did go—"

He put down his fork. "What's this leading up to?" he demanded. "And besides, it isn't true. How about breakfast? And long before breakfast?"

She said, "Craig doesn't want me to go."

"So you've said."

"I don't know about Val. It wasn't discussed with her."

He said, "Oh, for Pete's sake, Val wouldn't care!"

"You know her better than I do," said Abby.

"What does that mean? Make up your mind. If you want to go, go ahead. You're grown up, I hope; you can make up your mind. And it's nothing to me what you do about it. Okay, one way or the other."

"Nothing to you? You mean you wouldn't mind?"

"Don't twist things," he said irritably.

"How like a woman. Sure I'd mind. I'd miss you like the devil. If you want to go, do so. But don't make an issue of it. . . . Hey, were you thinking about the will?"

SHE had told him that, too. She hadn't been thinking about it.

"No, and I don't believe it," she said.

"Craig probably just dreamed it up."

He said, "If there is anything in it, maybe you'd better stick around a while."

"But you've never cared about the money," she reminded him.

"No, and that's a fact. But if your father is planning some shenanigans now—needed by Val—you'd be a dope to sit back and say, 'Let her have the lot.'"

"You're advising me to go?"

"Nope."

She considered a moment. She said presently, "I think I'll go. Barry."

Val telephoned, while Abby was getting breakfast.

"Watch the toast," she told Barry, run-

ning to the phone; "and don't let the coffee perk more than two minutes longer . . . Hello . . ." Her voice changed. "Val? . . . Has anything happened?"

Val said, "Everything's fine. Norman told me just now that he'd asked you to come up. I wish you would, it would be wonderful. But I know how you feel about leaving Barry, and I can manage, darling."

Abby said, "Thanks a lot, Val, but I've decided to come. Next week. I talked it over with Barry, and he wants me to do as I wish."

"Well," said Val, "that's swell . . . for me. I mean. I just didn't want you to sacrifice yourself. I'll tell Norman. He'll be delighted."

"What's on her mind, if anything?" asked Barry, coming in with the percolator.

Abby turned from the telephone table. She said, "Val was calling to tell me I needn't come, as far as she was concerned. She can manage. She put me in my place. Very nicely, of course."

"Which double makes up your mind for you, huh?" said Barry, grinning.

Abby smiled faintly, her face close against him. He thought uneasily: I don't like this. I wish she wouldn't go. I've half a mind . . .

He began tentatively, "Look, kid, if Val gets under your skin, why not call it off?"

She asked gently, "Not scared, are you?"

He jumped up, pulled her out of the chair, and shook her hard. Her hair slipped from the few, treasured pins and fell about her shoulders. He kissed her. He said, "Must you be a so-and-so?"

"Feline? Feminine? Barry, my pins!" she wailed. "They're harder to get than Scotch!"

He helped her retrieve them. He commented, as he straightened up, "When I said I would miss you, it was a masterpiece of understatement."

April was rain and wind and frost; April was March as it should have been, cold and cloudy and biting at your bones. Mrs. Renning sighed every time she turned up the thermostat. Craig had departed. Jay Morris was still in the hospital, Val, busy with clothes and new schemes for redecorating the

HEADACHE?
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"BC"

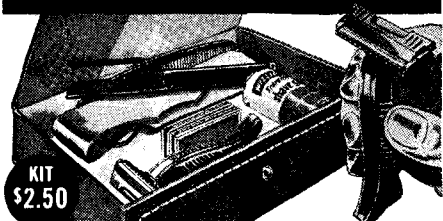
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house, went to town, came back again. . . . Abby worked with her father in the library or took people through the gallery on Thursdays. She saw Jay every day, either as a visitor or as Nurses Aide. Barry came up Fridays, and left early Monday morning. Lying alone in her own bedroom, Abby could almost imagine she was back there, for good. But not quite . . . not while she missed Barry as she did.

Once he managed to come up, midweek, for the night. He'd run into Val, he explained, just as he was buzzing out of the station, to pick up a reservation for his boss.

Abby's delight, so unexpected, so sharp that it was almost painful, was tempered by Val's expression . . . a little smug, a little cream-on-whiskers. She was also looking lovely. A new suit, a wide-brimmed hat. She was having numerous fittings these days, in the city. She observed that she really shouldn't. She had plenty of clothes. It was practically unpatriotic, but "Norman insists," she said.

They were in the drawing room before dinner. Wallace nursed his sherry glass, Barry took a second Martini. A fire snapped on the hearth, and it had begun to rain, rain which was half sleet.

Wallace said tolerantly, "Don't be apologetic, Valentine. The picture deserves its frame." He smiled.

Barry said, "Speaking as a patriot, sir, and One of Our Boys, I freely admit that if decorative women were to be rationed, I would patronize the black market."

Mondays, Val usually went to town with Barry, and if she was in the city Fridays, they came up together. A natural arrangement, Abby told herself, and told herself twice, the time that Barry found he could take an earlier train and telephoned Val. "Chased her all over the damned town, dressmaker to decorator," he said. "I asked her, 'How's about it, baby? Let's scam out of here. I'll buy you a drink first.'"

Toward the end of the month, as the peace rumors increased and nerves were tighter, when radios were turned on early and left on late, Abby went to town for the first time since she had come to her father's. He sent her to attend an auction, as his proxy. It was Friday, and she went in with Val, who was having final fittings. They had arranged to meet Barry at the station and take the five-o'clock.

They reached New York about eleven-thirty. Val asked, going up the ramp, "Let's hope we can get a taxi. I'll drop you—where? Or you drop me?"

"You go on," said Abby. "You've only ten minutes to make your appointment, and I've a phone call to make."

"Barry?" asked Val, and smiled. She patted Abby's arm. She said, "Abby—do you know?—I wouldn't."

ABBY watched her walk through the station, not hurrying. People turned to look. There were whistles from an appreciative group of servicemen.

She went to the telephone and called Barry at his office. She said, "It's me, darling. I was going to try to get my hair washed . . . which takes practically forever. But if you can get away for lunch, I'll skip it. Or if you can't, could you come to the auction? We might have tea or something before train time."

He was tied up, he said. He'd see her at the gate, ten minutes before train time. "Have a good day," he told her.

She was able to have her hair washed, but had time only for a sandwich-and-milk lunch in a crowded place before she went to the auction. She had meant to shop a little.

Her head ached. If she knew Barry were coming, that they would be together, even in this crowd, it would be better.

Stuff in the auction rooms. She felt a little dizzy and confused. The sandwich perhaps—it had had a strange taste.

The afternoon wore on. She saw people she knew, collectors or their agents, owners of commercial galleries. With two of the paintings, a Breughel and a small Corot, she was successful; she paid a little less than her father had instructed. With the third, she was less fortunate; there were higher bids.

She left, and there remained over an hour

before train time. She felt giddy still, slightly seasick. She had a sudden longing for her funny little apartment with its lack of luxury and its crazy rooftop above the noisy street. If she could get a cab she could go down for half an hour; pick up a few things she had forgotten to take with her and which, no matter how often she reminded Barry, he forgot, too.

She found a cab outside the auction rooms and drove to the apartment. She met one of Hageney's best workers as she was going up the steps, a tall, spare woman. They spoke, and Mrs. Eaton said, "We've missed you. I've told Mr. Lambert every time I've seen him to be sure and tell you."

Pleasant to be missed; to feel that she was slowly becoming part of Barry's pattern, a pattern into which Mrs. Eaton fitted. Abby went lightly up the stairs. Someone had a radio on, in the flat below. It made a terrific noise, shouting that victory was nearer every day, victory in Europe. . . .

She put her key in the lock and opened the door.

Val was there—Val and Barry. Sitting together on the couch, their glasses making rings on the table in front of them. Val had been crying. Her powder was streaked, her lipstick blurred. There was lipstick on Barry, too—on his collar, on his cheek. . . .

Abby spoke, as Barry jumped to his feet, and Val, her devastated face shocked into surprise, raised her hands automatically to her disheveled hair.

Abby said pitifully, "Barry, you wouldn't come to the auction room."

She had a sense of disintegration—as if she were falling apart, her tight little world with her, a world both heaven and earth. Her face was crumpled as a weeping child's, but she did not cry. Her eyes were dry; they could see. They saw the quick relief in Barry's eyes, Val's slowly returning self-confidence.

"Abby," said Barry, and came toward her, "darling, I know this looks a little—"

Val interrupted: "Abby, I called Barry. I asked him to see me, where we could talk alone. He had to help me."

Abby heard what they said, but it made no sense. She walked past them without looking at them. She went into the bathroom and

locked the door. Her hands were cold but there was sweat on her palms, her forehead, all over her body. The bathroom was a dark little place. Darker now, but dizzy with flashes of light.

Her knees shook, and hopelessness seized her; it was at the moment purely physical. She was very thoroughly sick.

Barry was hammering on the door. He was shouting, "Let me in, Abby. . . ."

She sat on the floor and put her forehead against the cold rim of the tub. She shook inside. But her hands were steadier; she felt better, and after a while she got up and took a bottle of mouthwash from the shelf. She rinsed her mouth. Then she washed her face. There was powder on the shelf, and a lipstick. She used them.

Barry had stopped hammering. Now, in the living room, he was shouting at Val: "Of all the damned, crazy . . . She's sick, I tell you."

ABBY unlocked the door and walked out. Barry came through the living room and took her by the shoulders. He said, "You'll listen to me."

She looked at him, but she did not seem to see him, and he let her go. She said, "I'm going back to Fairton. You can do as you please." Her voice sounded strange and far-away in her own ears.

She went out then. Nothing Val could say—and she tried to say something—nothing Barry could say or do would stop her. The door closed.

Barry picked up his highball glass. There was still a little in it. He shattered it on the floor. The gesture released the tension in him. He said, "That's torn it."

Val was almost herself. She said, "Don't be dramatic. She's sort of in a state of shock now. She'll get over it. You'll explain—"

"Till I am blue in the face," he assured her. "Where will it get me—even if she says she believes me—if there's always a doubt?"

"That's her hard luck," said Val coolly.

He said, "She hasn't grown up."

"To do her justice, no woman ever grows up sufficiently to face what looks like a situation."

"It doesn't only look like it," he said gloomily.



"I'm so happy! At last I've found a way to keep my husband home nights!"

COLLIER'S

GEORGE HECKAS



HERE'S MORE PROOF OF CHAMPION'S PRESTIGE

● The perfect safety record established by Western Air Lines—the nation's oldest—during over three years of pioneer service to arctic war fronts under the Alaskan Division, of the AAF Air Transport Command, is officially credited to “efficient maintenance and efficient scheduling.” Moreover a plane average of 15.9 hours per day in service was set, and that over rugged U. S.—Alaska—Aleutian routes, a utilization record which again establishes the characteristic dependability of Champion Spark Plugs.

● This and hundreds of other extreme wartime services in which Champion Spark Plugs have distinguished themselves, provide solid evidence of their better performance and greater dependability.

For the Champions you buy for your car today are products of the same research, same basic materials and same precision and engineering standards as the aircraft types, used with such conspicuous success in military and commercial aircraft. When you need new spark plugs demand dependable Champions.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

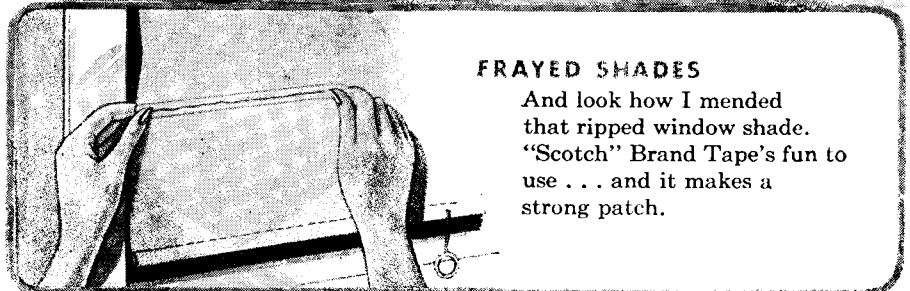
CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY TOLEDO 1, OHIO



"I'm in love with a **STICK-UP GAL!**"



Well,—I am kind of stuck-up at how my "Scotch" Tape jobs are turning out. Look, in a jiffy this torn wall-paper will be all mended.

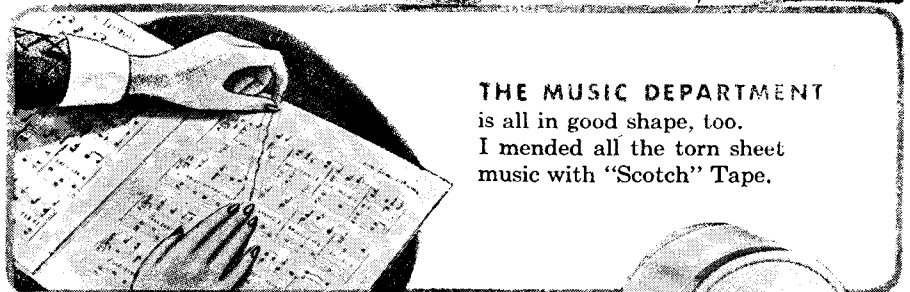


FRAYED SHADES

And look how I mended that ripped window shade. "Scotch" Brand Tape's fun to use . . . and it makes a strong patch.

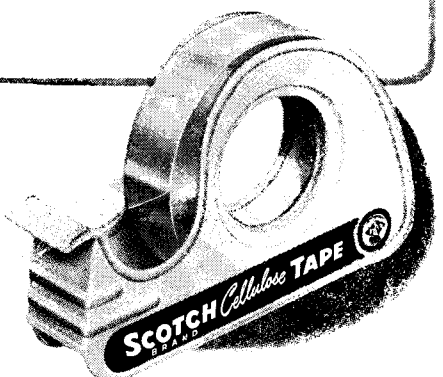
LOOK AT THE LAMP CORDS

All neatly stuck to the baseboards with "Scotch" Cellulose Tape. Now they don't get in the way when I run the vacuum cleaner.



THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT

is all in good shape, too. I mended all the torn sheet music with "Scotch" Tape.



FOR QUALITY ↑ . . . look for the "SCOTCH" trade-mark. It identifies the more than 100 varieties of adhesive tapes made in U. S. A. by Minnesota Mining & Mfg. Co., Saint Paul 6, Minn.

Thank goodness I had a roll of "Scotch" Tape saved up . . . because you can't get any right now. But I hear there'll be some in the stores before long so I'm going to keep on the lookout for it.

IT SEALS • IT MENDS • IT HOLDS

SCOTCH Cellulose TAPE

BRAND

Made only by MINNESOTA MINING & MFG. COMPANY, Saint Paul 6, Minnesota

© 1945 M. M. & M. CO.

Val said, "Well, I tried."
 "Sure, you tried."
 They were silent. He walked restlessly around the room.
 "What do we do next?" asked Val.
 He said, "We get the hell out of here and to Fairton."
 "She may have missed the train," said Val.
 "There isn't another one until around six."
 "We'll take that."
 "All right." Val rose and put her arms around him.
 "Barry, it will be all right," she said.
 He shook her off. "Be yourself. If you break something, it will show where it's been mended. That's not the way I want it."
 She said, "You can always tell the truth; that I threw myself at you."
 "There's more to it than that. I set myself up as a target—out of curiosity, and perhaps vanity. A man doesn't stop being curious or vain because he falls in love and gets married. She's a child, I tell you, and I don't want her to grow up . . . except in her own time and her own way. She hadn't much childhood—not the right kind. In a way, she found what she'd missed, with me. I can't explain that; you wouldn't understand, anyway."
 "Oh, snap out of it," said Val. "She's so crazy about you that you can commit murder and get away with it."
 "I have, in a way, and I didn't get away with it. You and your frustrations!"
 She said coolly, "Okay, blame it on me. But you didn't make it too difficult."
 "Check," said Barry. "And you don't have to tell me that any man who's in his right mind and in love with his wife runs away from his curiosity and his vanity."
 He stopped prowling. He took her by the shoulders and shook her, hard. Her swollen eyes blazed, her hair fell about her face.
 He said, "Suppose you tell the truth. You don't want me. Val—not in the sense you tried to put over, just before Abby came in. You don't want any man. You never have. It's all window-dressing; the come-and-get-me, sultry stuff."
 "Let me go."
 "Sure." He did, so abruptly she nearly fell. He said, "Your marriage must suit you. You don't even have to put on an act. That's what got me when I first knew you. I wasn't sure; I thought I'd like to be. Then I married." His harsh voice broke. "And after that, there you were again, so I kept on wondering."
 She said furiously, "I—I said I love you. You might have—"
 "Never," said Barry. "I might have found out, in my own way, what makes you tick, or that you don't tick at all. But that hasn't anything to do with love. You wouldn't know that."
 She said, "Neither would Abby."
 "She might," said Barry, "some day. Find your things. We're getting out of here."
 "I've got to do my face—"
 "The hell with your face!" he said.

ABBY caught her train. She ran through the gates, swung herself on the last car, and the conductor put out his hand. The train had begun to move.
 "Hey, lady," he said, "take it easy."
 She sat on a dusty red plush seat and shared it with a woman and an agile child who swiveled on his mother's lap, to put sticky, exploring fingers on Abby. She did not notice him or the country through which she passed. She did not think or plan. She sat there, shaking inside, her mind light and unpredictable as a feather in the wind.
 At Fairton she rose. She had wondered about that, briefly. Could she get off at Fairton, or not?
 She got off, and Morton was there with the station wagon. His face was indifferent, regarding her. He asked, "Didn't Mrs. Wallace and Mr. Lambert come up, too?"
 "No."
 He chewed that over in his mind, driving home. It would make table conversation. Mrs. Renning liked a bit of gossip. "Gets off the train looking like death, like she was walking in her sleep. I asks her, perfectly natural and civil, was Mrs. Wallace and Mr. Lambert with her. 'No,' she says, just like that. I said something, driving back, about

the stuff on the radio. 'Do you think the war's really over?' I asked her. She didn't answer. I wonder what gives?'" . . .
 Abby found her father in his library. He looked up as she came in. He said, "Abby, you look tired. Did you have a successful day?"
 "Very successful," she said.
 She began to laugh. Her laughter was rough and high in her throat; it brimmed from her eyes, laughter fluid as tears.
 "Abby!"
 He rose, and came toward her. He asked, "What is it? Abby, stop—at once."
 She said, still laughing, "I can't."

HE SLAPPED her hard, across the face. Abby stopped laughing, but the tears slid slowly down her face.
 He went to a small cabinet, poured a measure of brandy. He said, "Drink this. Drink it, Abby, at once. There's no use calling the servants—or Barry. Where is he, by the way?"
 She drank, and the good fire was in her throat and in her stomach, and briefly the shaking stopped. The tears stopped. But they were there. Some day she would have use for them, she thought; not now.
 She said, "I bid in the Breughel and the Corot—under your figure. But the Monet—"
 He said, "Never mind the paintings. Where are Valentine and Barry?"

LINGERIE

"Save Paper!"

Abby slid herself against the back of the chair and looked at him, her eyes too wide. She said levelly, "As far as I know, in my apartment."
 "What are you trying to say?"
 She answered docilely, "After the auction I had over an hour before train time. I didn't feel well. I went to the apartment, rather than try to shop."
 He said impatiently, "Well?"
 "Val was there," she said, as a child recites a lesson, "and Barry. They were sitting on the couch. Val had been crying. Her lipstick was all over—on the edge of the high-ball glasses, on Barry."
 He said reasonably, "Abby, control yourself. There may be an explanation."
 She said, "You are Val's husband. Do you think there is one?"
 "My dear, I am sure of it." He was solicitous, undisturbed. This troubled her vaguely. It was out of drawing. But she didn't care. She looked down at her fingers laced together.
 Her headache was worse; and the sick, swirling sensation had returned.
 Wallace said, "You look very pale. Why not go upstairs and lie down? Surely Barry and Valentine will be on the next train. We can discuss this then, together."
 "The next train? I don't want to see them. I—"
 He said, "You won't have to until you wish. Go upstairs, get into bed, have something to eat."
 She shook her head, swallowing, and Wal-



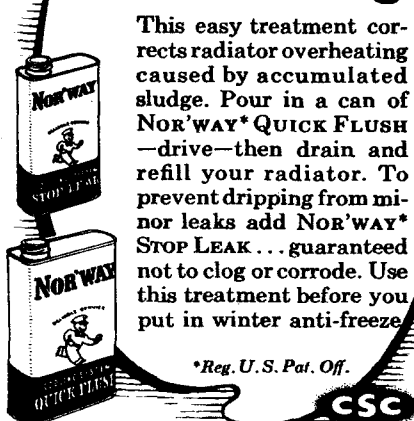
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This easy treatment corrects radiator overheating caused by accumulated sludge. Pour in a can of NOR'WAY* QUICK FLUSH—drive—then drain and refill your radiator. To prevent dripping from minor leaks add NOR'WAY* STOP LEAK... guaranteed not to clog or corrode. Use this treatment before you put in winter anti-freeze.

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Given a little leeway, fleas'll spread faster than the cat takes the tree when I chase her... make my life miserable, too.

Let's give 'em the old ONE-TWO. Regular weekly dustings of Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA Powder on my coat and undersides kill fleas on the spot.

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Now's the time to start a SKIP-FLEA knock-out. You can get both powder and soap at the drug or pet store... and a FREE new Sergeant's Dog Book, too. Or use this coupon—

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Dept. 2, H. Richmond 20, Virginia. Send the FREE 40-page illustrated Dog Book to:

Name _____
Address _____
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For more flea control—Pat

lace asked, "There was a scene at the apartment?"

His voice was quiet; and his eyes eager. But she did not look at him.

She said flatly, "I didn't make one. I was just sick."

"Sick? Literally? You mean nauseated?" She said, "I'd eaten in a hurry... something bad, I suppose."

Wallace said, "I'll call Lansing and have him look you over. Have you considered another possibility?"

She did not reply.

He went on, "Perhaps you are pregnant. It might also account for your emotional disturbance."

"No," she said, with tired violence. But she was thinking of something else: The train. Any train which might bring Val and Barry back. She rose and pushed back her chair.

"I won't stay here," she said.

"Where will you go?"

"I don't know."

He asked, "What are your plans?"

"I just want to get away," she said.

Wallace took the house phone and spoke into it. He said, "Find Morton, have him bring the station wagon." He asked, "If you have no plans, have you money?"

"Enough." She stood looking at him. She said, "You don't believe that I saw anything—"

"Of course," he said. "It isn't, however, what you saw but what you read into it. However, I am not inimical to the idea of a break between you and Barry. In fact, I am so agreeable to it that I lean backward, to be fair. I told you once that you need not come to me if you found you had made a mistake. I retract that. If, on mature consideration, you wish a divorce, it can be quietly arranged—that is, if Barry will not contest it. If he does, that will be another matter. You understand that the grounds would have to be quite conventional—cruelty, desertion?"

She was walking out of the room, out of the house. Let her go. She would return. He spoke into the house phone again. "Have Morton report to me before he takes Mrs. Lambert to the station," he said.

He thought: She'll be packing a bag. She was not; it did not occur to her. She went out, saw the station wagon roll up and got in. Morton came around to the door. He said, "I have to see Mr. Wallace first."

THE initial warning of caution crept into her mind. She sat holding her purse. Where was she going? How? She knew where, on inspiration. She opened the purse and counted the money. She had to use it; there was no other way.

Morton came back, and Abby said, "The railroad station. The northbound platform." He waited while she was in the station. If she came out and saw him, he could say he was waiting for Mrs. Wallace and Mr. Lambert. It was the truth.

She saw him through the window. She went back to speak to the stationmaster. She had known him all her life. She said desperately, "Mr. Elder—" When he looked at her over his glasses, she went on, "Morton is outside. He may come in later and ask you where I went. I'd rather you didn't tell him—or anyone." She repeated, "Anyone."

Elder regarded her. Pretty thing; always liked her; she looked peaked, now. He thought tolerantly: Had a fight with her husband, maybe. Well, they'll make up. Marry in haste, he thought, that's what I always say.

Aloud he said briefly, "I won't tell anyone. Unless they come with a badge and make me."

The train came in. A local as far as the town beyond Fairton, then an express. She saw them down the platform—Barry, Val. They didn't look toward her. She felt her knees shake. She got in and said breathlessly to the conductor, "Is there a chair car?"

There was, but the seats were taken. He might do something for her later; she'd better go in the diner now.

But her hands were cold, her head was hot, the thought of the diner made her sick. "I'll just stay here," she said faintly.

Barry raced up to Morton. He said, "Mrs. Lambert came in on the five-o'clock?"

Morton answered, savoring the moment. "Yes, sir. But she just left on your northbound. I saw her," he said.

"Northbound?" Barry stared at him. "Are you crazy?"

"No," said Morton, annoyed. "Mr. Wallace told me to ask where she took her ticket to, at the station."

"I'll do any asking," said Barry and went in. The waiting room was small, it smelled of dust, smoke and people. The stationmaster was closing up for a couple of hours. Barry pounded on the wooden shutter, and it opened.

ELDER regarded him mildly. He said, "I'm going home, Bud, no train for a spell."

Barry said, "My wife—she just took the northbound train. Where did she go?"

"Don't believe as I know your wife."

"You know her," Barry contradicted. "Abby... Abby Wallace."

"Oh, her." The old man shook his head. He said, "Dave's left."

"Dave?"

"The other man. Might be he sold her a ticket. I wouldn't know."

He banged the shutter closed.

When they reached the house, Wallace was waiting for them in the drawing room. He looked from one to the other. Val had repaired the damage to her face, but her eyes

and said, evenly, "Val phoned me. She said she had to see me. She said she was beside herself. She suggested the apartment, knowing that Abby was at the auction. Like a damned fool, I met her there."

"And?"

Barry shrugged. He said, "All right, you asked for it: She said she couldn't stand this place or you any longer. She wanted out—a divorce. She asked me to help her."

"How?"

"Money. She told me you give her practically no cash, simply unlimited charge accounts."

"That's right," agreed Wallace. "It's a sensible practice with a woman."

Val cried, "If you two think I'm going to stand here—"

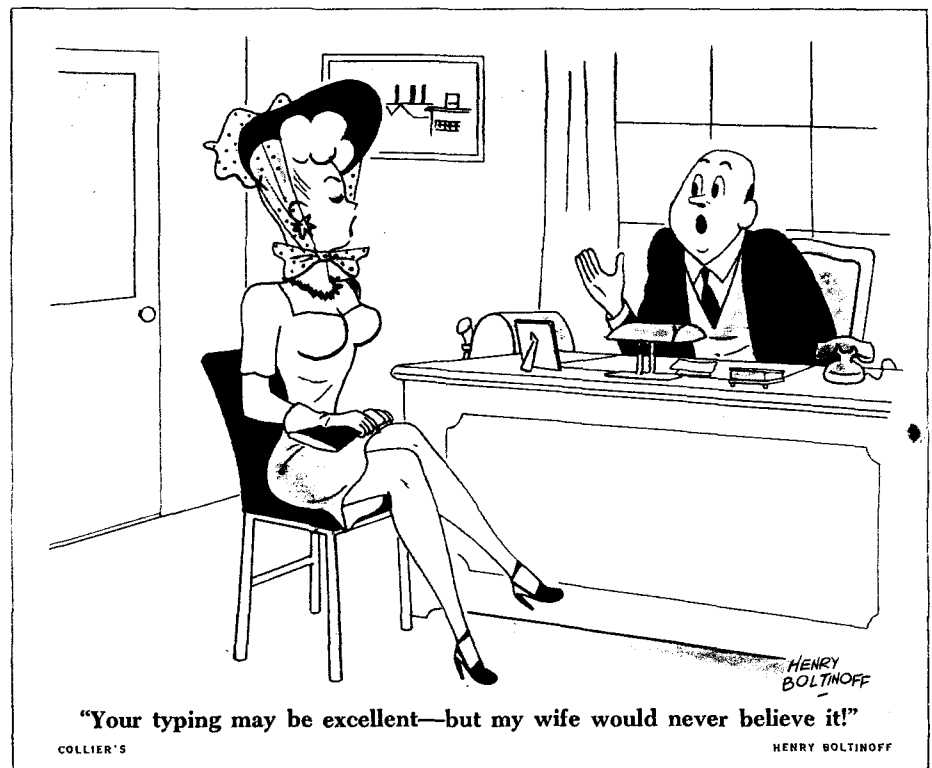
"I told her," said Barry, "I'd let her have the money. Up to that point, it was all very kosher. Afterward..." He looked sickened. He added, "It doesn't matter. It was a good act. I wasn't having any, but for the moment, it took me in."

Wallace said, "Valentine isn't going to divorce me. She doesn't want to, Barry. Do you, my dear?" he asked her pleasantly.

She said sullenly, "No."

Wallace chuckled. A detached observer would have concluded he was having a very good time.

"Unless, of course, her act, as you call it,



"Your typing may be excellent—but my wife would never believe it!"

COLLIER'S

HENRY BOLTHOFF

were reddened. He asked solicitously, "Have you had dinner?"

"We have not," Barry was shouting again. "Where's Abby? What happened? Morton told me she got on our train, headed north. The old fool at the station wouldn't tell me where she'd gone. Said he hadn't sold her a ticket."

"Perhaps he didn't," said Wallace mildly. "And she didn't take me into her confidence. I'm afraid I gave her the idea that you might be in on this train. She probably went as far as Longfield where she could wait for a train back to New York. If she saw you and Valentine on the platform, she may go to her apartment; or, as an alternative, to your mother's."

Val said, "I'm going to my room. Where Abby goes is not my—"

"Shut up," said Barry, and Wallace raised his eyebrows. He said sharply, "This is my house, Barry. And that's a curious tone to take to my wife."

Barry said, "The hell with that! I'm going to find Abby and shake some sense into her."

Her father said, "She didn't look as if she could weather a shaking. She returned from town to me." His voice rose a little. "She reported the situation in which she found you and Valentine. I haven't heard your side, of course. I would be glad to hear what you have to say."

"Barry—" began Val.

He looked at her. He turned to Wallace

had succeeded," he amended. "She's quite capable of the gesture known as the double cross."

Val cried, "Don't listen to him, Barry. He put me up to this... oh, not in so many words, he's too clever for that; but through suggestions and implications. He wanted you to make love to me; wanted Abby to find out."

Barry said, his muscles very tight, "Say that again."

SHE said, "He hated you; he was never reconciled to Abby's marriage; he thought he'd make it fail. He married me, because he knew that..."

"Valentine," said Wallace, breaking in smoothly, "has always been fond of you, Barry—in her way."

"A convenient arrangement," said Val bitterly. "Spend his money, within limits; sit at his table, eat his food, but sleep in my own bed. I thought: Pretty soft! It was all right with me. I don't like Abby any better than Norman likes you; and when he got her back, I could get out on my own terms."

Barry said, "You make me sick at my stomach, both of you." He turned. "I hope to God I never see either of you again. Abby and I will get along without you."

He slammed out of the room, out of the house.

"So what?" Val asked her husband. Her



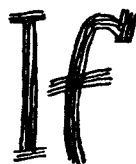
DON'T BLOW IT

Oh, workman or scholar,
Hang on to your dollar
And do not spend it soon,
For every cent
Unwisely spent
Inflates the price balloon.



IT MAKES SCENTS

To market (black market) to spend lots of jack
Careless of how many ceilings you crack,
To market (black market) where prices are dear,
—Gosh, there's a terrible smell around here.



If you can keep your head and calmly ponder
How silly spending drives the prices high;
If you can save the cash you'd like to squander
And only buy the things you need to buy;
If you can do your part to fight inflation
By simply being thrifty with your pelf,
You'll do a vital service to the nation
And—furthermore—you'll benefit yourself.

Bonds you buy with payroll earnings,
Help fulfill your future yearnings.

NO GAMBLE

When the war is over, will the prices
rise or fall?
We do not know the answer, and
nobody does, at all.
But this much we can prophesy—
whichever way they go:
You will find it more convenient if
you've saved a little dough.



Money in your pocket,
Take it out and sock it
Into War Bonds, which
Help to make you rich.

DOUBLE AND NO QUILTS

When you boost your paycheck quota and allot it
To another bond—it's pretty soft for you!
For, although you've spent your money—you
have got it,
And the Interest is interesting too.

POINTED RHYMES FOR TRYING TIMES

by
Berton Braley

*Here is wisdom by the peck
Versified to save your neck!*



WHO? ME?

There was a little dope with a fat
pay envelope
And she spent every cent that
was in it.
And she wondered, by-and-by,
why the prices rose so high,
But she didn't blame herself for
a minute.



INFLATIONARY MARY

Inflationary Mary spills
This silly kind of chatter:
"My little teeny-wee bills
And spendings do not matter.

"And if I cheat a little bit
On rationing and ceilings
The Nation's welfare isn't hit
By my small lawless dealings!"

Inflationary Mary's wrong,
For she'd be much to blame
If people in a mighty throng
Should say and do the same.

Small spendings, in the aggregate,
Reach sums extraordinary,
So let's not try to imitate
Inflationary Mary.



ADVERTISERS, PUBLISHERS—NOTE:

You are welcome to use all or
any part of the material on this page to aid
the fight against inflation.



SNAKE IN THE GAS

There was a crooked man and he
lived in crooked style,
He dealt at crooked markets with a
smugly crooked smile.
He viewed himself as clever with
his crooked ration book,
But everybody knew him for a
crooked little crook.



THE GANG'S ALL HERE

You may ask, "Why should *my* spending
Cause inflationary trending
Though I squander every penny I have got?"
—If you're joined by sixty millions
Of civilians blowing billions,
You'll discover that it matters quite a lot!



YOU CAN LAY TO THAT

As the best egg for a nest-egg
Buy a War Bond—buy a batch.
But you gotta keep 'em settin'
Or they ain'ta gonta hatch!

Save your pay
Here's a way—
Bonds and savings and insurance
Give your future more endurance.
Mrs., Mister,
Brother, Sister,
Don't compete in buying things—
That is whence inflation springs



ONE PERSON CAN START IT!

You give inflation a boost

—when you buy anything you can do without
—when you buy above ceiling or without giving
up stamps (Black Market!)
—when you ask more money for your services or
the goods you sell.

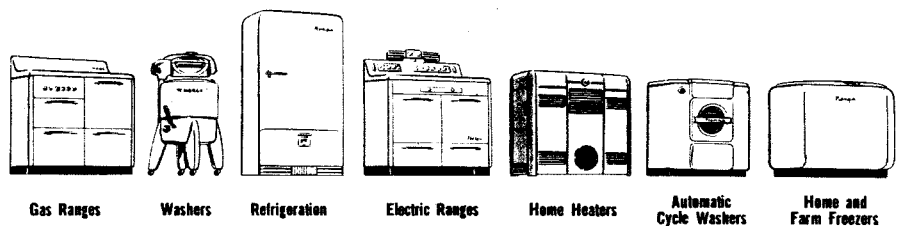
SAVE YOUR MONEY. Buy and hold all the
War Bonds you can afford—to pay for
the war and protect your own future.
Keep up your insurance.



" MOMMY, MAY I HAVE SOME BREAD ... AND JAM ?"

Don't scold . . . to her the big, easy-opening, quiet-closing refrigerator is quite as fascinating as a pre-Christmas closet! It's a Norge refrigerator, and in it, of course, is the *Rollator*, the world-famous "cold-maker" that took needless cost and confusion out of electric refrigeration. Also, there's the *Night Watch*, a sort of second conscience which "remembers" to defrost for you *every night*; the safety-sealed *Fast Freezer* for the preparation of frozen delicacies and the storage of frozen foods; the vegetable-keeping *Hydrovoir*; the meat-preserving *Coldpack*; the *Lazilatch*, which requires only a caress to spring open the door for you. In all, there are forty-odd features of design and construction—all of them time-tested and time-proved, *not one* a "whimsy" or fad of the moment. And it's that way, too, with the other Norge products: automatic cycle washers, home and farm freezers, electric ranges, Ro-ta-tor washers, gas ranges and home heaters. Each is precision-built and practical—each is capable of performing, superlatively well, its home-helping function—each is a *better product for a better world*. You'll understand what we mean when it's time for you to inspect . . . and select . . . your Norge.

**SEE
NORGE
BEFORE YOU BUY**



A BORG-WARNER INDUSTRY

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In Canada: Addison Industries, Limited, Toronto, Ontario.

mouth was unsteady. "What will he do now?" "Look for her. He'll find her, sooner or later."

"Will she believe him?"

"Possibly." He regarded her gravely. "Go up and change. I have told Mrs. Renning that dinner would be very late. Would you care for a cocktail? Abby had brandy," he said conversationally. "She looked bad. She was hysterical. It occurred to me that she may be pregnant."

Val said, "If she is, then you'll never get her back."

Wallace looked beyond Val. "It is difficult to think of her. I remember her mother," he said. "Her beauty obliterated. Her . . . value . . ."

Val stared at him. "Sometimes," she said, "I think you're quite insane."

"No." He smiled. "Merely a perfectionist."

"I'm leaving you," she said abruptly.

"I think not. I would contest a divorce, Valentine, even if you were able to obtain the necessary funds. You are too enamored of your person to permit its possession, yet too self-confident; you have not always been discreet. Certain of your admirers are in straitened circumstances and would testify for a price. Some men consider such testimony an accolade. Besides, it would recompense them for—your failure to follow through. So, you'll remain with me. At my age, it cannot be for long."

She was white. She said huskily, "You'll live. Your heart is sound. Doctor Lansing told me, at the time of the accident. Barry said, on the train, that you'd told Abby it wasn't; she'd repeated that to him. Oh, your heart is bad enough—but not that way. I told him what Lansing had said."

"That is immaterial now." He rose. "Reconcile yourself," he advised. "You have diversions. We understand each other, and on that basis will get along very well."

"But why?" she asked, reduced to simplicity. "You dislike me. You always have. I know it now."

"I have no wish to lose face," he answered.

"My daughter has left me. My wife must not. You'll remain."

Valentine went, without another word, in defeat, and Wallace walked through to the gallery. He stayed there, for a time, looking at his paintings. He still had them. . . .

It was very late when Abby reached the Vermont village, off the main line. It was cold. Recently it had snowed. She asked for directions and walked the short distance to a small house on a side street. The hills beyond were darker than the night.

It took a few minutes to arouse Mrs. Gambel. When the lights came on and the door opened, Abby said falteringly, "I—I came . . ."

Mrs. Gambel was speechless with astonishment, but there was no time to consider that. Abby felt herself falling, into darkness and heat and misery. She felt arms about her; and no more.

IN THE spare room the sun shone, streaking the counterpane. Abby wore a nightgown belonging to Mrs. Gambel. Mrs. Gambel's nightgowns were crinkled seersucker, violently colored, as practical and alluring as an egg beater. Abby was very white, but her head was clear. She listened to the doctor, who was unlike the village doctors you read about. His manner was informal as Main Street but assured as Park Avenue.

She repeated incredulously, "Just intestinal flu?"

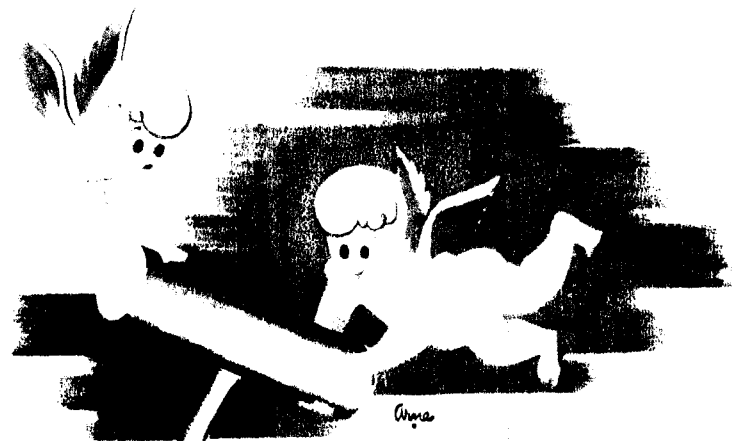
"That's right. Sudden, sharp, mercifully brief. The trip didn't help—nor your fainting spell. But you'll be all right if you stay in bed."

She said, "I felt so ill, on the train . . . I thought I might be pregnant, and I was frightened."

"You aren't pregnant," said the doctor. "But if you were, what's frightening about it? You're normally healthy. It's a natural process."

She said, as if to herself, "But it wasn't the solution."

When downstairs, he gave Mrs. Gambel her orders, the doctor said, "All this has



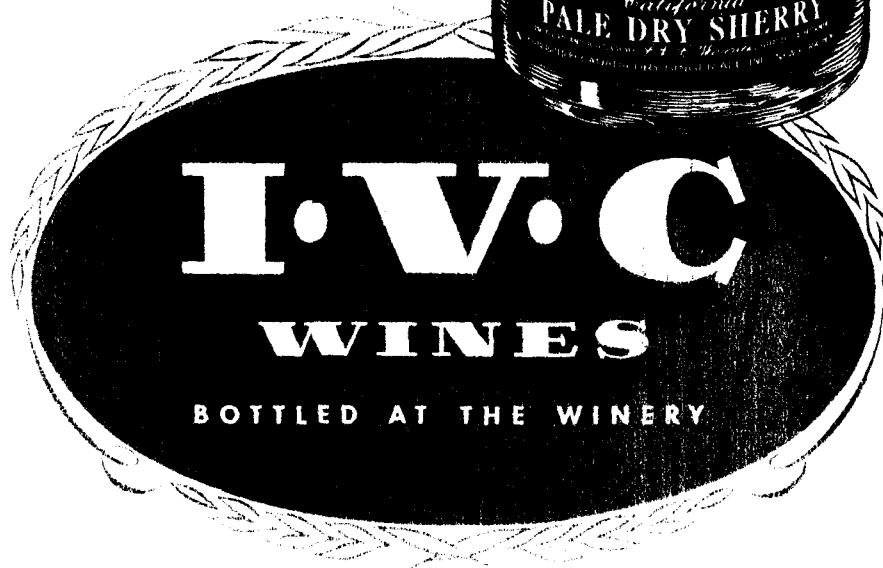
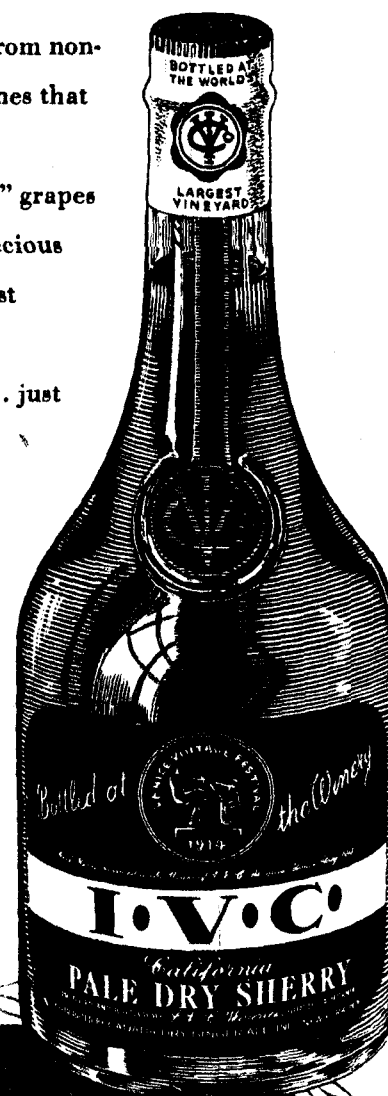
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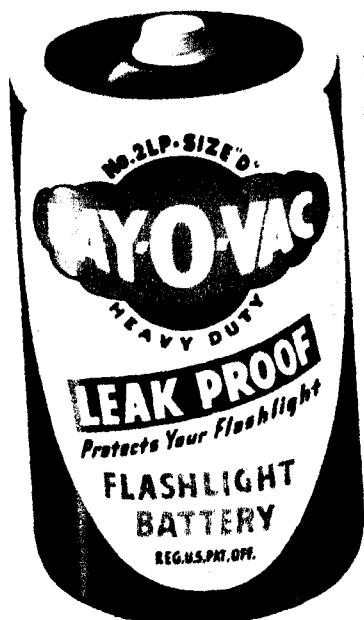
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BY EDWIN LANHAM

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been complicated by some sort of emotional shock."

He looked inquiring, but Mrs. Gambel left it at that; none of his business. Abby hadn't let her call him until morning. Mrs. Gambel had put her to bed and stayed with her for what was left of the night. Abby wouldn't remember that night. She had been half out of her mind. Last night she had slept, and this was the second morning.

But Mrs. Gambel would remember. If Barry Lambert found his way here, she'd a mind to shut the door in his face.

When he came, she opened it; she saw he was as drained as a man could be and still stay on his feet.

"She's here? She must be," he said. "Where is she?"

"Not so fast," said Mrs. Gambel. "She has the flu, Mr. Lambert, and is in no condition—"

But he brushed past. He was halfway upstairs, and Abby's door was open. Mrs. Gambel heard it close. She sat down in her small parlor to wait.

"ABBY?" Barry sat on the bed, holding her. She was very light and had no strength. She could not free herself, if she wished. "There was nothing. . . . I swear it. She wanted to divorce Wallace. She came to me for money. He sees to it that she has none. I thought you'd want me to, so I said: Sure, we'd help. She began to cry then." He swallowed. "Loving you as I do doesn't immunize me against looking at a pretty woman, even speculating about her; but it does against loving anyone else as long as I live. Believe that. . . . Try to understand it."

She felt him close, solid, the only reality. She said, "I do, I think. I'd decided to come home to you when I was well enough. I've been lying here, thinking. My father said he married Val to protect me. It was part of a plan—his plan—to estrange me from you, through her. I don't see it clearly yet, but —was that it, Barry?"

"That's right. Val told me as much. He was there and he didn't deny it. Don't talk about it now. Later if you wish; or never. There's only one important thing: You believe me, Abby?"

"Yes."

He said, "You don't have to see either of them again. I don't think she'll go on planning for a divorce. Maybe she never meant to. I don't know. As long as there's anything in it for her, she'll stay Mrs. Norman Wallace. And there's nothing wrong with his heart. Lansing swears it. That was an act, part of the pattern."

After a while, she asked, "How did you know I was here?"

"I didn't. I called the hotels. Mother's apartment from our place; and finally Emerson. He reminded me that once before you'd asked Mrs. Gambel to help you."

She said, "Barry, I felt dreadful at the auction, and afterward. When I reached Fairton and told Father, he suggested that I was pregnant. I thought maybe he was right. But it wasn't the answer. If we were to have any future together, it couldn't be based on that. But I'm not pregnant," she said. "The doctor told me it was just the flu."

He said, "What an anticlimax." He kissed her. "When you do have a baby, I hope it's a boy. Girls are a headache. Love me?"

"Always. Don't kiss me, Barry, you'll catch the flu."

"If I do, you'll have to wait till you can take me home. Can Mrs. Gambel put me up, in sickness or in health? We're free, Abby. We can make a good life. Even useful, perhaps. You're growing up. Not too fast, though. I wouldn't want that."

They could talk this out afterward, all the time in the world. He thought: Nothing had been shattered. What was mutually theirs remained whole.

She was drowsy. She said, "I feel new . . . and so happy." The assurance she had sought and never quite found was hers now. She was certain of it. Having found it, she would never lose it. Her eyelids closed. She said, "You do belong to me."

"Abby, how many times have I told you?" But she was sleeping, her pallor faintly flushed, her lips redder. The heavy golden braids were across his arm. Looking at her, he said softly, with incredulity and resignation, "All right, darling. As much as any man can, to any woman, and for what it's worth—I believe I do!"

THE END



"Judge Creedon was played by Stephen Rome, who also portrayed the role of Colonel Shipley"

COLLIER'S

MISCHA RICHTER

Savior from Texas

Continued from page 13

crystal. While the overwrought Mr. Ulrey was catching his breath, Mr. Muse riffled a sheaf of checks just received. There were about a dozen of them for from five to two hundred and fifty dollars. We did not get the names of the authors. How many of them came from Christian American's Advisory Board is known only to Mr. Muse who steadfastly refuses to name them. They serve, says he, with the understanding that their connection with his organization be given no publicity. There are, he went on, twenty of them and they are all "men of substance, Christian patriotism, undiluted Americanism and unimpeachable integrity."

However, he has among his mailing lists about 4,500 supporters who are good for three or four touches a year—citizens whose opinions about labor unions, Communism, Negroes, Jews, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Mrs. Roosevelt and similar "un-American influences" coincide with his and Mr. Ulrey's.

When Christian American was saving Arkansas by ballyhooing the God-Given Amendment into her constitution, the contributors came through with \$67,873.49. Mr. Muse says that almost three quarters of this came from farmers, ranchers and "slaves of labor unions who appealed piteously to us to help them throw off the racketeer's yoke." Out of this, he goes on, he paid himself a mere \$4,452.85 in salary. Of course, he had some personal expenses, not specified, and there were such things as office rent, printing, mimeographing and so forth. The mimeographing is done by Mrs. Muse who also gets a salary, which, you must agree, is only fair. Out of this \$67,873.49, too, came the salary of Mr. Val Sherman, Mr. Muse's assistant, who did most of the lobbying in Little Rock. Mr. Sherman gets \$300 a month. Saving America from New Dealers, labor unions and Communism (the three being just about synonymous in Christian American's book) costs about \$3,000 a month, although both Mr. Muse and Mr. Ulrey regret almost tearfully that they cannot contribute their talents to this patriotic cause without asking financial help.

Incidentally, Mr. Ulrey gets no salary from Christian American. He is content merely with lending his hoarse pen, his book learning, his prejudices and his time to the cause. He is about seventy. His income derives from the Maco Stewart oil, real-estate and finance interests of Galveston, Houston, Dallas and San Antonio, which he serves as geologist and engineer.

Christian American has other expenses, too. For example, when Mr. Muse wanted someone to case the legislatures of North and South Carolina and of Georgia in the interests of the God-Given Amendment and his set of labor union regulators, he hired Mr. Buck Taylor of Austin, editor of an occasionally issued political clip sheet called The Middlebuster, and now and then an invariably unsuccessful candidate for political office.

Mr. Muse Won't Talk

Mr. Taylor got \$1,500 for that job, and while Mr. Muse will not say that it wasn't worth it, we were unable to get him on record one way or another. Mr. Taylor, a shrewd and agreeable gentleman who looks like a rodeo edition of Mr. Pickwick, is not a regular on Christian American's pay roll. He had this to say about Mr. Muse:

"Vance Muse is a personal friend of mine, a fine American citizen, an honorable Christian gentleman—in fact, okay."

Christian American was incorporated by Mr. Muse in Texas in 1936. The legal papers say: "This corporation is formed for educational purposes; to publish and distribute Christian American literature of a nonpartisan and nonsectarian nature for the promotion of Americanism, religion and righteousness, and to conduct a program of education and organization to combat Communism, Fascism, Nazism, Socialism, Atheism and other alien 'isms' designed to destroy faith in God and Jesus Christ, the Church, the home, and the American system

of one's own conscience. This corporation is not organized for profit and has no capital stock."

At the time, Mr. Muse was casting about for a new outlet for his highly specialized talents. For twenty years he had served a number of America-savers as organizer, contribution hustler and general shill. But the outlook had become a bit foggy, and his current patron, the late Mr. John Henry Kirby, a wealthy oil and lumber man for whom Mr. Muse was publicity shouter and representative on the staffs of a number of America-savers, was apparently becoming discouraged. Mr. Kirby—"Uncle John"—was a rugged individualist, hating Mr. Roosevelt with a spectacular fury. But being a shrewd man, he was beginning to suspect that there was nothing he could do about it—nor could Mr. Muse do anything, either. Mr. Muse, however, was not discouraged. His experiences as a havoc crier had been rich and profitable. Here are a few of the outfits he had served in the capacities stated above:

Southern Tariff Association, Texas Businessmen's Associates, Texas Farmers Union, American Taxpayers League, Southern Committee to Uphold the Constitution, Texas Tax Relief Committee, Election Managers Association, Order of American Patriots, Southern Republican Council, League of Ten Million, Dirt Farmers Association and the National Council of State Legislatures. The latter is not to be confused with the National Council of State Governments.

In Agreement on Plans

In their objectives they were all pretty much alike: tax reductions for their subscribers, resistance to liberal social and economic trends, anti-labor-union and, after 1932, anti-New Deal. If you simply can't get along without details, consult the reports to Congress made by three senatorial investigating committees—Senator Thaddeus Caraway's in 1929, Senator Hugo Black's in 1936, and Senator Theodore Francis Green's in 1944. Mr. Kirby who, according to Mr. Muse, "revered the Constitution as second in sacredness only to the Holy Bible," was a heavy contributor to some of the above organizations. So was the late Maco Stewart, Sr., founder of the corporation for which Mr. Ulrey is a geologist. In addition, Mr. Ulrey "took charge of the antiradical activities of Maco Stewart & Son." The quotes are from a pronouncement by Christian American.

Actually Mr. Muse did not appear before Senator Green's inquiry into campaign expenditures. He notified the senator that the latter's summons had been consigned to the wastebasket. He got away with it, too. Nothing but wordy tut-tuts came of any of these investigations, although they all deplored Mr. Muse and his activities.

As long ago as 1918, Mr. Muse was a whipper-in for fund-raising outfits. At that time he was collecting from railroads who wanted the Adamson 8-hour-day bill nullified. For that cause, he helped pile up \$250,000, of which he got his cut. As a roundup worker for the American Taxpayers League and the Southern Tariff Association, he drew a base pay of \$600 a month, and there was an agreement whereby he and his sister, Mrs. Ida M. Darden, a co-worker, were to share in ten per cent of everything over \$100,000 harvested in their territory of eighteen states.

The agreement stipulated that they were to receive forty per cent of all checks they fetched in, but the Caraway Committee was unable to learn whether they actually got that much. Nevertheless, those were Mr. Muse's best days. For the American Taxpayers League and the National Council of State Legislatures, dedicated to sharp reductions in subscribers' taxes and the abolition of inheritance taxes, Mr. Muse and his colleagues collected more than a million dollars.

It is not improbable that Mr. Muse's mind was dwelling on those elegant days when, prospecting for a new and gainful way of saving America, he presented himself in cowboy boots, gorgeous flannel shirt and ten-gallon hat at Macon, Georgia, where the Honorable Ole Gene Talmadge, then governor, was throwing a Grass Roots Rally to see what he and such patriots as the Rev.



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The Vitamin A in 3 boiled eggs!

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The Vitamin B₁ in 4 slices of whole wheat bread!

PLUS

The Vitamin B₂ G in 4 servings of spinach!

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The Vitamin D in 3 servings of beef liver!

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The Niacin in 3 servings of carrots!

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The Iron in 1/2 pound of beef!

PLUS

The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings of cauliflower and 1 serving of cooked green beans combined!

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LEMON and WATER
...first thing on arising



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Gerald L. K. Smith, the Detroit rabble-rouser, and the likes, might do about confounding Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

It was there while Mr. Muse and Mr. Smith were comparing notes but nevertheless wary of each other, as business competitors are likely to be, that Mr. Ulrey, a free-lance hater, entered Mr. Muse's life. There's a good deal of similarity between Mr. Smith and Mr. Muse. They're both huge men, Mr. Muse being somewhat the larger—six feet four and weighing two hundred and fifty. It is his size, among other properties, that have made him known in Southern labor circles as The Big Fink and Jumping Jumbo.

Mr. Muse is slightly older than Mr. Smith but looks a trifle more rugged. This is enhanced by a deep scar on his right cheek, the origin of which is something of a mystery. For a spell, while at liberty from fund collecting, Mr. Muse was a federal prohibition agent. And while Mr. Muse is not, like Mr. Smith, an ordained preacher, he is no less handy with Biblical quotations. At the top of Mr. Muse's business stationery, there are the Cross and the Flag so piously used by Mr. Smith.

The pair use similar pressure methods, neither wasting much time putting the direct squeeze on individual legislators but preferring (to quote Mr. Muse) to "contact the good people at the forks of the creek and the far-down crossroads." In other words, the old constituent crush. Mr. Muse says that Christian American is an independent outfit—no branches, no agents.

When Mr. Ulrey joined Mr. Smith and Mr. Muse at Ole Gene's tub thump, he delivered himself of a group of scorching opinions about "the coming Armageddon—the great struggle between Christianity and Jewish Marxism." Also he held forth on "the Talmudists" and the "capture of the New Deal by the Sanhedrin." And he had a thing or two to say about the Protocols of The Elders of Zion. Also he was sore at something he called The Hidden Hand.

Before he had finished, doubtless out of breath, he had polished off Felix Frankfurter, Harry Hopkins, the League of Women Voters, Mrs. Roosevelt and several other influences which, he said, would never be satisfied until the Constitution was a discredited rag. Mr. Ulrey forgives and forgets nothing—nothing. In the Christian American offices he hotly denounced the old IWW (Industrial Workers of the World) for us and threw in the Mexican Constitution of 1917. Even Mr. Muse grew restless.

But in Macon, Mr. Muse knew that he had found his chairman. Mr. Muse is not a bad sloganeer in a rough-and-ready way. In a pinch he can make a pretty curdling speech. It is agreed that he can write withering letters with the best of them. But he's a businessman. He's at his best at bringing them in after they've been softened up. He has no such erudition as Mr. Ulrey who once taught history in Valparaiso University in Indiana. Nor has he Mr. Ulrey's journalistic gifts. Mr. Ulrey writes at the top of his voice.

The Power of the Pen

Until the Reverend Gerald Winrod of Wichita, Kansas, was indicted for sedition, Mr. Ulrey wrote with an all-consuming fury for Mr. Winrod's Defender. Whereas Winrod and lesser imaginations of his sort wrote conventional pieces in favor of American isolationism and found virtues in Fascism, Mr. Ulrey was never predictable. For example, he'd come in with a skull-buster about the Reverend Harry F. Ward, and the American Civil Liberties Union, of which Mr. Ward was a founder. In the Defender, he showed no mercy whatever for such organizations as the League for Industrial Democracy, the Labor Research Association and the International Labor Defense. Once he wrote a destroyer to the late Senator Joe Robinson of Arkansas, published in the Defender, to say that Mr. Winrod was "one of America's leading patriots and one of the century's leading protagonists of Christian Americanism."

In several other publications, Mr. Ulrey wrote similarly and in the meantime got out a number of pamphlets of his own. Anyway, he and Mr. Muse hooked up—Mr. Muse to

attend to the fund raising and such mundane chores while Mr. Ulrey did the writing.

Nevertheless, Christian American didn't actually get rolling smoothly until 1941. Mr. Muse's angel, Uncle John Henry Kirby, has died rich but discouraged. In the meantime, Messrs. Ulrey and Muse had kept up a scattering fire against Communism, atheism, Negroes, Jews and labor unions and so forth, but lacked focus. They got out a warning that Russia planned to set up a Soviet republic in our Southern states to be ruled by Negroes. They told their audience that "Freedom must be fought for, and this fight cannot wait. It is literally a life and death struggle—THIS MEANS CIVIL WAR." A map went along with this, showing that there were 12,000,000 Negroes ready to leap redly to arms.

When this didn't happen, Messrs. Ulrey and Muse filled rural mail boxes with dodgers about Christian Democracy, Atheistic Communism, the Red Record of Henry A. Wallace, Communist-New Deal Coalition, Roosevelt's Antichrist Policies and the like. Scare sheets were broadcast asking Southerners whether they wanted their wives, daughters and sweethearts to work side by side with Negroes. And whether Ulrey and Muse did it or not, they got credit for papering white political rallies and conventions with unsigned throwaways starting: "In grateful appreciation of our great Commander in Chief Franklin D. Roosevelt from the Negroes of Texas," and ending: "A vote for Franklin D. Roosevelt is a vote for EQUAL RIGHTS for ALL—economic, social and political."

Willing to Die for Their Ideals

They announced that they were prepared to die if need be for the "restoration of the Four Vanishing American Freedoms: the right to work, the right to produce, the right to earn and the right to own." This evoked no frenzied cheering. They were credited with issuing a poster asking Texas citizens: "Will Your Daughter Marry a Negro?" They promised America to "knock the jug-handle off the Wagner National Labor Relations Act." They announced themselves champions of veterans of World War II, saying that many such veterans were beseeching them to protect them from John L. Lewis. And so on.

Reading the Dallas Morning News on September 2, 1941, Mr. Muse came across an editorial written by Lieutenant Colonel William B. Ruggles. It suggested a twenty-second amendment to the Constitution which Mr. Muse at once branded The God-Given-Right-to-Work Amendment. Colonel Ruggles gave his opinion of how such an amendment should read. It was virtually the same as the one now offered by Christian American. Mr. Muse dashed to Dallas and got Colonel Ruggles' permission to use it. At last Christian American had something tangible to go to the country with.

And yet, in 1942, Mr. Muse was so apprehensive for his own future that he ran for Congress—as an Independent, of course, he says, in the public interest. He got nowhere. The regular Democratic nominee, Mr. Albert Thomas, had voted in Congress for the abolition of the poll tax, thus, cried Mr. Muse, "giving Negroes free voting privileges." He set forth his bid for election in an advertisement in the Houston Post, saying in part: "The so-called Eleanor Clubs are encouraged by the Communists. It is a Red Radical scheme to organize Negro maids, cooks and nurses in order to have a Communist informer in every home."

"No one seems to know how many Negro women members there are in Houston. It is known, however, that Communist influences were strong enough to cause the Houston congressman to vote for the Geyer Bill to abolish the poll tax, so Negroes could vote free. It gave 15,000 Negro women in Houston this right. A pamphlet recently issued and widely distributed by the Communist Party conclusively proves that the Houston congressman has laid aside Southern traditions and Democratic Party policies and taken up the Communist Party line to invoke Negro social-political equality right here at home."

"The Liberal (with the taxpayers' money) congressman from Houston gave the Negroes

a free vote, but it is going to cost the school children of Texas at least one million dollars yearly. That is the amount the educational fund will lose by abolishing the poll tax, and at a time when gas rationing will seriously impair the state revenue. This is an appeal . . . to authorize Vance Muse to go to Washington. . . . Negro enfranchisement means that the Communists will have the political machine in Texas they have long sought. . . . It may cost us all our freedom. . . . Vote for Vance Muse!"

Not, says Mr. Muse, that he is anti-Negro. To prove that he is not, he refers you to the editor of The Negro Labor News, in Houston, Mr. C. W. Rice, who has come out editorially for Christian American's God-Given Amendment. Both Mr. Muse and Mr. Ulrey assure you that Mr. Rice is "the greatest Negro since Booker T. Washington." Mr. Rice, however, denies this.

Anyway, he's for the Amendment, saying that the labor unions in the South put the Negro worker at a double disadvantage. The Negro worker, he says, has to bargain not only with the union whose Southern white members are prejudiced against him, but with the employer who, however much he'd like to hire and promote the Negro, is in constant fear of strike reprisals from his white workers if he does so. However, Mr. Rice's editorials are frankly anti-union-labor in general.

Mr. Muse's protest that he is not anti-Negro is as vulnerable as Mr. Ulrey's contention that he really isn't anti-Jewish. To prove that he is not anti-Jewish, he proclaims that the two finest journalists in America are Mr. David Lawrence and Mr. George Sokolsky, both Jews.

Nevertheless, in the Reverend Mr. Winrod's Defender, Mr. Ulrey has let fly from time to time with bits like these:

"Colonel House flitted back and forth across the Atlantic . . . and collaborated and conspired with foreign Jews for the establishment of the League of Nations. . . .

"Human nature being what it is, it is not strange that the Germans decided against the Jews and in favor of Hitler. . . .

"Hitler put it up to the Germans to decide between Jewish ownership and domination of the country or domination and ownership by the ninety-nine per cent German population."

As we left Messrs. Ulrey and Muse we said that we'd been told that Christian American was just the Ku-Klux Klan in modern dress.

"Nonsense," said Mr. Muse. "Why I helped drive the Klan out of Texas. However, the original Klan Reconstruction days did a lot of good. Maybe we need some-

thing like that now. I'm against it but it might be a good thing. I got my hands full here with Christian American. It would be funny—wouldn't it?—if little old Christian American saved the Jew and the Negro from the hands of their enemies. Me, I'm fighting for principle, not cash. All I want is to crack these labor bosses. I've got me a nice little home, a fine family. I ain't as young as I used to be. Let the enemies of Christian American rave and let 'em rant. Can't scare me. I'll sit right here rattling the old typewriter and go down fighting."

Mr. Muse was born in Shackelford County, Texas, fifty-five years ago. When he was sixteen years old, a brawny youth, he was working in a meat-packing plant.

"I was going all right," he says, "until one day a fellow from Chicago came down with a trick mustache and all dressed up in a high collar and spats. He said he was going to organize us. He did. Then just to see if it took, he called us out on strike. Let me tell you something. I damn' near starved to death before they called me back to work. It was then that I made up my mind. It was then that I dedicated my life to fighting these labor boss racketeers.

The Workingman's Friend

"Look. Christian American is the workingman's friend. It's fighting his battle against the unions. I'm a workingman. I'm for the workingman. I want to see him work. Why do you think we put on that big campaign in Arkansas? I'll tell you. It was at the request of the workingman and the little businessman. The workingman and the little businessman financed our campaign.

"Don't let the atheistic Communists tell you different. They call me anti-Jew and anti-nigger. Listen. We like the nigger—in his place. Look at Rice, the editor of the Negro Labor News. A good nigger. He agrees with us that our Amendment would be a fine substitute for this Communist Fair Employment Practices Committee. Our Amendment helps the nigger; it does not discriminate against him. Good niggers, not these Communist niggers. Jews? Why, some of my best friends are Jews. Good Jews. . . ."

Not that you could prove it by us. We tried hard but could find no employer who confessed to admiring Mr. Muse and his Christian American. Maybe some of them were coy. Perhaps some of them agreed with his and Mr. Ulrey's distaste for organized labor. But none admitted it. As for organized workingmen—well, we've kept this piece clean thus far and there's no use ruining it by quoting them.

THE END

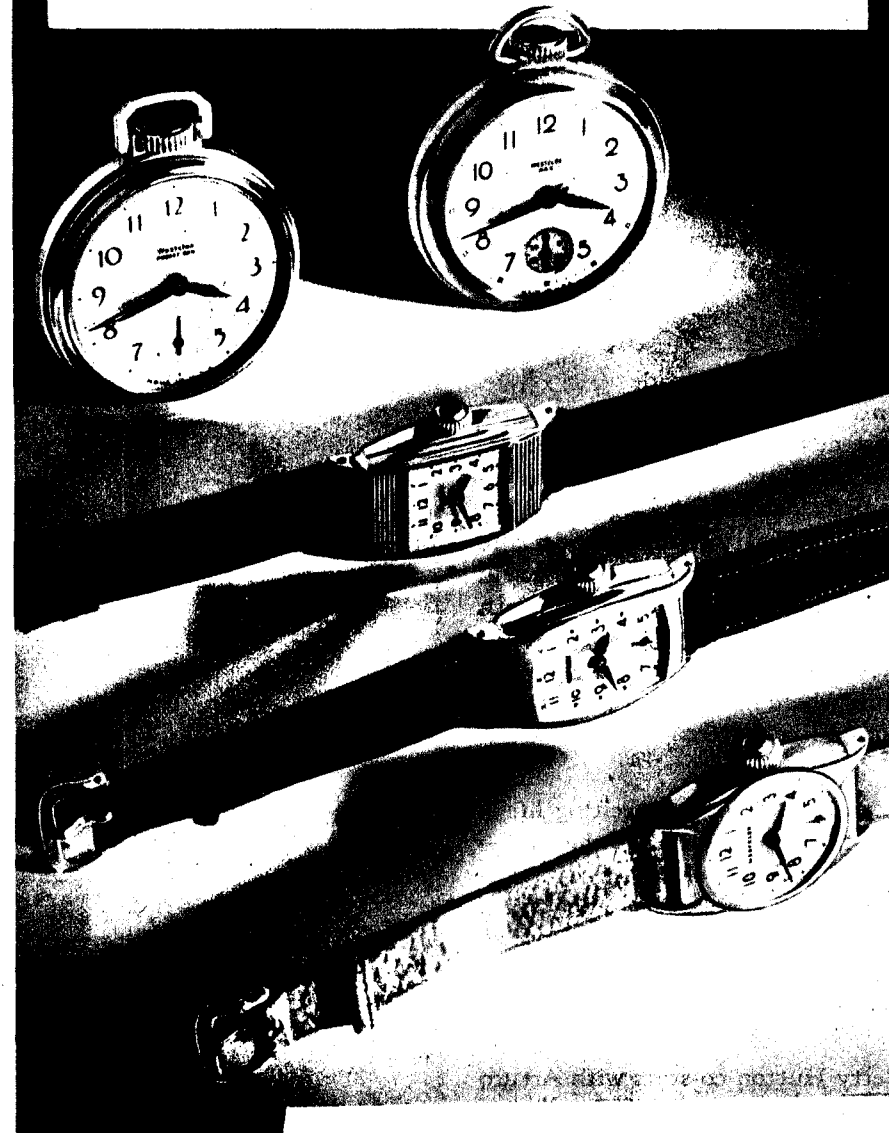


TIME TO BUILD FOR GOOD TIMES!

X marks the spot where we stand today. Over on the dark side is this: Every unnecessary purchase we make shoves our country one step nearer inflation.

Over on the bright side is this: Every single cent we save helps move us one step nearer the kind of prosperous, happy, postwar America we want.

If every man Jack (and every girl Jill) buys nothing he can get along without, inflation will stay away from our door. We can buy our way to bad times. Or we can save our way to good times.



At present Westclox is making only a limited number of a few models. So it may be some time, depending on our war work, before Westclox are generally available. But they will be back—Westclox electric and spring-wound alarm and time clocks, wrist and pocket watches.

WESTCLOX, La Salle-Peru, Ill.

BIG BEN

Keeps America On Time

WESTCLOX

Products of GENERAL TIME Instruments Corp.

"HELLO, SUCKER"



That's the way TEXAS GUINAN said it as she made every night like New Year's Eve in her famous Broadway night club where she m.c'd her giddy, gaudy show in the hooch-happy, gun-toting years where heavy spenders caroused to the tune of racketeers' guns and red-hot jazz!



And if Texas could see Betty Hutton's sensational performance as the great Guinan in "INCENDIARY BLONDE," she'd okay it with another of her famous lines—"Give this little girl a great big hand"—for Betty really goes to town as the rampaging redhead who blew out of the South West in nineteen-umpteen.



Texas lived high, wide, and handsome—a rodeo dare-devil, hard-riding queen of the roundups—then on to musical comedy success as a Ziegfeld Follies Girl... Hollywood star in the strong, silent days when you could mow down sixteen Indians with one bullet, and finally as Hostess in New York's most fabulous night club where money and champagne flowed like water!



Texas—with all her exciting life—was the biggest sucker of them all—desperately, hopelessly in love with a gambler-racketeer she could never marry... and her whole amazing story is in Paramount's "INCENDIARY BLONDE."

★★★★★

Betty Hutton co-stars with Arturo de Cordova who plays her racketeer sweetheart and she's wonderfully supported by Barry Fitzgerald, Charlie Ruggles and Bill Goodwin, in a picture so good that Paramount has chosen it to lead off the year that marks Paramount's Third of a Century of Entertaining the World.

Paramount presents

"INCENDIARY BLONDE"

IN
TECHNICOLOR



Starring

Betty Hutton
ARTURO
de Cordova

with **CHARLES RUGGLES** • **ALBERT DEKKER**
BARRY FITZGERALD

and Mary Phillips • Bill Goodwin • Edward Clannell
The Maxellos • Maurice Rocco

Directed by **GEORGE MARSHALL**

Original Screen Play by
Claude Binyon and Frank Butler

Paramount-Entertaining the World for One Third of a Century!

"Mister Bee" Goes to Town

Continued from page 44

largest mission to date and inflicted more damage on the Jap capital than it had ever suffered before. Le May looked over the raid report later and said he thought they could do better.

The general, an experienced pilot, wasn't talking through his helmet, either. For some time he'd been planning a new and daring type of B-29 attack. If his fliers couldn't get maximum results with daylight high-altitude raids, for which the Superfort had been designed, it was time, he reasoned, to fit the tool to the job. He explained to his strategists what he had in mind and early last March he also let the Japs in on the scheme by giving them a bitterly practical demonstration.

Very early on the morning of March 10th millions of sleepy-eyed Tokyoites gazed upward in horror as a shower of fire bombs descended upon their rooftrees. The missiles were M-69s—our newest and fiercest incendiary bomb, containing jellied gasoline which spreads searing, practically unquenchable flames over a wide area.

More than six thousand M-69 clusters were turned loose over Tokyo that night, and before reaching its target, each cluster broke up into 38 separate sticks of arson to make distribution more widespread. The fires they started burned for hours, some for days, and when the smoke finally cleared away fifteen square miles of Tokyo's congested industrial and urban districts were no more.

Tokyo's air-raid defenders, alert and very active during previous raids, were quite helpless that night. With their sights set for a customary altitude range of about five miles they started firing their AA guns only to find there were no targets up that high. The Superforts, using General Le May's new technique, made their bombing runs at altitudes between 6,000 and 7,000 feet, roughly a mile above the city.

This was only the beginning. The "blitz" of low-level night incendiary attacks on Tokyo continued for nine days and during that period other big Japanese cities also sizzled under an M-69 deluge with dire results to their industries and transportation

facilities. Then, as if this were not punishment enough, Superforts followed through with a series of daylight raids on the same targets dropping 2,000-pound block-busters to multiply the carnage.

While the best Japanese military minds were frantically seeking countermeasures for the blitz, Bomber Command plotters were polishing off details of another campaign which the enemy was not going to like either. This was a mine-laying blockade of Japan's principal ports and naval bases. On their first two such missions, Superforts sowed eighteen hundred mines across the straits of Shimonoseki, a strategic bottleneck through which most ships carrying raw materials from China and the Dutch East Indies to industrial areas bordering on the inland sea passed. Frequent repetition of these missions cut down the flow of shipping through the strait to a dribble, and the same treatment applied to waters around principal naval bases kept the remaining Jap fleet in port.

It was just about this time that veteran B-29 warriors of long-range bombing battles with Japan got a collective shot in the arm, an injection of hope. For months these Superfort crews had been making that arduous 1,500-mile flight from the Marianas to their targets, ducking enemy fighter planes and flak when they got there, dropping their bombs and starting home. The trip back was probably the worst of all, 1,500 more miles to go, often with an engine out, controls shot up or not enough gas left even if everything else were normal. The only alternative then was "ditching" in the sea, with probable loss of plane and crew.

Refueling by Bucket Brigade

Then our Marines took Iwo Jima, that tiny island halfway between the Marianas and Honshu. On March 4th long before the shooting was over, a Superfort returning from a raid over Japan with gas tanks almost dry dropped down safely on Iwo airfield. Marines in the vicinity stopped fighting long enough to form a bucket brigade, passing five-gallon cans of aviation gas from a fuel

FALSE TEETH WEARERS



How YOU Can Avoid
The Danger of
DENTURE BREATH

Don't think Janet doesn't love you, Mother. She does! But how can *anyone* love your... Denture Breath? Avoid offending. Don't brush with ordinary cleans-

ers that scratch your plate material. Such scratches help food particles and film to collect faster, cling tighter, causing offensive Denture Breath.

PLAY SAFE—SOAK DENTURES IN POLIDENT DAILY

It's Easy! It's Quick!

NO BRUSHING



Soak your plate or bridge in Polident fifteen minutes or overnight... rinse... and it's ready to use. A daily Polident bath gets into tiny crevices brushing never seems to reach—keeps your plate sparkling clean and odor-free.



What's more... your plate material is 60 times softer than natural teeth, and brushing with ordinary tooth pastes, tooth powders or soaps, often wears down the delicate fitting ridges designed to hold your

plate in place. With worn-down ridges, of course, your plate loosens. But, since there is no need for brushing when using Polident—there's no danger. And, besides, the safe Polident way is so easy and sure!



"About time to clean that thing out again, isn't it?"

SCOTT BROWN



Later—Now it's home sweet home again. No fear of offending with Denture Breath. Mother's one of the delighted millions who have found Polident the new, easy way to keep dental plates and bridges sparkling clean, odor-free. If you wear a removable bridge, a partial or complete dental plate, play safe. Use Polident every day to help maintain the original natural appearance of your dental plate. Costs less than 1¢ a day. All drug counters; 30¢, 60¢.

NEW!
Another
Polident Product
DENTU-GRIP
Pleasant Powder to
Hold Plates Tight

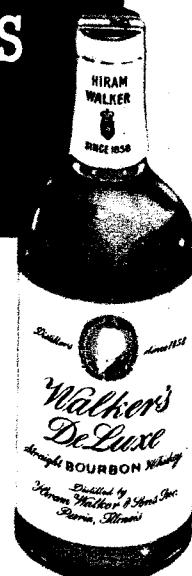
Use **POLIDENT** Daily TO KEEP PLATES AND BRIDGES
CLEAN... AND ODOR-FREE!



One
always
stands
out

Walker's DeLuxe

Two words that mean Hiram Walker's Straight Bourbon



Straight bourbon
whiskey. 86 proof.
This whiskey is
4 years old.
Hiram Walker
& Sons Inc.,
Peoria, Ill.

dump to the bomber. Some of them even carried gas in their steel helmets to speed up refueling. When the B-29 had drunk its fill the Marines watched anxiously as it rolled down the air strip, short for a heavy-bomber take-off, and when she finally lifted into the air the Marines went back to the job of killing Japs.

Since that halfway filling station opened for business it has serviced more than 1,450 travel-weary Superforts returning from missions with gas tanks light, battle damage or engine trouble. In one record day, 93 B-29s landed there.

If our Marines hadn't wrested Iwo Jima away from the Japs most of these planes would have had to ditch at sea with the loss of many of their crewmen, who numbered well over fifteen thousand.

Welcome as Iwo is to homing fliers, their troubles are not always over when they approach this island refuge. Occasionally bad weather or pea-soup fog cloaks Iwo and makes attempted landings as dangerous as or even worse than ditching. There was a classic example of this one day last spring when a large number of Superforts returning crippled from an early-morning raid asked permission to land on the island. Heavy fog, however, had dropped, reducing the ceiling close to zero, so the control tower advised the pilots by radio to keep on to regular bases if they possibly could.

All but four of the pilots heeded this advice and continued to fly south. The B-29 quartet remaining circled the island, waiting hopefully for the fog to lift. Meanwhile the control tower through radio conversations learned which were in the most serious trouble and assigned the order of eventual landing accordingly. The plane in worst shape, piloted by Captain Arthur M. Clay, had two engines out and a third threatening to quit. Three of her crew had been wounded, two with serious bone fractures. The fog persisted for more than two hours. When any sort of landing finally seemed hopeless, the control tower told fliers to stand by to bail out. Each pilot was instructed in turn to fly by instrument directly over the island, set his automatic pilot so the plane would head out to sea, then evacuate his crew by parachute. If this procedure seemed impractical the pilot was advised to use his own judgment.

Captain Clay was given special instructions. A flight surgeon in the tower told him to splint wounded men's fractures so they'd not be injured further on hitting the ground. One of the pilots decided to try a water landing near the island which he did successfully, and a rescue boat picked up the entire crew. The men in another Superfort bailed out over water and ten of these were fished out a short time later. The eleventh man was never found. The pilot of the third plane was able

to follow the tower's original instructions and he and his crew parachuted safely down to land while the plane continued out to sea.

Despite the worries about the wounded in Captain Clay's plane this crew made the best landing of all. They floated down through the fog to various parts of the island, and three of them, including one of the serious casualties, were picked up in the station hospital grounds where the fracture case was given immediate attention.

Another Superfort evacuation that men on Iwo still talk about concerns a bomber badly shot up by flak over Tokyo before starting its bomber run. The pilot was killed and the copilot badly wounded, but somehow he managed to get the B-29 back as far as Iwo despite the fact that the automatic pilot wouldn't function and the controls were disabled.

Again there was no ceiling, and since his bomb release had jammed when the ship was hit, the copilot could not have risked crash landing on the island anyway with that heavy load of explosives.

Pointing the plane seaward the copilot and nine other survivors "hit the silk" and landed safely. The unmanned plane was then expected to crash in the water: well clear of the island but a short time later through a break in the weather the people on Iwo saw it cruising around drunkenly in the air. It made several passes over the island causing much alarm and scurrying for foxholes.

The Superfort Died the Hard Way

A P-61 fighter plane was ordered into the air to shoot down the fugitive. For the better part of half an hour the fighter pilot chased the Superfort, pouring 20-mm. and .50-caliber shells into it whenever he came within range while both were wide of the island. He also had to keep a respectful distance from that heavy load of bombs so his own plane wouldn't be blown out of the air when they exploded. The P-61 pilot had expended almost all his ammunition before the fugitive blew up and the wreckage dropped into the ocean.

On April 1st of this year our troops in the Pacific took another long stride westward by landing on Okinawa. Some days later the Japanese radio announced "the battle for Okinawa is being fought by B-29s in the skies over Kyushu." General Le May's fliers modestly call this an exaggeration. What they really did then was to support ground troops by neutralizing scores of enemy airfields on near-by Kyushu where the Japs had concentrated the major strength of their air force to resist our invasion of Okinawa. In this counterattack Superforts co-operated with carrier-based planes from Admiral Spruance's Fifth Fleet, hammering Kyushu fields daily, destroying hundreds of planes on the ground

and inflicting heavy damage on shops, hangars and fuel dumps.

Two other events occurred in April which should merit red-letter entries in B-29 history. On the morning of the sixth the crew of a Superfort making a regular weather strike sighted a Jap task force heading south out of the inland sea. It consisted of a large battleship escorted by half a dozen cruisers and destroyers and apparently was planning to attack our invasion fleet at Okinawa. The force never reached Okinawa. Carrier planes from Admiral Spruance's fleet, alerted by the weather strike plane's report, swarmed down on the enemy ships, which were then running for home. In a subsequent aerial attack the Yamato, modern 45,000-ton pride of the imperial fleet, was sunk by torpedoes and bombs and so were most of her escort ships.

Another red-letter event occurred twenty-four hours after the Yamato was discovered and hundreds of miles away. A daylight bombing raid of more than three hundred B-29s was moving in on the twin targets of Tokyo and Nagoya. When the Tokyo-bound division was within range of its objective the usual antiaircraft barrage opened up and Jap fighter planes appeared in quantity. On this occasion however, enemy fighter pilots got the shock of their lives, for the Superforts were not alone. They'd brought more than a hundred of their rough little brothers with them, P-51 Mustangs. The escort had been picked up at the newly operating fighter base on Iwo.

That day the Mustangs gave Jap fighter pilots an interesting but expensive lesson in aerial combat. Before the fracas ended, 21 enemy fighters had been shot down and eleven others badly damaged. Our own fighter casualties were three planes and one pilot lost. Iwo had paid another dividend. The presence of that fighter escort on this and later missions lent moral and physical support to the B-29s in quantity that no air force statistician could ever estimate. So did development of an Army-Navy outfit called Air-Sea Rescue.

Here's the way it operates: When a B-29 pilot flying a combat mission is forced to ditch his plane, he sends out an S-O-S radio message giving his position. Then when the plane hits the water he and his crew get out their rubber boats and wait for our boys to go into action.

The Uses of the Superdumbo

That distress message may be picked up at several points, by one of the other B-29s on the same mission, by a submarine in the vicinity, by the radio station at Iwo, or by a Superdumbo. The latter is a specially equipped B-29 assigned to patrol the route the bombers are flying that day. It carries no bombs but plenty of gas, an extra navigator, and more elaborate radio equipment than the regular Superforts. Its job is to locate the crew of a wrecked plane and circle overhead, meanwhile directing by radio a submarine, patrol vessel or Navy flying boat, whichever is handiest to the scene.

Air-Sea Rescue service is amazingly efficient. Before we took Iwo no crew of a B-29 ditched north of that island was ever rescued; now such rescues are almost daily routine, and the Superfort men consequently have lost the deadly fear they used to have of being lost at sea.

Captain Linden Bricker, B-29 pilot, is one of the most enthusiastic supporters of Air-Sea Rescue, and for good reason—he was in on one of its original missions. Captain Bricker was returning from a raid over Tokyo last December when the fuel system of his bomber started acting up and he had to make a rough crash landing on the ocean. Four men of his crew were killed when the plane hit the water, but the captain and others broke out a rubber boat and drifted all through the night and most of the next day. Then a pair of searching Superforts, prototypes of Superdumbo, sighted them and radioed their position. A sub picked the men up a few hours later.

The B-29 men had been aboard the rescue craft less than a minute when they heard the siren wail and the sub made a crash dive. An enemy plane had been sighted. After that excitement had passed Captain Bricker

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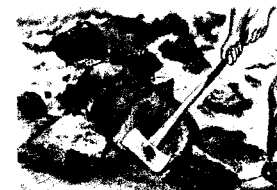
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"Doctor, you're a civilian now. You must quit yelling, 'Give this lousy goldbrick a week's K.P.'"

COLLIER'S

PFC. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT

Collier's for August 18, 1945

85



You've heard rumors from home... about chiseling and fabulous doings. They are true only in exceptional cases. Ninety-nine per cent of us are too busy for horseplay... too serious about the war.

Perhaps ADEL is a typical example. To us, the war has meant hard work and long hours. True, not as hard nor as long as yours. That we don't forget. And we'll go on until it's taps for the Japs. But we're planning ahead... for it's our duty to provide peacetime jobs as well as make tools for war. Tomorrow's world-girdling aviation will need

ADEL hydraulic and electric controls and accessories. Railroad and marine transportation will need ADEL-made equipment, as will industry and the home. To all, ADEL will mean precision engineering, *Design Simplicity and Dependability*. We look forward to a prosperous, busy future... when we can work with you and for you in peace as we did in war. Buy Bonds — Help finish the Japs!

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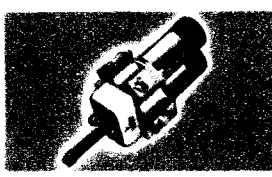
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asked the sub skipper where they were bound. "You're going right back where you just came from—Tokyo," the skipper replied. The submarine, it developed, was only halfway through its patrol and wouldn't be back in its home port for weeks.

The B-29 survivors then had a long sea voyage right up to Japan's doorstep. On Christmas Eve these men, who had looked down at Tokyo from a high altitude several times, now were thrilled to see the city from a new angle—through a periscope. Incidentally, Captain Bricker has a new assignment now: he's flying on Superdumbos. For the past few months General Le May's Twenty-first Bomber Command has been operating on a chain-store basis. In addition to the pioneer 73d wing on Saipan, commanded by Brigadier General Emmett and General "Rosy" O'Donnell, two other wings, the 58th and 313th, now are making regular strikes from bases on Tinian.

A fourth wing, the 314th, is also in full operation on Guam, and an expansion program will be accelerated when bases on Okinawa are ready. As all these airfields build up to full strength, cities, towns and military installations of Japan are being knocked down in inverse proportion. Already more than half of Tokyo, a city comparable to New York, has been wiped out by the Superforts. Kobe, the Detroit of Japan, isn't half the

city it used to be, either, and a fifth of Fukuoka, about the size of Dayton, Ohio, lies in ruins.

Other important cities and towns of Japan have been hit proportionately in what B-29 fliers call the greatest slum-clearing project in history.

That first raid over Tokyo by 88 Superforts last Thanksgiving Day seem puny compared with today's raids. Tomorrow's raids will be even greater according to General "Hap" Arnold, over-all commander of our Air Forces, who predicts that by fall a thousand Superforts will be operating against Japan and with a new and more terrifying weapon—"factory busters" weighing six tons.

An Aerial Artillery Expert

General Le May and his Superforts have shown what long-range aerial artillery expertly employed can do to bring an enemy to his knees. That's the job the general is still working on, and his methods are just as direct and hard-boiled as ever. These methods must have official approval, for he recently was promoted to the command of the Twentieth Air Force, one of the two major Army aviation units in the Pacific.

His men, who love him for it, call Le May a very tough guy. So do the Japs.

THE END



Any Week

Continued from page 4

We shan't quote them all but the consensus is: "Why don't Russia, England and the United States get together and issue something to this effect: 'We three have decided that there shall be no more wars and intend to see to it that there aren't. We want to hear no more about the subject, either.'" They think that that's all that would be necessary. And we, simple-minded wight that we are, think so, too.

OF COURSE there would always be incident difficulties to overcome and injured feelings to balm. For example, Mr. Henry B. Rizzo of Dayton, Ohio, is indignant because a lady quoted in this column used the term Dago. "There is entirely too much Dagoing going on in this country..." writes Mr. Rizzo. And we agree with him, too.

IN OUR Washington office we found our colleague, Robert De Vore, more than usually depressed. Mr. De Vore was recuperating from taking his small son to a circus. After he'd purchased the tickets, Mr. De Vore was asked by his lad: "What is it you pay for, sitting or seeing?" Mr. De Vore turned the question over several times and replied that he had bought seats, therefore he had

paid for sitting. "Oh," said the kid excitedly, "then we see the show for nothing. Goody."

BUT Mr. Deane O. Partreage of San Diego, California, has for twenty years kept a scrapbook of articles, short stories, poetry and other literary outpourings that he hasn't agreed with and which, in fact, he didn't like at all. Says it keeps him stirred up. Reads a few pages every time he feels satisfied with the way things are going. Bad government is the inevitable reward of a satisfied electorate, says Mr. Partreage.

IN OUR latest copy of the usually rigidly circumspect Charleston, South Carolina, Evening Post, we read with crimsoning cheeks in the classified ads: "Wanted, furnished bedroom (board optional) home privileges with Navy wife."

IN WASHINGTON we overheard a couple of fellows discussing one of Mr. Truman's appointments who wasn't amounting to much. One of them wondered whether the President would remove him. "Oh, no," said the other. "Truman's keeping him to remind himself that he mustn't do that sort of thing again." ...

W. D.

Jingle Bells

Continued from page 12

Pa started for the ring. "You find Melba!" he shouted. "A girl ain't safe in a crowd like this!"

I stood on a chair and looked around. There was Melba in a ringside seat, smiling as if nothing was going on.

Pa reached the ring and climbed in. He held up his hands, and the crowd hooted at him. Pa looked a little scared, but he bawled out, "All right! Some of you strong fellows grab hold of that piano and wheel her over here! Is they anybody in the house can play—good?"

A high voice came from the rear: "I play the piano!"

"Professor, come up and show us!" Pa yelled.

A small man with long hair rose and came forward, and the crowd gave him a boo. Pa let down the ropes at one corner of the ring, and a dozen men hoisted the piano to the ring.

Pa put his hands to his mouth. "With your kind permission, ladies and gents!" he announced. "Presenting a little lady that's going to give you a snatch or two from the op'ry—Miss Melba!"

Pa whipped off his cap and reached down to help Melba into the ring. Melba was smiling, easy as could be. She posed, with her head thrown back. She was beautiful.

Somebody yelled, "Who's she razzing—Claude?"

THE crowd started hooting and howling again. Melba stopped smiling. She turned quick to the piano player and said something. He shook his head. Melba leaned over and banged on the piano with one finger. The piano player nodded. There was a commotion at the rear, and Edgie came running in.

I never saw Edgie look so tough. His face was all greased up. He had on his green trunks, with the shamrock on one leg and a big E B on the other. He was jumping and shadowboxing and hollering at the promoter and Uncle Alby. They were trying to tie on Edgie's boxing gloves.

Up in the ring, the piano player began to beat the keyboard. Melba gave herself kind of a shake and started swinging with the music. She was smiling around at everybody and loosening her blouse and fanning herself as if it was too warm in the hall. The way she smiled seemed to make the crowd holler all the louder instead of quieting them.

I heard Edgie yelling at Uncle Alby and the promoter, "Leave me loose! I'll punch that dumb farmer right through the floor!"

He ran for the ring, with the rest of us after him.

Melba was up there dancing, acting like it was too hot in the hall, but smiling. Then she opened her mouth and began to sing. She let them have it, full steam. Her voice filled the hall.

Edgie stopped dead at ringside and looked up at Melba. She gave him a big wink, singing:

*"It's cold and frosty out in the street—
But not in here! It's HOT in here!
Ther-mo-meter's down; be-gin-ning to
sleet—
But not in here! It's HOT in here!"*

I thought Edgie was going to tear down the ring, the way he looked at Melba. Pa was grinning and clapping his hands. The piano player was hopping on his stool. The crowd was stamping in time with Melba.

Edgie let out a bellow: "Melba! Get down out of that ring!"

A couple of coins plunked on the canvas, and then there was a regular rain of them. The air was full of coins. Pa started picking up the coins. Melba really turned on the steam. Uncle Alby scrambled under the ropes to help Pa. Edgie made one jump. He vaulted over the ropes and grabbed Melba and gave her a yank. Melba stopped singing.

"Melba!" Edgie hollered. "Get out of this ring! I got to fight the main bout here!"

"Darling!" Melba said. "I was just quietening the crowd!"

The crowd was howling louder than ever and still throwing coins. Edgie was so mad

that he started running around the ring kicking out the coins, pulling Melba with him.

"Darling!" Melba cried. "That's my money!"

"Get out of the ring!" Edgie yelled, still kicking out the coins.

Melba yanked herself free from Edgie. "You stop kicking my money away!" she screamed.

The fans were yelling at Edgie. "Throw the big bum out, Melba!" they yelled.

"Get out! Get out!" Edgie hollered at Melba. "I'm fighting the main bout here!"

"Get out yourself!" Melba screamed. "I earnt that money—you big palooka!"

Edgie hollered back at Melba, but the crowd was razzing him and he had to holler at them, too. Some men were taking the piano out and fixing the ropes. The promoter was arguing with Melba, trying to make her leave. Melba gave the promoter a shove, gave herself a shake and, very ladylike, stepped out. Pa and Uncle Alby were on the floor looking for coins. Edgie was jumping and shadowboxing and hollering back at the fans, when Battling Claude leapt into the ring.

"Kill him, Claude!" the fans yelled.

Battling Claude grabbed the ropes and started warming up. He looked like a killer. You couldn't see his eyes, his brows were so shaggy. His hair was long and black and greased down flat. He gave Edgie one glance, and sneered.

I was afraid for my brother Edgie.

But the sight of Battling Claude only made Edgie madder. "Ring that bell!" he hollered. "I'll punch that farmer Tarzan loose from his head!"

The crowd was making so much noise razzing Edgie that the promoter didn't try to make introductions. He was supposed to referee, but the way Edgie and Claude and the crowd were acting made him nervous. He stepped out of the ring and told the timekeeper to hit the bell.

Edgie gave one jump. He threw himself at Battling Claude.

I never saw gloves fly like Edgie's did. He just put his head down and let his arms spin. The punches hitting Battling Claude sounded like rain on the roof.

Claude seemed to forget what he was expected to do. He was helpless. He peered up through Edgie's flying fists like a hobo lost in a snowstorm. Then he reached down and lifted one from the floor and hit Edgie under the chin. Edgie turned a somersault.

The fans saw Edgie down and they jumped up cheering.

"Count the bum out!"

"Go get Melba!"

EDGIE sprang up snarling. He made a dive for Battling Claude. Claude swung a wide one and missed and turned his back. Edgie leathered him between the shoulder blades. A big red welt blossomed there. Claude squatted and crawled between Edgie's legs. Edgie whirled, still swinging, and chased Claude across the ring. He cornered Claude and let him have both hands at once.

Edgie had always said that if he got a main bout he would show some real fighting.

Battling Claude was practically knocked out, but Edgie was hitting him so fast he couldn't fall down. Edgie was puffing, but he kept swinging. It looked as if he couldn't stop his arms.

Then Edgie missed one awful one and fell flat on his face, but he was going to get up all right. I never saw him look so tough. I never saw his eyes so bright and blue, and his jaw stuck out so far. He was going to get up and knock Battling Claude right over the ropes.

But somebody at ringside grabbed his right leg and two others his left leg. They gave a yank. Edgie slid out of the ring on his ear. He let out a yell. He got one foot free and kicked the man who had held it, right in the teeth. The man lifted a chair and hit Edgie over the head. The promoter climbed into the ring to count Edgie out.

By that time a dozen fans were in there and more coming. They took down the ropes

Athlete's Foot attacks hot, steaming feet

Excessive perspiration makes Athlete's Foot organisms grow much faster

• Summer "dog days" make your feet perspire excessively. And as they steam in hot, damp socks the skin is irritated—especially between the toes. Often it cracks wide open, exposing raw tissue to an attack of that painful skin disease called Athlete's Foot!

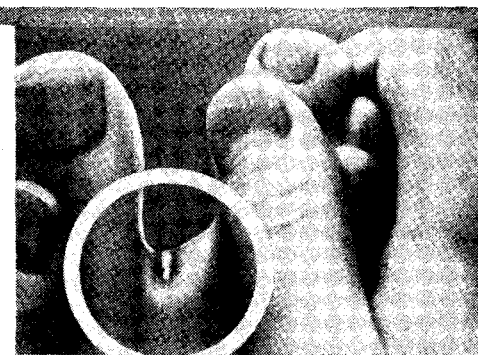
Cracks between your toes warn of danger

• The Athlete's Foot organisms grow faster when they feed on extra perspiration and dead skin. When the skin between your toes cracks open they get under the skin and spread beneath the tissues. Your toes redden and itch. Skin flakes off in dull white patches. Athlete's Foot has taken hold!

Drench those open cracks at once

• Don't take chances. At the first sign of a crack between the toes, drench the entire foot with Absorbine Jr. full strength, night and morning: ... At all druggists, \$1.25 a bottle.

W.F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.



Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot organisms on contact!

Photomicrograph of Athlete's Foot organisms. This parasitic plant life burrows under the tissues, attacks delicate nerve endings.

Photomicrograph showing that Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot organisms on contact—they can't grow and cause you pain.

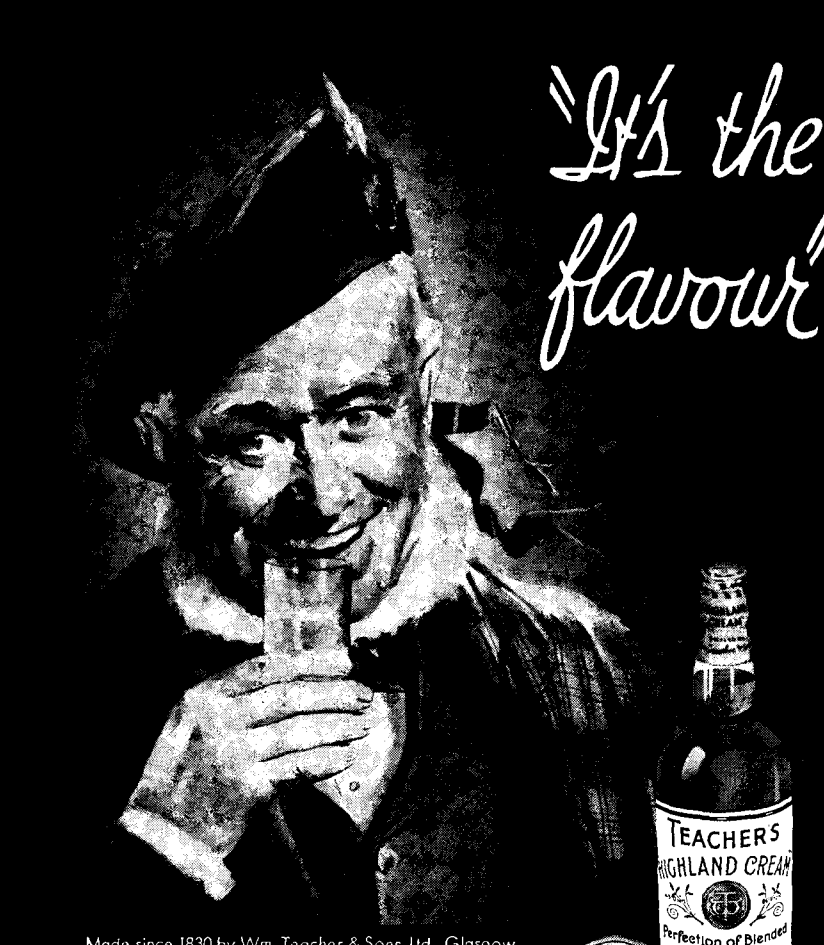


1. Absorbine Jr. kills the Athlete's Foot organisms on contact.
 2. It dissolves the perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot organisms thrive.
 3. It dries the skin between the toes.
 4. Cleanses and helps heal broken tissues.
 5. Relieves itching, pain of Athlete's Foot.
- Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr.



Absorbine Jr.

"It's the flavour"



Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow

TEACHER'S

Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky

86 PROOF

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CAROL BRUCE
Singing Star of Stage, Screen and Radio, says:
"Of all the deodorants I have tried I like Arrid best. It deodorizes, and stops perspiration too. It's gentle, yet effective... so easy and pleasant."

New Cream Deodorant
Safely helps
Stop Perspiration

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts.
2. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Awarded Approval Seal of American Institute of Laundering — harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.

39¢ Plus tax Also 59¢ size

ARRID

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STOP Scratching
Mosquito-Other Insect Bites
Relieve the itching caused by insect bites, athlete's foot—other itching troubles. Use cooling, medicated **D.D.D. Prescription**. Greaseless, stainless. Quits itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist for **D.D.D. Prescription**.

FOR STARLIT NIGHTS



Miss Saylor's Chocolates

These lovely Chocolates are made for magic moments. The flawless flavor of pure cream, fresh butter and fragrant chocolate, subtly blended by good cooks, creates for you an exquisite taste temptation.

Your dealer may have them soon, so keep trying.

French Cream Chocolates and Coffee-ets.

MISS SAYLOR'S CHOCOLATES, INC.
ENCINAL AVENUE
ALAMEDA, CALIFORNIA

and shoved the promoter and Battling Claude off into the crowd. Everybody was yelling:

"Where's Melba?"

"Keep them two bums out of the ring!"

"Give us a hand with this piano!"

"Here's Melba!"

Everything was confused. I was all mixed up. I couldn't find Pa and Uncle Alby. I couldn't see Edgie. But I could hear Melba singing:

"Am I addressing Admiral Byrd?"

Don't wanta get hot? Hey, that's absurd!

Oh say, Mrs. Awster! Get in the de-froster!

I ain't gonna be de-tered!"

Then a cop took me by the arm and looked at me. "This ain't no place for a boy your age," he said.

He hustled me out of the hall and down-street to the drugstore. There was Edgie. Four cops were trying to hold him so the druggist could patch up his head.

I asked Edgie if he was all right. He just snarled.

I said, "I'll go get Pa and Uncle Alby."

A cop stopped me. "They're in the jug," he said. "We had to arrest somebody, and we didn't want *him* wrecking the jail."

The promoter opened the door and stuck his head in. "Know what I'm going to do? Going to open the biggest joint you ever saw, right on Main Street! Me and the 'Keep Agra Decent' committee! Going to hire that Melba for the main attraction!"

Edgie let out an awful yell at that and jumped out of the chair, pulling the four cops with him. The druggist threw some powders into a glass of yellowish liquid. It all foamed up. "Drink this!" he said.

Edgie grabbed it and started to guzzle. A funny look came over his face. He yelled,

"That ain't beer!" and dropped to the floor, out cold.

They bought tickets and put us on the train. Just before we pulled out of Agra Falls, two cops came aboard with the slot machine and dumped it onto the seat beside me. . . .

AT HOME, Edgie just sat around brooding for a week. I knew he felt bad, and I was afraid he had lost his ambition.

But when the matchmaker came and asked him to fight Battling Claude in a four-rounder, here in Brewers City, Edgie jumped up and began to act like himself. "I got to get in shape for that fight!" he yelled to me.

He ran into the kitchen. The slot machine lay there on the floor. Edgie picked it up and ran out to the alley. He lifted it over his head and bounced it on the paving. It broke open, and all the nickels spouted out. The alley was full of nickels.

"Pick up them nickels!" Edgie hollered. "Go down to the corner and get me a dozen bottles of beer!"

I had to ask my brother one question: "Edgie, will Melba ever come back?"

Edgie looked at me. For a minute he seemed different. His face wasn't so tough-looking. He started to holler something, but he choked. His eyes were shiny. He turned his back and walked into the house.

"Go get that beer!" he yelled from inside the kitchen. "I got to build up my strength for that fight!" I could hear him moving around. I heard the table fall over. I knew he was shadowboxing in the sitting room. "I'll knock that dumb farmer right through the roof, first punch!" Edgie hollered.

He sounded tougher than ever.

"Go get that beer!" he yelled.

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

Michigan, a chubby character with 5½ planes to his credit who loves so well to kick a Corsair around, whether there are any bogies about or not, that he'd fly on every combat patrol if the flight officer would let him. And Joe Dillard, of Midland, Texas, with 5½, who can take your eyeteeth in a poker game, and Lieutenant "Hots" Terrill, of Puyallup, Washington, who looks half asleep all the time, but who has splashed 5½ suiciders with gunnery as precise as his putting used to be back in the days when he was an amateur golf champion.

And last the Skipper himself, 24-year-old George C. Axtell, Jr., of Baden, Pennsylvania, with six planes, a pilot of magnificent precision, and a disciplinarian as cold, tough and impersonal, when necessary, as an old-line company major, despite his youth.

And it may be in the temperament and the personality of their skipper, whom the boys call the "Big Ax," that the secret of their success can be found.

For it was he who took them, nearly two years ago, a jumbled collection of dive-bomber, patrol and scout-plane pilots, and checked them out in the Corsair and made them fly it the way he wanted it flown, which was with his own beautiful mechanical precision in routine flight and with the head-long dash of a startled comet in combat.

IT WAS not an easy job for any of them. For the process was painful and long and grueling, and the days of training ran from 7 in the morning until 10 at night. But they learned all the whims and tricks of the huge, long-nosed, humpbacked, stub-tailed, crooked-winged, spraddled-legged Corsair, which could kill a man quick who didn't know how to handle it. And they learned gunnery, in long, long hours of practice at it, which is standing them in good stead now when somebody yells "Tallyho" and the sky is full of bogies everywhere you look. They learned navigation in long cross-country flights that left their posteriors paralyzed. They became experts in instrument flying, a subject that the "Big Ax" taught for months at Pensacola. So now they wander around in dense soup that reaches from 2,000 feet to 25,000, flying straight and level.

George Axtell was young, as young as they, and he knew that to do his job, he had somehow to make them forget his age. So he built up a wall between them and himself, and was reserved and impersonal and always "The Major," even to the senior officers, the captains and the majors among them.

He was tough, and he had no patience with errors while in training. He gave them ten days unofficial arrest for such misfortunes as getting lost on a navigation hop. A joyous slow roll in a join-up cost them five days. Flathatting, a manifestation of exuberant animal spirits consisting of swooping down low on the ground and frightening agriculturists out of their wits, cost them five days and a terrific chewing. If they wanted acrobatics they could get plenty, during prescribed periods. He sent them down on the line to work with the mechs, so they would know their planes inside and out. He flew them day and night, in every kind of weather. Flight discipline was iron fisted, and ground discipline was the discipline of a Marine line company.

He knew what was going on in every department and, by sitting up at night studying every phase of combat aviation, he kept abreast of all new things in engineering, radio, ordnance, gunnery, tactics. He made his department heads read these publications too, and if they didn't, there was hell to pay. He even broke the mess officer, Lieutenant Sol Mayer, a wonderful provider, but no book-keeper, of the habit of keeping his records in his pants pocket and then throwing the pants away.

He kept them wound up tight as an eight-day clock, so long as they were in training, stateside. Then, when they were ready, hot and eager and masters of their trade, he brought them overseas. At Espiritu, Manus and Peleliu, where they fretted and chafed to go into action, he relaxed the iron hand a little, flying them just enough to keep them sharp.

Then they came into Okinawa, where the bogies were thick as flies, and the Kamikazes started dropping, like ducks in a shooting gallery, into the China Sea. They have now returned home for a well-earned rest.

LIEUTENANT HAROLD H. MARTIN, USMC.



The Week's Work

Vera Connolly

IF VERA CONNOLLY can communicate to you a small part of the indignation she feels about the facts she relates in *Two Courts*, p. 21, you will be spurred to swift and angry action in your own community. You will be as determined as she is determined, to get our children out of the courts.

Collier's readers know Miss Connolly as an author with a disturbing talent for revealing the bad spots in our social structure. Nearly everything she has written for us has caused a nation-wide furor, and often contributed to the passage of reform legislation. Her Collier's article of more than a year ago on child labor still is being quoted in legislative debates.

The article in this issue is the second broadside Miss Connolly has hurled against the jailing of children. Her first and very effective attack was launched in an article in our sister publication, *The Woman's Home Companion*, some months ago. Partly as a result of the *Companion* article, reform legislation has been passed in New Hampshire, Maryland and New York.

In New York, it so happened that a Mrs. Brown read her article, and was greatly moved by it. This Mrs. Brown, fortunately, was the wife of State Senator Lowell H. Brown, chairman of the legislature's Penal Committee. She asked her husband to read the article, and he felt as strongly about it as she did. He asked for Edwin J. Lucas of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, to draw up a reform bill, and he got reprints of the article. One morning every New York legislator found on his desk a copy of the bill slipped to a copy of the article. The bill passed without opposition. Powerful interests worked to persuade Governor Dewey to veto the bill, but Dewey signed it. After November, no child can be jailed in the State of New York.

The root of the county-jail evil in this country is, Miss Connolly believes, the widespread fee system, whereby the arresting officer is paid so much for every arrest, and the sheriff is paid so much per day for the board of every prisoner. This system leads to graft. It leads to the arrest of children who might better be turned over to welfare workers, and to keeping children in jail as long as possible, often without a hearing.

Miss Connolly would like to see the fee system eliminated, and the jails of every state put under the control of a single, responsible state agency.

"I had no idea myself what I was getting into when I started on my ten-day tour of jails," Miss Connolly says. "What I saw in some of them made me sick. I mean I went out and vomited. A little boy trying to kill the cockroaches and bedbugs in his cell; a twelve-year-

old girl sitting alone and frightened among drunken prostitutes . . . awful things.

"I love children and I am going to get them all out of jail if it takes me the rest of my life."

IN THIS issue we welcome a newcomer, Corporal Knox Burger, with publication of his first piece of fiction, *A Ribbon for Bettina*, p. 36. He is the son of Carl Burger, whose fine paintings of wild life often decorate the pages of Collier's.

Burger the son hadn't quite finished high school when he was inducted into the Army. He was anxious to get into the big show, and asked for and got an assignment as a Yank correspondent with a bomber group heading for the Pacific. He flew the first Tokyo mission as a correspondent, and practically, he confesses, as a stowaway, and has been on many missions since. "All of which," says Burger the father, "contributes to my anxiety to have this war over and done with."

The father is in Washington for the duration, directing the design of posters and printed matter for the Red Cross.

COLLIER'S was gratified to receive a citation from the American Red Cross. In a letter to Editor Henry La Cossitt, Howard Bonham of the Red Cross said: "You will be pleased to learn that the 1945 Red Cross War Fund for \$200,000,000 has been generously oversubscribed.

"The response to this appeal has been so widespread that it would be impossible for this office to thank personally all the millions who contributed to its success. We do feel, however, that some form of special recognition should be given to those individuals and national organizations who have lent their talents and facilities to the total campaign effort.

"Accordingly, we are enclosing herewith a Red Cross Citation for Collier's magazine for its excellent support."

FICTION EDITOR ALLEN MARPLE can take a lot of credit for the loony laughing serial entitled, *It Shouldn't Happen to a Dog*, which is scheduled to start in next week's Collier's.

Edwin Lanham, the author, came in to see Marple a while back, with an idea for a short story. There was this ex-G.I. dog—see?—and he held up a bar, and . . .

It was a funny tale, and the more Lanham told about it, the more Marple laughed. Finally Marple said, "What you've got there is not a short story. It's a full-length serial." And together they figured out how to expand the plot of the thing until it took on book-length proportions. . . . A. P.



Corporal Knox Burger

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Restore, Protect Beauty of Finish—Make Sure of Maximum Trade-In Value!

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WATCHDOG FOR TAXPAYERS

REPRESENTATIVE EDWARD H. REES (Rep., Kans.) has introduced a bill in Congress to set up a permanent committee on efficiency in the federal government. This committee would ride herd on the spending of the taxpayers' money and try to see to it that the taxpayers get their money's worth.

Various Congressional committees have done good scattered work in this field. But as Mr. Rees points out, there is no agency, regularly set up and adequately paid and powered, to give all its time to such watchdog work. As one indication of how badly we need the proposed efficiency committee, we quote from Rees' speech on the introduction of his bill:

Too many officials seem to think it is a crime to have money left over at the end of the fiscal year, and hire excessive numbers of personnel and make useless purchases

when they find there will be a few million dollars on hand.

That, we'd say, is one for the book. It highlights the fact that, while we face a \$300,000,000,000 national debt after the war, our government is loaded to the gunwales with overlapping bureaus and agencies, with bureaus that are useless except to their employees, and with war offices and administrations now busily mapping out peacetime work for themselves in hope of hanging on forever.

Rees charges that the Bureau of the Budget "has failed miserably" in its duty to attack unnecessary government spending, and that the General Accounting Office's jurisdiction is too limited to enable it to head off such spending.

It looks as if Congress would do the taxpayers a favor if it would pass Rees' bill or a reasonable facsimile.

HEMISPHERE TRAFFIC RULES

WE SHOT an editorial recently to the effect that the Western Hemisphere nations ought to adopt simple uniform passport rules, as one means of facilitating the easy, pleasant, cheap and copious travel by plane, ship and car that is so much talked of as a post-war probability.

In reply to that editorial, a friend writes in part as follows:

There is before the Senate at this very moment a treaty, ratified by the majority of the Latin American republics and endorsed by our own Secretary of State, providing for uniform traffic regulations along the Pan American Highway.

This is an obvious necessity, and involves no conceivable impairment of national sovereignty, yet the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee has pigeonholed it. . . . This

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher

HENRY LA COSSITT Editor

JOE ALEX MORRIS Managing Editor

important measure . . . might be the first step toward achieving the simple and uniform tourist regulations which you advocate.

It might indeed. The Pan American Highway referred to, of course, is the route which, when completed (it is well along now), will make it possible to travel from Alaska to the lower Argentine by automobile.

Obviously, uniform traffic regulations along this highway are a necessity if the road is to deliver maximum usefulness and pleasure with minimum trouble and expense to its users. What excuse there can be for this treaty being held up in Senate committee, we can't imagine. How about some action on it, pronto?

And speaking of uniform traffic regulations, wouldn't now be a good time to renew the pre-Pearl Harbor agitation for uniform traffic regulations all over the United States, to replace the present jumble of regulations varying from county to county, city to city, and state to state?

A TIP TO LIBERALS

THE hearts of most genuine American liberals are in the right places, we think, but the heads of more than a few of them are cluttered up with some strange odds and ends of outworn information. As a case in point, we give you an interchange that took place at this summer's Tamiment (Pa.) Conference of thinkers on economics and politics.

Henry Hazlitt, of the New York Times, argued for a free enterprise system, his key statement being that "under genuinely free enterprise, unhampered by government policies of intervention, or by coercive monopolies either of capital or of labor, there can be no such thing as prolonged mass unemployment."

To which the well-known liberal, Algernon Lee, replied that this idea was "Utopian," and that "it would be opposed by 99 per cent of the conservatives, who have a different conception of free enterprise—freedom to raise profits, to lower wages, and to control the market through monopoly."

The fact is, of course, that perhaps 95 per cent of Mr. Lee's American "conservatives," meaning industrial leaders, have no such conception of free enterprise as he describes.

About their alleged ambition to keep raising profits—it is axiomatic with most of them that you narrow your market when you get too greedy for profits, whereas you can expect to sell all the goods you can turn out if you are sensible about profits.

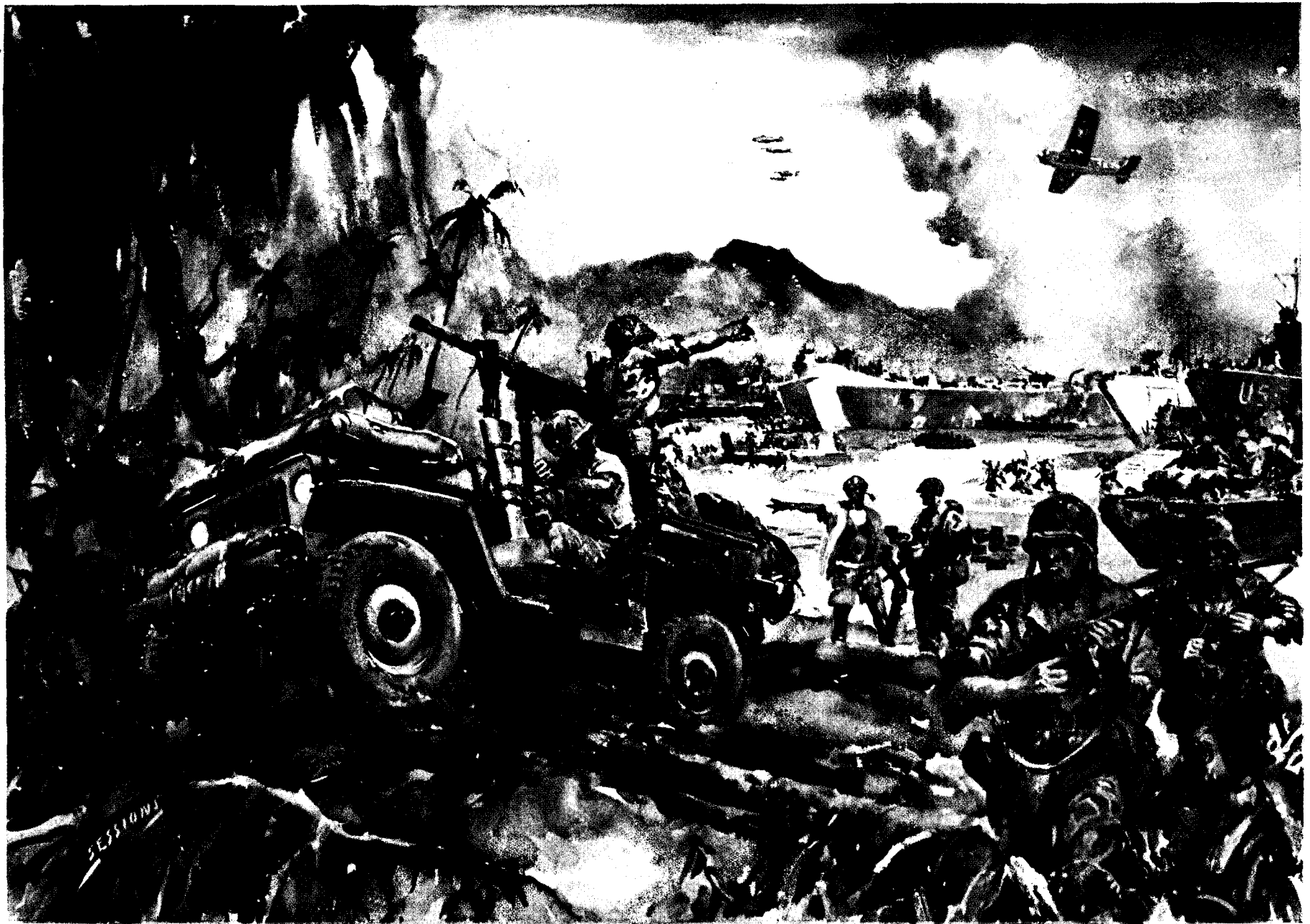
As to our industrialists' alleged hankering to grind down wages, the fact is that the great majority of them long ago grasped the proposition—dramatized by Henry Ford in 1914 with his \$5-a-day bombshell—that workers in this country must be paid enough to enable them to buy most of the goods they make in such profusion, or our industrial machine will grind to a halt.

Concerning monopoly, we don't suppose anybody would refuse a monopoly if one were handed to him on a silver salver. But enlightened businessmen in this country nowadays realize that competition is the life of trade in a profit system, and a spur to production of better and better goods at lower and lower prices. And you do find many an influential business leader who deplores international cartels and hopes they will not stage a comeback after the war.

This particular piece of liberal "thinking" is a phony as regards American industry. Yet you see it bobbing up time and again in the speeches and publications of American liberals. Mr. Lee's statement of it is only one of many.

We suppose the main reason why so many of our liberals are so far behind the times in their thinking about the American system is that they have over-studied Karl Marx's writings about the Europe of 80 to 90 years ago and haven't looked around them much in the United States of today. Whatever the reason, our tip to these earnest and high-minded fellows and gals would be to address themselves to what actually is wrong with our system, and forget about evils which either don't exist or are fading rapidly out.

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Reaping	Fire Fighting	Forestry Patrol
Threshing	Hauling Equipment	Towing
Silo Filling	Cement Mixing	Rural Mail Service
Hauling, etc.	Snow Clearance, etc.	Hunting & Fishing, etc.

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*"Have a Camel
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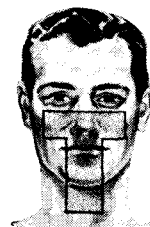
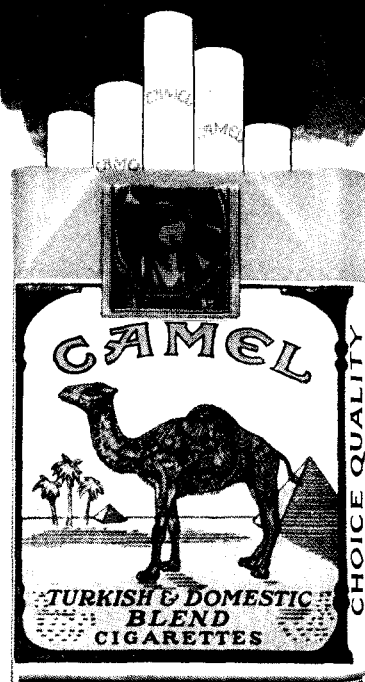


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